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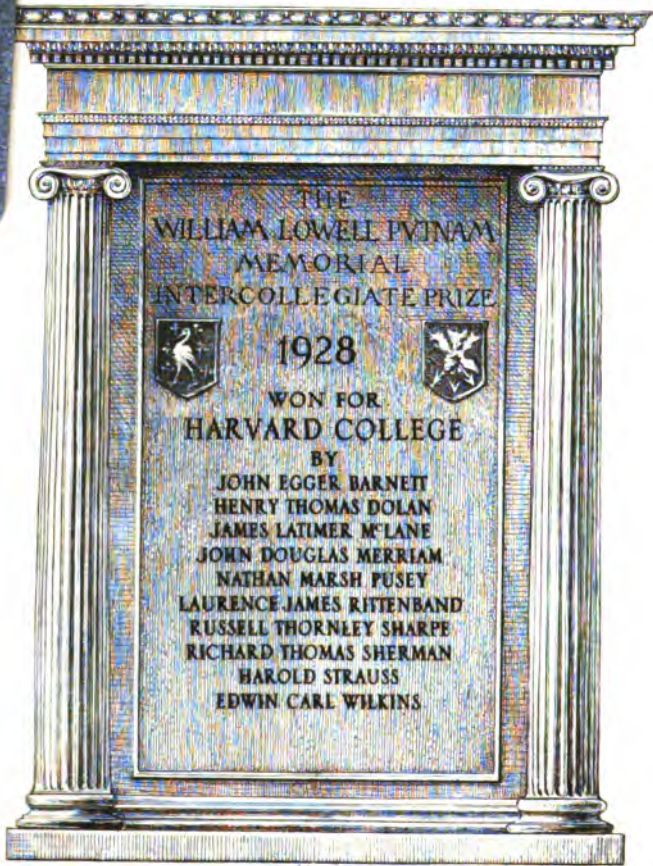
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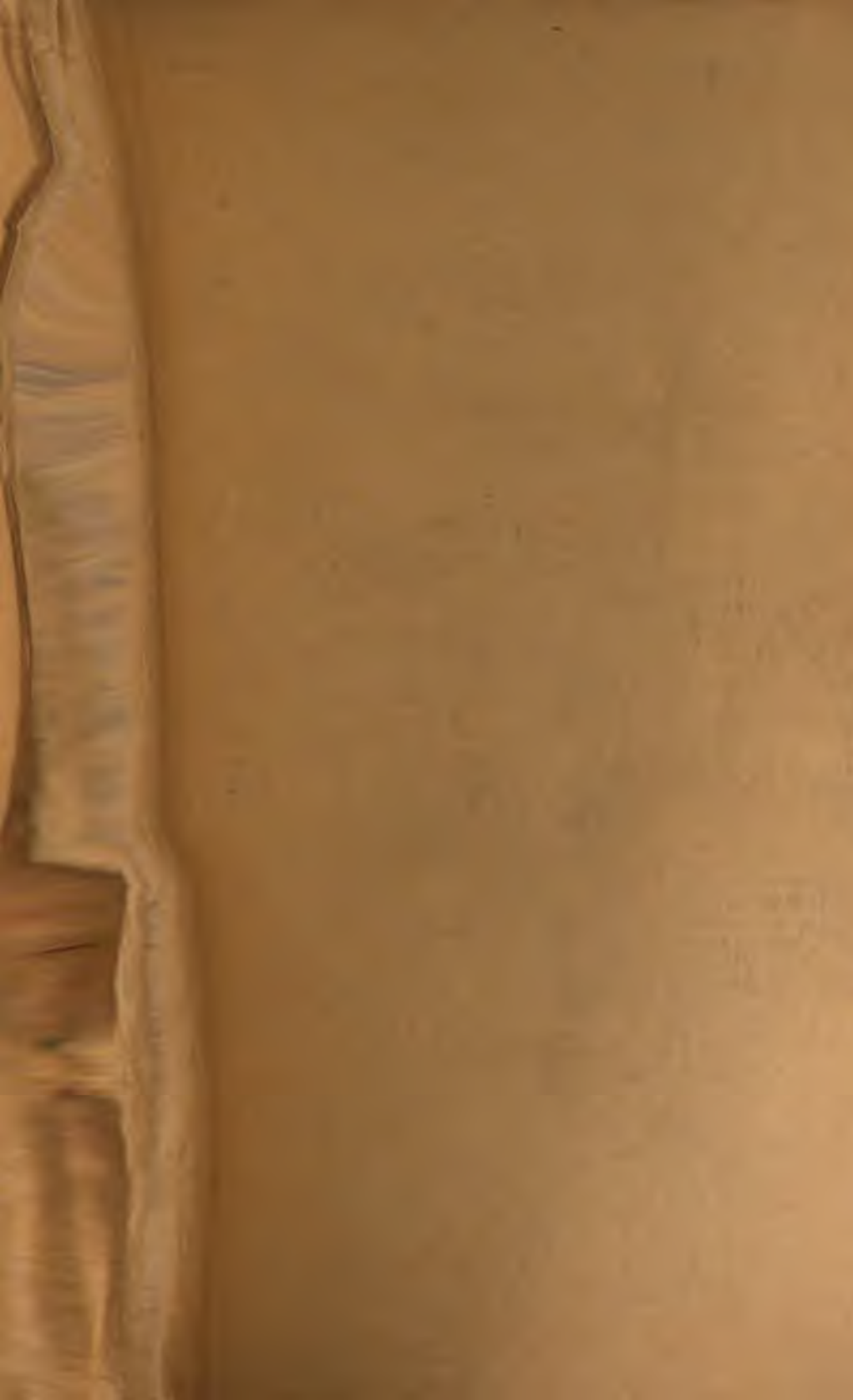
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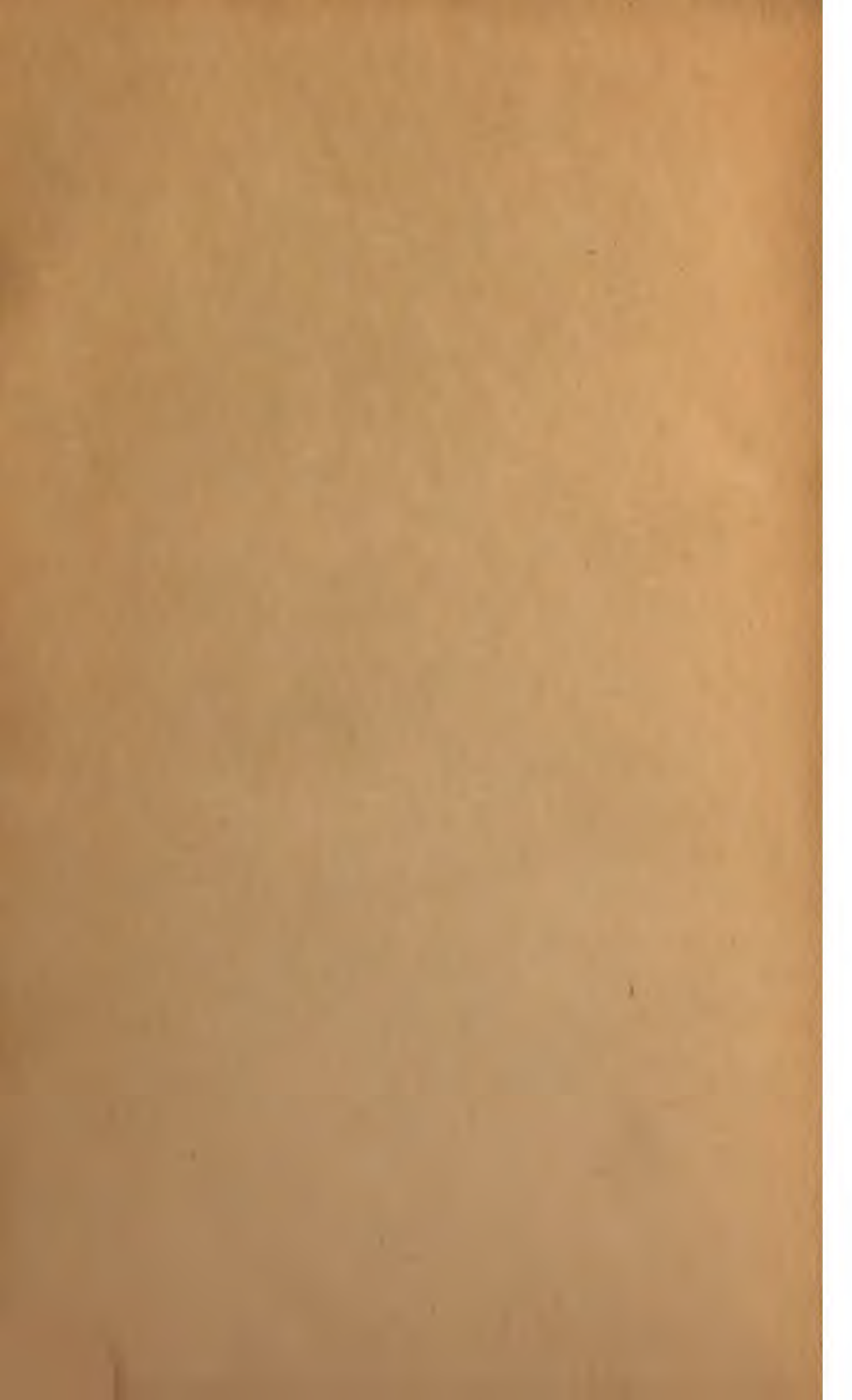


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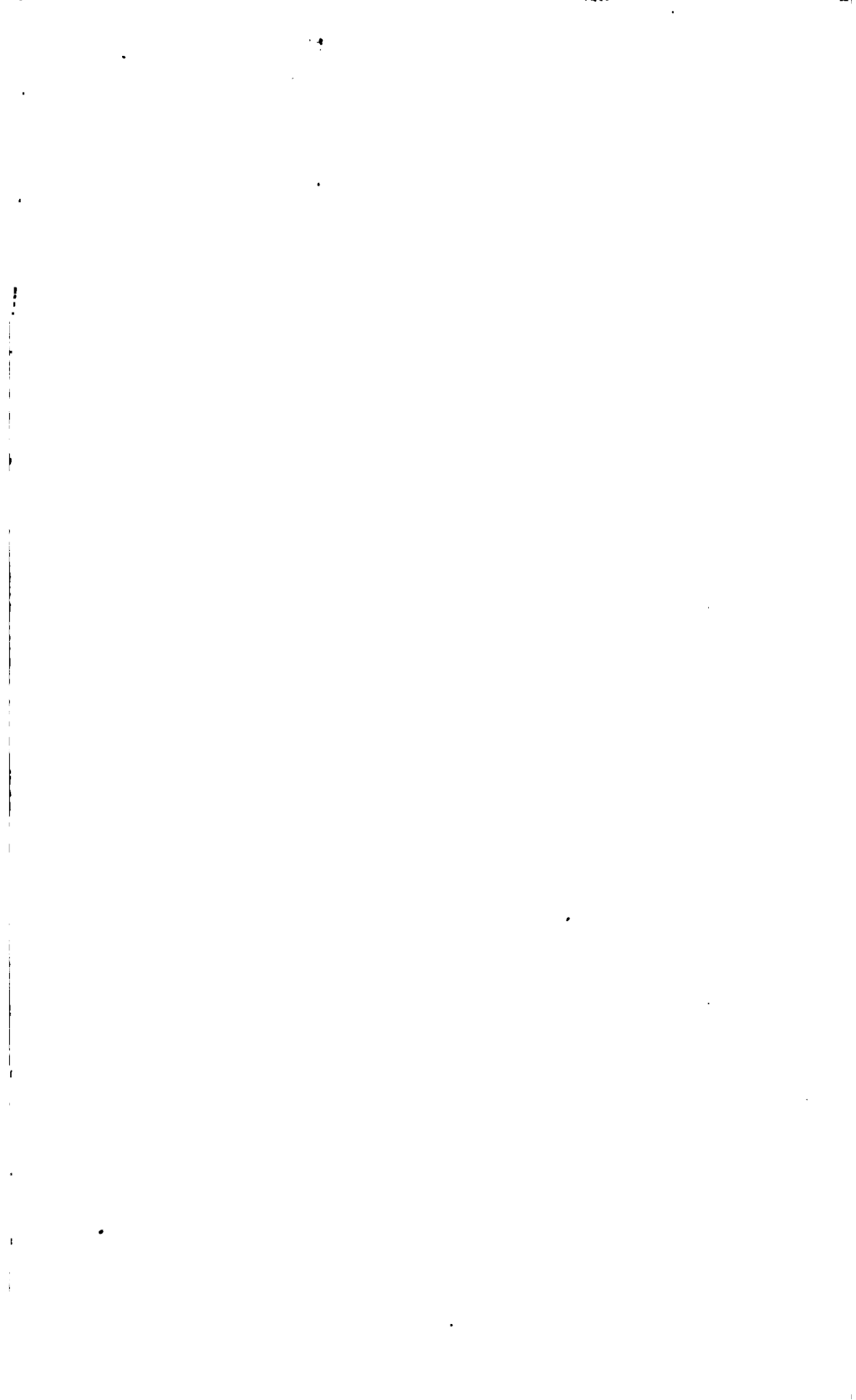








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13

# NORTH-VVARD

## H O E.

*Sundry times AËted by the Children  
of Paules.*

By Thomas Decker, and  
Iohn Webſter.



Imprinted at London by G. ELD.  
1607.





## NORTH-WARD HOE.

### ACTVS PRIMVS.

*Enter Luke Greene-shield with Featherstone booted.*

*Feth.* **H**RT fure old *Maybery* Innes here to night.

*Gree.* Tis certaine the honest knaue Chamberleine that hath bin my Informer, my baud, euer since I knew *Ware* assures me of it, and more being a *Londoner* though altogether vnacquainted, I haue requested his company at supper.

*Feth.* Excellent occasion : how wee shall carry our selues in this bufines is onely to be thought vpon.

*Gree.* Be that my vndertaking : if I do not take a full reuenge of his wiues puritanicall coynesse.

*Feth.* Suppose it she should be chaste.

*Gree.* O hang her : this art of seeming honest makes many of our young fonnes and heires in the Citty, looke so like our prentifes,—Chamberlaine.

*Cha.* Heare Sir.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Gree.* This honest knaue is call'd *Innocence*, ist not a good name for a Chamberlaine? he dwelt at *Dunstable* not long since, and hath brought me and the two Butchers Daughters there to interuiue twenty times & not so little I protest: how chance you left *dunstable* Sirra?

*Cha.* Faith Sir the towne droopt euer since the peace in *Ireland*, your captaines were wont to take their leaues of their *London* Polecats, (their wenches I meane Sir) at *Dunstable*: the next morning when they had broke their fast together the wenches brought them to Hockly 'ith hole, & so the one for *London* the other for *Westchester*, your onely rode now Sir is *Yorke* *Yorke* Sir.

*Gree.* True, but yet it comes scant of the Prophesy; *Lincolne* was, *London* is, and *Yorke* shall-be.

*Cha.* Yes, Sir, tis fullfild, *Yorke* shalbe, that is, it shalbe *Yorke* still, surely it was the meaning of the prophet: will you haue some Cray-fish, and a Spitch-cocke.

*Enter Maybery with Bellamont.*

*Feth.* And a fat Trout.

*Cham.* You shall Sir; the Londoners you wot of.

*Green.* Most kindly welcome—I beseech you hold our bouldnesse excused Sir.

*Bella.* Sir it is the health of Trauailers, to inioy good company: will you walke.

*Feth.* Whether Trauaile you I beseech you.

*May.* To *London* Sir we came from *Sturbridge*.

*Bel.* I tel you Gentlemen I haue obseru'd very much with being at *sturbridge*; it hath afforded me mirth beyond the length of fise lattin Comedies; here should you meete a Nor-folk yeoman ful but; with his head able to ouer-turne you; and his pretty wife that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hardnesse of her husbands forehead, in the goose markt number of freshmen; stuck here and there, with a graduate:

like cloues with great heads in a gammon of bacon : here two gentlemen making a mariage betweene their heires ouer a wool-pack ; there a Ministers wife that could speake false lattine very lifingly ; here two in one corner of a shop : Londoners selling their wares, & other Gentlemen courting their wiues ; where they take vp petticoates you shold finde schollers & townsmens wiues crouding togither while their husbands weare in another market busie amongst the Oxen ; twas like a campe for in other Countries so many Punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent discription of it in a Comedy : but whether are you trauailyng Gentlemen ?

*Feth.* Faith Sir we purposed a dangerous voiage, but vpon better consideration we alterd our course.

*May.* May we without offence pertake the ground of it.

*Green.* Tis altogether triuial in-footh : but to passe away the time till supper, Ile deliuer it to you, with protestation before hand, I seeke not to publish euery gentle-womans dishonor, only by the passage of my discource to haue you censure the state of our quarrel.

*Bel.* Forth Sir.

*Green.* Frequenting the company of many merchants wiues in the Citty, my heart by chance leapt into mine eye to affect the fairest but with al the falsest creature that euer affection stoopt to.

*May.* Of what ranck was she I beseech you.

*Feth.* Vpon your promise of secrecie.

*Bel.* You shall close it vp like treasure of your owne, and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

*Green.* She was and by report still is wife to a most graue and well reputed Cittizen.

*May.* And entertaind your loue.

*Green.* As Meddowes do Aprill : the violence as it seemed of her affection—but alas it proued her dissembling, would at my comming and departing be-dew



her eyes with loue dropps ; O she could [the art of woman most feelingly.

*Bel.* Most feelingly.

*May.* I should not haue lik'd that feelingly had she beene my wife, giue us some sack heare and in faith—we are all friends ; & in priuate—what was her husbands name—Ile giue you a carouse by and by.

*Green.* O you shall pardon mee his name, it seemes you are a Cittizen, it would bee discourse inough for you vpon the exchange this fort-night should I tell his name.

*Bel.* Your modesty in this wiues commendation ; on fir.

*Green.* In the passage of our loues, (amongst other fauours of greater valew) she bestowed vpon me this ringe which she protested was her husbands gift.

*May.* The poesie, the poesie—O my heart, that ring good infaith :

*Green.* Not many nights comming to her and being familiar with her.

*May.* Kissing and so forth.

*Green.* I Sir.

*Ma.* And talking to her feelingly.

*Gre.* Pox on't, I lay with her.

*May.* Good infaith, you are of a good complexion.

*Green.* Lying with her as I say : and rising somewhat early from her in the morning, I lost this ring in her bed.

*May.* In my wiues bed.

*Feth.* How do you Sir.

*May.* Nothing : lettes haue a fire chamberlaine ; I thinke my bootes haue taken water I haue such a shudering : ith' bed you say ;

*Green.* Right Sir, in Mistris Maiberies sheetes.

*May.* Was her name *Maybery*.

*Green.* Befhrew my tongue for blabbing, I presume vpon your secresy.

*May.* O God Sir, but where did you find your loofing.

*Green.* Where I found her falſneſſe: with this Gentleman; who by his owne confeſſion pertaking the like inioyment; found this ring the ſame morning on her pillowe, and ſham'd not in my ſight to weare it.

*May.* What did ſhee talke feelingly to him too; I warrant her husband was forth a Towne all this while, and he poore man trauaild with hard Egges in's pocket, to ſaue the charge of a baite, whilſt ſhe was at home with her Plouers, Turkey, Chickens; do you know that *Maibery*.

*Fath.* No more then by name.

*May.* Hee's a wondrous honeſt man; lets be merry; will not your miſtriſſe!—gentlemen, you are tenants in common I take it.

*Fath. Green.* Yes.

*May.* Will not your Miſtreſſe make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no ſuch legerdemaine had bin acted.

*Green.* Yes ſhe hath reaſon for't, for in ſome countries, where men and women haue good trauailing ſtomackes, they begin with porredge; then they fall to Capon or ſo-forth: but if Capon come ſhort of filling their bellies, to their porridge againe, tis their onely courſe, ſo for our women in *England*.

*May.* This wit taking of long iourneys: kindred that comes in ore the hatch, and ſailing to Weſtminſter makes a number of Cuckolds.

*Bell.* Fie what an idle quarrell is this, was this her ring?

*Green.* Her ring Sir.

*May.* A pretty idle toy, would you would take mony for't.

*Fath. Green.* Mony ſir.

*May.* The more I looke on't, the more I like it.

*Bell.* Troth 'tis of no great vaw, and conſidering the loſſe, and finding of this ring made breach into

your friendship, Gentlemen, with this trifle purchase his loue, I can tell you he keepes a good Table.

*Green.* What my Mistris gift?

*Feth.* Faith you are a merry old Gentleman; Ile giue you my part in't.

*Green.* Troth and mine, with your promise to con-ceale it from her husband.

*May.* Doth he know of it yet?

*Green.* No Sir.

*May.* He shall neuer then I protest: looke you this ring doth fitte me passing well.

*Feth.* I am glad we haue fitted you.

*May.* This walking is wholesome, I was a cold euen now, now I sweat for't.

*Feth.* Shalls walke into the Garden *Luke.* Gentlemen weeke downe and haften supper.

*May.* Looke you, we must be better acquainted that's all.

*Exeunt Green. and Feth.*

*Green.* Most willingly; Excellent, hee's heat to the proofe, lets with-draw, and giue him leaue to raue a little.

*May.* Chamberlaine, giue vs a cleane Towell.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Bell.* How now man?

*May.* I am foolish old *Maybery*, and yet I can be wife *Maybery* too; Ile to London presently, begon Sir.

*Bell.* How, how?

*May.* Nay, nay, Gods pretious you doe mistake mee Maister *Bellamont*; I am not distempered, for to know a mans wife is a whore, is to be resolu'd of it, and to be resolu'd of it, is to make no question of it, and when a case is out of question; what was I saying?

*Bell.* Why looke you, what a distraction are you false into?

*May.* If a man be deuorft, do you fee, deuorft *forma Iuris*, whether may he haue an a<sup>c</sup>tion or no, gainft thofe that make hornes at him ?

*Bell.* O madneffe ! that the frailty of a woman fhould make a wife man thus idle ! yet I proteft to my vnderftanding, this report feemes as farre from truth, as you from patience.

*May.* Then am I a foole, yet I can bee wife and I lift too : what fayes my wedding ring ?

*Bell.* Indeed that breeds fome fufpition : for the reft moft grofe and open, for two men, both to loue your wife, both to inioy her bed, and to meete you as if by miracle, and not knowing you, vpon no occafion in the world, to thruft vpon you a difcourfe of a quarrell, with circumftance fo difhoneft, that not any Gentleman but of the countrie blufhing, would haue publiht. I and to name you : doe you know them ?

*May.* Faith now I remember, I haue feene them walke muffled by my fhop.

*Bell.* Like enough ; pray God they doe not borrow mony of vs twixt *Ware* and *London* : come fturie to blow ouer thefe clowdes.

*May.* Not a clowd, you fhall haue cleane Moonefhine, they haue good fmooth lookes the fellows.

*Bell.* As Iet, they will take vp I warrant you, where they may bee trusted ; will you be merry ?

*May.* Wonderous merry ; lets haue fome Sack to drowne this Cuckold, downe with him : wonderous merry : one word & no more ; I am but a foolifh tradefman, and yet Ile be a wife tradefman. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Doll lead betweene Leuer-poole, and Chartley, after them Philip arrested.*

*Phil.* Arrest me ? at whole fute ? *Tom Chartley, Dick Leuerpoole*, ftay, Ime arrested.

*Omn.* Arrested ?

*I. Ser.* Gentlemen breake not the head of the

peace ; its to no purpose, for hee's in the lawes clutches, you see hee's fangd.

*Doll.* Vds life, doe you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and doe nothing with em ? put one of em into my fingers, Ile tickle the pimple-nosed varlets.

*Phil.* Hold *Doll*, thrust not a weapon vpon a mad woman, Officers step back into the Tauerne, you might ha tane mee ith streete, and not ith' Tauerne entire, you Cannibals.

*Ser.* Wee did it for your credit Sir.

*Chart.* How much is the debt ? Drawer, some wine.

*Enter Drawer.*

1. *Ser.* Foure score pound : can you send for Baile Sir ? or what will you doe ? wee cannot stay.

*Doll.* You cannot, you pasty-footed Rascalls, you will stay one day in hell.

*Phil.* Foure score pounds drawes deepe ; farewell *Doll*, come Serieants, Ile step to mine Vncle not farre off, here-by in Pudding lane, and he shall baile mee : if not, *Chartly* you shall finde me playing at Span-counter, and so farewell. Send mee some Tobacco.

1. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his hands.

2. *Ser.* Haue an eye to his legges. *Exeunt.*

*Doll.* Ime as melancholy now !

*Chart.* Villanous spitefull luck, Ile hold my life some of these sawsie Drawers betrayd him.

*Draw.* Wee sir ! no by Gad Sir, wee scorne to haue a *Judas* in our company.

*Leuer.* No, no, hee was dogd in, this is the end of all dycing.

*Doll.* This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaues. Drawer, tye my shoe pry thee : the new knot as thou seest this : *Philip* is a good honest Gentleman, I loue him becaufe heele spend, but when I saw him on his Fathers Hobby, and a brace of

Punkes following him in a coach, I told him hee would run out, haſt done boy ?

*Draw.* Yes forſooth: by my troth you haue a dainty legge.

*Doll.* How now good-man rogue.

*Draw.* Nay ſweete Miſtreſſe *Doll.*

*Doll.* *Doll!* you reprobate! out you Bawd for ſeauen yeares by the cuſtome of the Citty.

*Draw.* Good Miſtris *Dorothy*; the pox take mee, if I toucht your legge but to a good intent.

*Doll.* Prate you: the rotten toothd rascal, will for fixe pence fetch any whore to his maiſters customers: and is euery one that ſwims in a Taffatie gowne Lettis for your lippes? vds life, this is rare, that Gentlewomen and Drawers, muſt ſuck at one Spiggot: Doe you laugh you vnſeaſonable puck-fiſt! doe you grin?

*Chart.* Away Drawer: hold pry thee good rogue, holde my ſweete *Doll*, a pox a this ſwaggering.

*Doll.* Pox a your gutts, your kidneys; mew: hang yee, rooke: I'me as melancholy now as Fleet-ſtreete in a long vacation.

*Leuer.* Melancholy! come weelee ha ſome muld Sack.

*Doll.* When begins the terme?

*Chart.* Why? haſt any ſuites to be tryed at Weſtminſter?

*Doll.* My Sutes you baſe ruffian haue beene tryed at Weſtminſter already: ſo ſoone as euer the terme begins, Ile change my lodging, it ſtands out a the way; Ile lye about Charing-croſſe, for if there be any ſtirrings, there we ſhall haue 'em: or if ſome Dutch-man would come from the States! oh! theſe *Flemmings* pay ſoundly for what they take.

*Leuer.* If thou't haue a lodging Weſt-ward *Doll*, Ile fitte thee.

*Doll.* At Tyburne will you not? a lodging of your prouiding? to bee cal'd a Lieutenants, or a Captaines wench! oh! I ſcorne to bee one of your Low-country commodities, I; is this body made to bee mainteined



with Prouant and dead pay? no: the Mercer must bee payde, and Sattin gownes must bee tane vp.

*Chart.* And gallon pots must be tumbled downe.

*Doll.* Stay: I haue had a plot a breeding in my braines—Are all the Quest-houfes broken vp?

*Leuer.* Yes, long since: what then?

*Doll.* What then? mary then is the wind come about, and for those poore wenches that before Christ-masse fled West-ward with bag and baggage, come now failing alongst the lee shore with a Northerly winde, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties, come now dropping into the freedome by Owle-light, sneakingly.

*Chart.* But *Doll*, whats the plot thou spakst off?

*Doll.* Mary this: Gentlemen, and Tobacco-stinckers, and such like are still buzzing where sweete meates are (like Flyes) but they make any flesh stinke that they blow vpon: I will leaue those fellows therefore in the hands of their Landresses: Siluer is the Kings stampe, man Gods stampe, and a woman is mans stampe, wee are not currant till wee passe from one man to another.

*Both.* Very good.

*Doll.* I will therefore take a faire house in the City: no matter tho it be a Tauerne that has blowne vp his Maister: it shall be in trade still, for I know diuerse Tauernes ith Towne, that haue but a Wall betweene them and a hotte-house. It shall then bee giuen out, that I'me a Gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, haue had such a breeding, and so forth, and of such carriage, and such qualities, and so forth: to set it off<sup>a</sup> the better, old *Jack Hornet* shall take vpon him to bee my Father.

*Leuer.* Excellent, with a chaine about his neck and so forth.

*Doll.* For that, Saint *Martins* and wee will talke: I know we shall haue Gudgions bite presently: if they doe boyes, you shall liue like Knights fellows; as occasion serues, you shall weare liuries and waite, but

when Gulls are my winde-falls, you shall be Gentle-men, and keepe them company : seeke out *Jack Hornd* incontinently.

*Leuer.* Wee will : come *Charely*, weelee playe our partes I warrant.

*Dell.* Doe so :—

The world's a stage, from which strange shapés we borrow :

To day we are honest, and ranke knaues to morrow.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Maybery, Bellamont, and a Prentice.*

*May.* Where is your Mistris, villaine ? when went she abroad ?

*Pren.* Abroad Sir, why asloone as she was vp Sir.

*May.* Vp Sir, downe Sir, so fir : Maister *Bellamont*, I will tell you a strange secret in Nature, this boy is my wiues bawd.

*Bell.* O fie fir, fie, the boy he doe's not looke like a Bawde, he has no double chin,

*Pren.* No fir, nor my breath does not stinke, I smell not of Garlick or *Aqua-vitæ* : I vse not to bee drunke with Sack and Sugar : I sweare not God dam me, if I know where the party is, when 'tis a lye and I doe know : I was neuer Carted (but in haruest) neuer whipt but at Schoole : neuer had the Grincoms : neuer sold one Maiden-head ten seuerall times, first to an *Englishman*, then to a *Welshman*, then to a *Dutchman*, then to a pockie *Frenchman*, I hope Sir I am no Bawd then.

*May.* Thou art a *Baboune*, and holdst me with trickes, whilst my Wife grafts grafts, away, trudge, run, search her out by land, and by water.

*Pren.* Well Sir, the land Ile ferret, and after that Ile search her by water, for it may be shees gone to *Brainford*.

*Exit.*

*Mayb.* Inquire at one of mine Aunts.

*Bell.* One of your Aunts, are you mad ?

*Mayb.* Yea, as many of the twelue companies are, troubled, troubled.

*Bel.* Ile chide you : goe to, Ile chide you soundly.

*May.* Oh maister *Bellamont* !

*Bel.* Oh Maister *Maybery* ! before your Seruant to daunce a Lancashire Horne-pipe : it shewes worfe to mee, then dancing does to a deafe man that sees not the fiddles : Sfoot you talke like a Player.

*Mayb.* If a Player talke like a mad-man, or a foole, or an Asse, and knowes not what hee talkes, then Ime one : you are a Poet Maister *Bellamont*, I will bestow a piece of Plate vpon you to bring my wife vpon the Stage, wud not her humor please Gentlemen.

*Bella.* I thinke it would : yours wud make Gentlemen as fatt as fooles : I wud giue two peeces of Plate, to haue you stand by me, when I were to write a iealous mans part : Iealous men are eyther knaues or Coxcombes, bee you neither : you weare yellow hose without caufe.

*Mayb.* With-out caufe, when my Mare beares double : without caufe !

*Bel.* And without wit.

*Mayb.* When two Virginall Iacks skip vp, as the key of my instrument goes downe !

*Bel.* They are two wicked elders.

*Mayb.* When my wiues ring does smoake for't.

*Bel.* Your wiues ring may deceive you.

*Mayb.* O Maister *Bellamont* ! had it not beene my wife had made me a Cuckold, it should neuer haue greued mee.

*Bel.* You wrong her vpon my foule.

*Mai.* No, she wrongs me vpon her body.

*Enter a Seruingman.*

*Bel.* Now blew-bottle ! what flutter you for Sea-pye ?

*Ser.* Not to catch fish Sir, my young Maister, your sonne maister *Philip* is taken prisoner.

*Bel.* By the *Dunkirks*.

*Ser.* Worfe : by Catch-polls : hee's encountred.

*Bel.* Shall I neuer see that prodigall come home.

*Ser.* Yes Sir, if youle fetch him out, you may kill a Calfe for him.

*Bel.* For how much lyes he?

*Ser.* The debt is foure score pound, marry he chargee mee to tell you it was foure score and ten, so that he lies onely for the odde ten pound.

*Bel.* His child's part shal now be paid, this mony shalbe his last, & this vexation the last of mine : if you had such a sonne maister *Maiberie*.

*Mai.* To such a wife, twere an excellent couple.

*Bel.* Release him, and release me of much sorrow, I will buy a Sonne no more : goe redeeme him.

*Enter Prentice and Maiberie's wife.*

*Prent.* Here's the party Sir.

*Mai.* Hence, and lock fast the dores, now is my prize.

*Prent.* If she beate you not at your owne weapon, wud her Buckler were cleft in two peeces. *Exit.*

*Bel.* I will not haue you handle her too roughly.

*Mai.* No, I will like a Iustice of peace, grow to the point : are not you a whore : neuer start : thou art a Cloth-worker, and hast turn'd me.

*Wife.* How Sir, into what Sir, haue I turn'd you?

*May.* Into a Ciuill Suite : into a sober beast : a Land-rat, a Cuckold : thou art a common bed-fellow, art not? art not?

*Wif.* Sir this Language, to me is strange, I vnderstand it not.

*May.* O! you studie the french now.

*Wife.* Good Sir, lend me patience.

*May.* I made a fallade of that herbe : doest see these flesh-hookes, I could teare out those false eyes, those Cats eyes, that can see in the night : punk I could.

*Bel.* Heare her anſwer for her ſelfe.

*Wif.* Good Maſter *Bellamont*,  
Let him not do me violence : deere Sir,  
Should any but your ſelfe ſhoote out theſe names,  
I would put off all female modeſty,  
To be reueng'd on him.

*May.* Know'ſt thou this ring ? there has bin old  
running at the ring ſince I went.

*Wife.* Yes Sir, this ring is mine, he was a villayne,  
That ſtole it from my hand : he was a villayne :  
That put it into yours.

*May.* They were no villaynes,  
When they ſtood ſtoutly for me : tooke your part :  
And ſtead of collours fought vnder my ſheetes.

*Wife.* I know not what you meane.

*May.* They lay with thee : I meane plaine dealing.

*Wife.* With me ! if euer I had thought vncleane,  
In deteſtation of your nuptiall pillow :  
Let *Sulpher* drop from Heauen, and naile my body  
Dead to this earth : that ſlaue, that damned fury  
(Whoſe whips are in your tongue to torture me)  
Caſting an eye vnlawfull on my cheekes,  
Haunted your threſhold daily, and threw forth  
All tempting baytes which luſt and credulous youth,  
Apply to our fraile ſex : but thoſe being weake  
The ſecond feige he layd was in ſweete wordes.

*Mai.* And then the breach was made.

*Bel.* Nay, nay, heare all.

*Wife.* At laſt he takes me fitting at your dore,  
Seizes my palme, and by the charme of othes  
(Back to reſtore it ſtraight) he won my hand,  
To crowne his finger with that hoope of gold.  
I did demand it, but he mad with rage  
And with deſires vnbrideled, fled and vow'd,  
That ring ſhould mee vndo : and now belike  
His ſpells haue wrought on you. But I beſeech you,  
To dare him to my face, and in meane time  
Deny me bed-roome, driue me from your board,  
Diſgrace me in the habit of your ſlaue,

Lodge me in some discomfortable vault  
Where neither Sun nor Moone may touch my fight,  
Till of this slander I my soule acquite.

*Bel.* Guiltlesse vpon my soule.

*May.* Troth so thinke I.

I now draw in your bow, as I before  
Suppos'd they drew in mine : my streame of ielozy,  
Ebs back againe, and I that like a horse  
Ran blind-fold in a Mill (all in one circle)  
Yet thought I had gon fore-right, now spy my error :  
Villaines you haue abu'd me, and I vow  
Sharp vengeance on your heads : driue in your  
teares

I take your word ya're honest, which good men,  
Very good men will scarce do to their wiues.  
I will bring home these serpents and allow them,  
The heate of mine owne bosome : wife I charge you  
Set out your hauours towards them in such collours,  
As if you had bin their whore, Ile haue it so,  
Ile candy o're my words, and sleeke my brow,  
Intreate 'em that they would not point at me,  
Nor mock my hornes, with this Arme Ile embrace 'em

And with this—go too.

*Wife.* Oh we shall haue murder—you kill my heart.

*May.* No : I will shed no bloud,  
But I will be reueng'd, they that do wrong  
Teach others way to right : Ile fetch my blow  
Faire and a far off and as Fencers vse  
Tho at the foote I strike, the head Ile bruize.

*Enter Philip and seruant.*

*Bel.* Ile ioyne with you : lets walke : oh ! heres my Sonne.

Welcome a shore Sir : from whence come you pray.

*Phil.* From the house of praier and fasting—the Counter.



*Bel.* Art not thou aſham'd to bee ſeene come out of a priſon.

*Phil.* No Gods my Iudge, but I was aſham'd to goe into priſon.

*Bel.* I am told fir, that you ſpend your credit and your coine vpon a light woman,

*Phil.* I ha ſeene light gold fir, paſſe away amongſt Mercers.

*Bel.* And that you haue layd thirty or fortie pounds vpon her back in taſſaty gownes, and ſilke petticoates.

*Phil.* None but Taylors will ſay ſo, I nere lay'd any thing vpon her backe : I confeſſe I tooke vp a petticoate and a raiz'd fore-part for her, but who has to do with that ?

*May.* Mary that has euery body Maſter *Philip.*

*Bel.* Leaue her company, or leaue me, for ſhee's a woman of an ill name.

*Phil.* Her name is *Dorothy* fir, I hope thats no il name.

*Bel.* What is ſhee ? what wilt thou do with her ?

*Phil.* Sbloud fir what does he with her ?

*Bel.* Doeſt meane to marry her ? of what birth is ſhee ? what are her commings in, what does ſhe liue vpon ?

*Phillip.* Rents fir, Rents, ſhee liues vpon her Rents, and I can haue her.

*Bel.* You can.

*Phil.* Nay father, if deſtiny dogge mee I muſt haue her : you haue often tould mee the nine Muſes are all women, and you deale with them, may not I the better bee allowed one than you ſo many ? looke you Sir, the Northerne man loues white-meates, the Southerly man Sallades, the Eſſex man a Calfe, the Kentiſhman a Wag-taile, the Lancaſhire man an Egg-pie, the Welſhman Leekes and Cheefe, aud your Londoners rawe Mutton, ſo Father god-boy, I was borne in London.

*Bella.* Stay, looke you Sir, as hee that liues vpon

Sallades without Mutton, feedes like an Oxe, (for hee eates grasse you knowe) yet rizes as hungry as an Affe, and as hee that makes a dinner of leekes will haue leane cheekes, so, thou foolish Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, looke to liue like a foole and a slaue, and to die like a begger and a knaue, come Maister *Maiberie*, farewell boy.

*Phil.* Farewell father Snot . . . Sir if I haue her, Ile spend more in mustard & vineger in a yeare, then both you in beefe.

*Both.* More faucy knaue thou.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus 2. Scena 1.*

*Enter Hornet, Doll, Leuerpoole and Chartly like seruimgmen.*

*Horn.* **A**M I like a fidders bafe viol (new set vp,) in a good cafe boies! ist neate, is it terse! am I hanfome! ha!

*Omn.* Admirable, excellent.

*Dol.* An vnder sheriffe cannot couer a knaue more cunningly.

*Leuer.* Sfoot if he should come before a Churchwarden, he wud make him peu-fellow with a Lords steward at least.

*Horn.* If I had but a staffe in my hand, fooles wud thinke I were one of *Simon* and *Judes* gentlemen vsers, and that my apparell were hir'd: they say three Taylors go to the making vp of a man, but Ime sure I had foure Taylors and a halfe went to the making of me thus: this Suite tho' it ha bin canuast well, yet tis no law-suite, for twas dispatcht sooner than a posset on a wedding night.

*Dol.* Why I tel thee Jack *Hornet*, if the Diuel and all the Brokers in long lane had rifled their wardrob, they wud ha beene dambd before they had fitted thee thus.

*Horn.* Punck, I shall bee a simple father for you : how does my chaine shew now I walke.

*Dol.* If thou wert hung in chaines, thou couldst not shew better.

*Chart.* But how fit our blew-coates on our backes.

*Dol.* As they do vpon banckrout retainers backes at Saint *Georges* feast in *London* : but at *Westminster*, It makes 'em scorne the badge of their occupation : there the bragging velure-canon and hobbi-horshes, prauce vp and downe as if some a the Tilters had ridden 'em.

*Hor.* Nay Sfoot, if they be banckrouts, tis like some haue ridden 'em : and there-vpon the Cittizens Prouerbe rifes, when hee sayes ; he trusts to a broken staffe.

*Doll.* *Hornet*, now you play my Father, take heed you be not out of your part, and shame your adopted Daughter.

*Horn.* I will looke grauely *Doll*, (doe you see boyes) like the fore-man of a Iury : and speake wisely like a Lattin Schoole-maister, and be surly and dogged, and proud like the Keeper of a prison.

*Leuer.* You must lie horribly, when you talke of your lands.

*Horn.* No shop-keeper shall out lye mee, nay, no Fencer : when I hem boyes, you shall duck : when I cough and spit gobbets *Doll*.

*Doll.* The pox shall be in your lungs *Hornet*.

*Hor.* No *Doll*, these with their high shoes shall tread me out.

*Doll.* All the lessons that I ha prickt out for 'em, is when the Wether-cock of my body turnes towards them, to stand bare.

*Horn.* And not to be fawcie as Seruing-men are.

*Char.* Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take vs for.

*Dol.* If we haue but good draughts in my peeter-boate, fresh Salmon you sweete villaines shall be no meate with vs.

*Horn.* Sfoot nothing mooues my choller, but that my chaine is Copper : but tis no matter, better men than old *Jack Horner* haue rode vp Holburne, with as bad a thing about their neckes as this : your right whiffler indeed hangs himselfe in Saint *Martins*, and not in *Cheape-side*.

*Doll.* Peace, some-body rings : run both, whilst he has the rope in's hand, if it be a prize, hale him, if a man a war, blow him vp, or hang him out at the maine yeards end.

*Horn.* But what ghosts (hold vp my fine Girle) what ghosts haunts thy house ?

*Doll.* Oh ! why diuerse : I haue a Clothiers Factor or two ; a Grocer that would faine Pepper me, a *Welsh* Gaptaine that laies hard seege, a *Dutch* Marchant, that would spend al that he's able to make ith' low countries, but to take meafure of my Holland sheetes when I lye in 'em : I heare trampling : 'tis my Flemish Hoy.

*Enter* Leuerpoole, Chartly, and Hans van Belch.

*Hans.* Bar is bor you, and bor you : een, twea, drie, vier, and blue skilling, drinke *Skellum* bpsie freele : nempt, dats u drinck gelt.

*Leuer.* Till our crownes crack agen Maister *Hans van Belch*.

*Hans.* How ist met you, how ist bro ? brolick ?

*Doll.* Ick bare well God danke you : Nay Ime an apt scholler and can take.

*Hans.* Datt is good, dott is good : Ick can neet stay long : for Ick heb en skip come now bpon de bater : O min

schoonen bro, wee sall dance lanteera,  
teera, and sing Ick drinke to you min  
here, ban :—wat man is dat bro.

*Hor.* Nay pray fir on.

*Hans.* What honds foot is dat Boro-  
thy.

*Doll.* Tis my father.

*Hans.* Gotts Sacrament ! your bader !  
why sepgghen gou niet so to me ! mine  
heart tis mine all great desire, to call you  
mine bader ta for Ick loue dis schonen  
bro your dochterkin.

*Hor.* Sir you are welcome in the way of honesty.

*Hans.* Ick bedanck you : Ick heb so  
ghe founden bader.

*Horn.* Whats your name I pray.

*Hans.* Mun nom bin Hans van Belch.

*Horn.* Hans Van Belch !

*Hans.* Pau, pau, tis so, tis so, de  
dronken man is alteet remember me.

*Horn.* Doe you play the marchant, sonne *Belch.*

*Hans.* Pau bader : Ick heb de skip  
swim now bpon de bader if you endouty,  
goe bp in de little Skip dat goe so, and  
bee puld bp to Whapping, Ick sal beare  
you on my backe, and hang you about  
min neck into min groet Skip.

*Horn.* He Sayes *Doll*, he would haue thee to Wap-  
ping and hang thee.

*Doll.* No Father I vnderstand him, but maister *Hans*, I would not be seene hanging about any mans neck, to be counted his Iewell, for any gold.

*Horn.* Is your father liuing Maister *Hans*.

*Hans.* Pau, pau, min vader heb scho-  
non husen in Ausburgh groet mine heare  
is mine baders broder, mine vader heb  
land, and bin full of see, dat is beafts,  
cattell.

*Char.* He's lowzy be-like.

*Hans.* Min vader bin de grotest fooker  
in all Ausbrough.

*Dol.* The greatest what ?

*Leuer.* Fooker he saies.

*Dol.* Out vpon him.

*Hans.* Paw paw, fooker is en groet  
min here hees en elderman bane Citty,  
gots sacrament, wat is de clock ? Ick niet  
stay.

*A watch.*

*Hor.* Call his watch before you, if you can.

*Doll.* Her's a pretty thing : do these wheelles spin  
vp the houres ! whats a clock.

*Hans.* Acht : paw tis acht.

*Doll.* We can heare neither clock, nor Iack going,  
wee dwell in such a place that I feare I shall neuer  
finde the way to Church, becaufe the bells hang so  
farre ; Such a watch as this, would make me go downe  
with the Lamb, and be vp with the Larke.

*Hans.* Seghen you so, dor it to.

*Doll.* O fie : I doe but iest, for in trueth I could  
neuer abide a watch.

**Hans.** *Gotts sacrament, Ick niet heb it any more.*

*Exeunt Leuer-poole and Chartly.*

**Dol.** An other peale ! good father lanch out this hollander.

**Horn.** Come Maister *Belch*, I will bring you to the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there ile leaue you.

**Hans.** *Ick bedanck you bader.* *Exit.*

**Doll.** They say Whores and bawdes go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelue houres so deerely, and then bee begd out of 'em so easly ? heele be out at heeles shortly sure for he's out about the clockes already : O foolish young man how doest thou spend thy time ?

*Enter Leuer-poole first, then Allom and Chartly.*

**Leuer.** Your grocer.

**Dol.** Nay Sfoot, then ile change my tune : I may cause such leaden-heeld rascalls ; out of my sight : a knife, a knife I say : O Maister *Allom*, if you loue a woman, draw out your knife and vndo me, vndo me.

**Allo.** Sweete mistris *Dorothy*, what should you do with a knife, its ill medling with edge tooles, what's the matter Maisters ! knife God bleffe vs.

**Leu.** Sfoot what tricks at noddy are these.

**Do.** Oh I shal burst, if I cut not my lace : I'me so vext ! my father hee's ridde to Court : one was about a matter of a 1000. pound weight ; and one of his men (like a roague as he is) is rid another way for rents, I lookt to haue had him vp yesterday, and vp to day, and yet hee showes not his head ; sure he's run away, or robd & run thorough ; and here was a scriuener but euen now, to put my father in minde of a bond, that wilbe forfit this night if the mony be not payd Maister *Allom*. Such crosse fortune !

*Allo.* How much is the bond?

*Chart.* O rare little villaine.

*Dol.* My father could take vp, vpon the barenesse of his word fue hundred pound : and fue toe.

*Allom.* What is the debt?

*Dol.* But hee scornes to bee . . . and I scorne to bee . . .

*Allom.* Pree thee sweete Mistris *Dorothy* vex not, how much is it?

*Dol.* Alas Maister *Allom*, tis but poore fifty pound.

*Allo.* If that bee all, you shall vpon your worde take vp so much with me : another time ile run as far in your bookes.

*Dol.* Sir, I know not how to repay this kindnesse : but when my father——

*All.* Tush, tush, tis not worth the talking : Iust 50 pound? when is it to be payd.

*Dol.* Betweene one and two.

*Leue.* That's wee thre.

*Allom.* Let one of your men goe along, and Ile fend fifty pound!

*Dol.* You so bind mee sir, . . . goe sirra : Maister *Allom*, I ha some quinces brought from our house ith Country to preferue, when shall we haue any good Suger come ouer? the warres in Barbary make Suger at such an excessiue rate; you pay sweetely now I warrant, sir do you not.

*Al.* You shal haue a whole chest of Suger if you please.

*Dol.* Nay by my faith foure or fue loaves wil-be enough, and Ile pay you at my first child Maister

*Allom.*

*Allom.* Content ifaith, your man shall bring all vnder one, ile borrow a kisse of you at parting.

*Enter Capitaine Iynkins.*

*Dol.* You shall sir, I borrow more of you.

*Ex. Allo. & Leu.*



*Chart.* Saue you Captaine.

*Dol.* Welcome good captaine *Fynkins*.

*Captaine.* What is hee a Barber Surgeon, that dreft your lippes so.

*Dol.* A Barber! hee's may Taylor; I bidde him measure how hie, hee would make the standing collar of my new Taffatie Gowne before, and hee as Tailors wilbe sawcie and lickerish, laid mee ore the lippes.

*Captaine.* Vds bloud ile laie him crosse vpon his coxcomb next daie.

*Dol.* You know tis not for a Gentlewoman to stand with a knaue, for a small matter, and so I wud not strue with him, onelie to be rid of him.

*Capt.* If I take Maister prick-loufe ramping so hie againe, by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell) Ile make him know how to kisse your blind cheekes sooner: mistris *Dorothy* Hornet, I wud not haue you bee a hornet, to licke at Cowsherds, but to sting such shreds of rascallity: will you sing a Tailor shall haue mee my ioy?

*Dol.* Captaine, ile bee lead by you in any thing! a Taylor! foh.

*Capt.* Of what stature or sife haue you a stomach to haue your husband now?

*Dol.* Of the meanest stature Captaine, not a fize longer than your selfe, nor shorter.

*Cap.* By god, tis wel said all your best Captaine in the Low-countries are as taller as I: but why of my pitch Mistris Dol?

*Dol.* Because your smallest Arrowes flie farthest; ah you little hard-fauord villaine, but sweete villaine, I loue thee beecaufe thou't draw a my side, hang the roague that will not fight for a woman.

*Cap.* Vds bloud, and hang him for vrfe than a roague that will slash and cut for an oman, if she be a whore.

*Dol.* Pree the good Captaine *Fynkins*, teach mee

to speake some welch, mee thinkes a Welchmans tongue is the neatest tongue!—

*Cap.* As any tongue in the wrld, vnlesse *Cra ma trees*, that's vrf.

*Dol.* How do you fay, I loue you with all my heart.

*Cap.* *Mi cara whee, en hellon.*

*Dol.* *Mi cara whee, en hel-hound.*

*Cap.* *Hel-hound, o mondu, my cara whee, en hellon.*

*Dol.* *O, my cara whee en hellon.*

*Cap.* Oh! and you went to wryting schoole twenty score yeare in *Wales*, by Sefu, you cannot haue better vtterance, for welch.

*Dol.* Come tit mee, come tat me, come throw a kisse at me, how is that?

*Cap.* By gad I kanow not, what your tit mees, and tat mees are, but *mee uatha*—Sbloud I know what kiffes be, aswel as I know a Welch hooke, if you will goe downe with Shropsheere cariers, you shal haue Welch enough in your pellites forty weekes.

*Dol.* Say Captaine that I should follow your colours into your Country how should I fare there?

*Cap.* Fare? by Sefu, O there is the most abominable seere? and wider siluer pots to drinck in, and softer peds to lie vpon & do our necessary pufines, and fairer houses and parkes, & holes for Conies, and more money, besides tosted Sees and butter-milke in *Northwales* diggon: besides, harpes & Welch Freeze, and Goates, and Cowheelles, and Metheglin, ouh, it may be set in the Kernicles, wil you march thither?

*Dol.* Not with your Shrop-sheire cariers, Captaine.

*Cap.* Will you go with Captaine *Ienkin* and see his Couzen *Maddoc* vpon *Ienkin* there, and ile run hedlongs by and by, & batter away money for a new Coach to iolt you in.

*Dol.* Bestow you Coach vpon me, & two young white Mares, and you shall see how Ile ride.

*Cap.* Will you? by all the leekes that are worne

on Saint Dauies daie I will buy not only a Coach, with foure wheelles, but also a white Mare and a stone horfe too, becaufe they shal traw you, very lustily, as if the diuill were in their arses. *Exit.*

How now, more Tailors——*Meetes Phillip.*

*Phi.* How fir ; Taylors.

*Dol.* O good Captaine, tis my Couzen.

*Enter Leuerpoole at another dore.*

*Cap.* Is he, I will Couzen you then fir too, one day.

*Phil.* I hope fir then to Couzen you too.

*Cap.* By gad I hobe so, fare-well *Sidanien.* *Exit.*

*Leuer.* Her's both money, and fuger.

*Dot* O sweete villaine, set it vp.

*Exit, and Enter presently.*

*Phil.* Sfoot, what tame suaggerer was this I met *Doll.*

*Dol.* A Captaine, a Captaine : but hast scap't the *Dunkerks* honest *Philip* ? *Philip* ryalls are not more welcome : did thy father pay the shot ?

*Phil.* He pai'd that shot, and then shot pistolets into my pockets : harke wench : chinck chink, makes the punck wanton and the Baud to winck.

*Capers.*

*Chart.* O rare musick.

*Leuer.* Heauenly confort, better than old *Moones.*

*Phil.* But why ? why *Dol*, goe these two like Beadells in blew ? ha ?

*Doll.* Theres a morrall in that : flea off your skins, you pretious Caniballs : O that the welch Captaine were here againe, and a drum with him, I could march now, ran, tan, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan, tan, firra *Philip* has thy father any plate in's house.

*Phil.* Enough to set vp a Gold-smithes shop.

*Dol.* Canst not borrow some of it ? wee shall haue guests to morrow or next day, and I wud serue

the hungry rag-a-muffins in plate, tho twere none of mine owne.

*Phil.* I shall hardly borrow it of him but I could get one of mine Aunts, to beate the bush for mee, and she might get the bird.

*Dol.* Why pree the, let me bee one of thine Aunts, and doe it for me then. As Ime vertuous and a Gentlewoman ile restore.

*Phil.* Say no more tis don.

*Dol.* What manner of man is thy father? Sfoote ide faine see the witty Monky because thou sayst he's a Poet: ile tell thee, what ile do: *Leuer-poole* or *Chartly*, shall like my Gentleman vther goe to him, and say such a Lady sends for him, about a sonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurse, or for some deuice about a maske or so: if he comes you shall stand in a corner, and see in what State ile beare my selfe: he does not know me, nor my lodging.

*Phil.* No, no.

*Doll.* Ist a match Sirs? shalls be mery with him and his muse.

*Om.* Agreed, any scaffold to execute knauery vpon.

*Doll.* Ile send then my vant-currer presently: in the meantime, marche after the Captaine, scoundrels, come hold me vp:

Looke how *Sabrina* sunck ith' riuier *Seuerne*,  
So will we foure be drunke ith' ship-wrack *Tauerne*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Bellamont, Maybery, and *Mistresse* Maybery.

*May.* Come Wife, our two gallants will be here presently: I haue promist them the best of entertainment, with protestation neuer to reueale to thee their slander: I will haue thee beare thy selfe, as if thou madest a feast vpon *Simon* and *Judas* day, to country Gentlewomen, that came to see the Pageant, bid them extreemly welcome, though thou wish their throats cut; 'tis in fashion.

*Wife.* O God I shall neuer indure them.

*Bell.* Indure them, you are a foole: make it your case, as it may be many womens of the Freedome; that you had a friend in priuate, whom your husband should lay to his bosome: and he in requitall should lay his wife to his bosome: what treads of the toe, salutations by winckes, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweete stolne kisses when your husbands backs turnd, would passe betweene them, beare your selfe to *Greenshield* as if you did loue him for affecting you so intirely, not taking any notice of his journey: theile put more tricks vpon you: you told me *Greenshield* meanes to bring his Sister to your house, to haue her boord here.

*May.* Right, thee's some crackt demy-culuerin, that, hath miscaried in seruice: no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not.

*Wife.* Lord was there euer such a husband?

*May.* Why, wouldst thou haue me suffer their tongues to run at large, in Ordinaries and Cockpits; though the Knaues doe lye, I tell you Maister *Bellamont*, lyes that come from sterne lookes, and Sattin out-fides, and guilt Rapiers also, will be put vp and goe for currant.

*Bell.* Right sir, 'tis a small sparke, giues fire to a beautifull womans discredit.

*May.* I will therefore vse them like informing knaues, in this kinde, make up their mouthes with siluer, and after bee reuenged vpon them: I was in doubt I should haue growne fat of late: and it were not for law suites: and feare of our wiues, we rich men should grow out of all compasse: they come, my worthy friends welcome: looke my wiues colour rises already.

*Green.* You haue not made her acquainted with the discouery.

*May.* O by no meanes: yee see Gentlemen the affection of an old man; I would faine make all whole agen. Wife giue entertainment to our new

acquaintance, your lips wife, any woman may lend her lips without her husbands priuity tis allowable.

*Wife.* You are very welcome, I thinke it be neere dinner time Gentlemen : Ile will the maide to couer, and returne presently.

*Bell.* Gods pretious why doth she leaue them ?

*Exit.*

*May.* O I know her stomack : shee is but retirde into another chamber, to ease her heart with crying a little : it hath euer bin her humor, she hath done it 5. or 6. times in a day, when Courtiers haue beene heare, if any thing hath bin out of order, and yet euery returne laught and bin as merry : & how is it Gentlemen, you are well acquainted with this roome, are you not ?

*Gre.* I had a dellicate banquet once on that table.

*May.* In good time : but you are better acquainted with my bed chamber.

*Bell.* Were the cloath of gold Cushins fet forth at your entertainment ?

*Fah.* Yes Sir.

*May.* And the cloath of Tissew Valance.

*Fah.* They are very rich ones.

*May.* God refuse me, they are lying Rascols, I haue no such furniture.

*Green.* I protest it was the strangest, and yet with all the happiest fortune that wee should meete you two at *Ware*, that euer redeemed such desolate actions : I would not wrong you agen for a million of *Londons*.

*May.* No, do you want any money ? or if you be in debt, I am a hundreth pound ith' Subsidie, command mee.

*Fah.* Alas good Gentleman ; did you euer read of the like pacience in any of your ancient *Romans* ?

*Bel.* You see what a sweet face in a Veluet cap

can do, your citizens wiues are like Partridges, the hens are better then the cocks.

*Feth.* I beleuee it in troth, Sir you did obserue how the Gentlewoman could not containe her selfe, when she saw vs enter.

*Bell.* Right.

*Feth.* For thus much I must speake in allowance of her modestie, when I had her most priuate she would blush extreemely.

*Bell.* I, I warrant you, and aske you if you would haue such a great sinne lie vpon your conscience, as to lie with another mans wife.

*Feth.* Introth she would.

*Bell.* And tell you there were maides inough in london, if a man were so vitiously giuen, whose Portions would helpe them to husbands though gentlemen gaue the first onfet.

*Feth.* You are a merry ould gentlemen infaith Sir: much like to this was her language.

*Bell.* And yet clipe you with as voluntary a bosome; as if she had fallen in loue with you at some Innes a court reuels: and inuited you by letter to her lodging.

*Fet.* Your knowledge Sir, is perfect without any information.

*May.* Ile goe see what my wife is doing gentlemen, when my wife enters shew her this ring; and twill quit all suspition.

*Exit.*

*Feth.* Dost heare *Luke Greenshield* wil thy wife be here presently.

*Green.* I left my boy to waight vpon her, by this light, I thinke God prouides; for if this cittisen had not out of his ouerplus of kindnes proferd her, her diet and lodging vnder the name of my sister, I could not haue told what shift to haue made; for the greatest part of my mony is reuolted; weele make more vse of him, the whoreson rich Inkeeper of *Doncaster* her father shewed himselfe a ranke ofler: to send her vp

at this time a yeare ; and by the carier to, twas but a iades trike of him.

*Feth.* But haue you instructed her to call you brother.

*Green.* Yes and shele do it, I left her at Bosomes Inne, sheele be here, presently.

*Enter Maybery.*

*May.* Maister *Greensheild* your sifter is come ; my wife is entertaining her, by the masse I haue bin vpon her lips already. Lady you are welcome, looke you maister *Greensheild*, because your sifter is newly come out of the fresh aire, and that to be pent vp in a narrow lodging here ith' cittie may offend her health she shall lodge at a garden house of mine in Morefeilds where if it please you and my worthy friend heare to beare her company your feuerall lodgings and Ioint commons (to the poore ability of a citizen) shal be prouided.

*Feth.* O God Sir.

*May.* Nay no complement your loues comand it : shalls to dinner Gentlemen, come maister *Bellamont* Ile be the Gentleman vther to this faire Lady.

*Gre.* Here is your ring Mistris ; a thousand times,— and would haue willingly lost my best of maintenance that I might haue found you halfe so tractable.

*Wif.* Sir I am still my selfe, I know not by what means you haue grown vpon my husband, he is much deceaued in you I take it : will you go in to dinner— O God that I might haue my wil of him & it were not for my husband ide scratch out his eyes presently.

*Ex.*

*Fd.* Welcome to London bonny mistris Kate, thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath past betwene thee & I Kate.

*Kate.* Noe matter if hee did : he ran away from me like a bafe slaue as he was, out of *Yorke-shire*, and



pretended he would goe the Iland voiage, since I neere heard of him till within this fortnight: can the world condemne me for entertayning a friend, that am vsed so like an Infidel?

*Fe.* I think not, but if your husband knew of this he'd be deuor'd.

*Kat.* Hee were an asse then, no wisemen should deale by their wiues as the sale of ordinance passeth in *England*, if it breake the first discharge the workman is at the losse of it, if the second the Marchant, & the workman ioyntly, if the third the Marchant, so in our case, if a woman proue false the first yeare, turne her vpon her fathers neck, if the second, turne her home to her father but allow her a portion, but if she should pure mettaile two yeare and flie to seuerall peeces, in the third, repaire the ruines of her honesty at your charges, for the best peece of ordinance, may bee crackt in the casting, and for women to haue cracks and flawes, alas they are borne to them, now I haue held out foure yeare, doth my husband do any things about *London* doth he swagger?

*Feth.* O as tame as a fray in Fleetestreete, when their are nobody to part them.

*Ka.* I euer thought so, we haue notable valiant fellows about Doncaster, theile giue the lie and the stab both in an instant.

*Feth.* You like such kind of man-hood best Kate.

*Kat.* Yes introth for I think any woman that loues her friend, had rather haue him stand by it then lie by it, but I pray thee tel me, why must I be quarterd at this Cittizens garden house, say you.

*Fe.* The discourse of that wil set thy bloud on fire to be reuengd on thy husbands forehead peece.

*Ent.* *Bella & Maiß.* Maybe.

*Wif.* Wil you go in to dinner sir?

*Kat.* Wil you lead the way forsooth?

*Wif.* No sweete forsothe weele follow you.

O Maister *Bellamont*: as euer you tooke pittie vpon the simplicitie of a poore abused gentlewoman: wil you tell me one thing.

*Bell.* Any thing sweet Mistris *Mayberrie*.

*Wife.* I but will you doe it faithfully?

*Bell.* As I respect your acquaintance I shall doe it.

*Wife.* Tell me then I beseech you, doe not you thinke this minx is some noughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in loue with, and meanes to keepe vnder my nose at his garden house.

*Bell.* No vpon my life is she not.

*Wife.* O I cannot beleuee it, I know by her eies she is not honest, why should my husband proffer them such kindnes? that haue abused him and me; so intollerable: and will not suffer me to speake; theres the hell ont not to suffer me to speake.

*Bell.* Fie fie, he doth that like a vsurer, that will vse a man with all kindnes, that he may be carelesse of paying his mony, vpon his day, and after-wards take the extremitie of the forfeiture; your iealousie is Idle: say this were true, it lies in the bosome of a sweete wife to draw her husband from any loose imperfection, from wenching, from Iealousie, from couituousnes from crabbednes, which is the old mans common disease, by her politicke yealding.

*Bell.* She maye doe it from crabbednes, for example I haue knowne as tough blades as any are in England broke vpon a fetherbed—come to diner.

*Wife.* Ile be ruled by you Sir, for you are very like mine vncl.

*Bell.* Suspition workes more mischief growes more strong,  
To feuer chaste beds then aparant wrongs. *Exit.*

## ACTVS 3. SÆNA I.

*Enter Doll, Chartly, Leuerpoole and Phillip.*

*Phil.* Come my little Punke with thy two Compositors to this vnlawfull painting house, thy pounders a my old poeticall dad wilbe here presently ; take vp thy State in this chayre, and beare thy selfe as if thou wert talking to thy pottecary after the receipt of a purgation : looke scuriously vpon him : sometimes be merrie and stand vpon thy pantoffles like a new elefsted scauinger.

*Doll.* And by and by melancholicke like a Tilter that hath broake his staues foule before his Miftrifle.

*Phil.* Right, for hee takes thee to bee a woman of a great count : harke vpon my life hee's come.

*Doll.* See who knocks : thou shalt see mee make a foole of a Poet, that hath made fise hundred fooles.

*Leuer.* Please your new Lady-ship hee's come.

*Doll.* Is hee ? I should for the more state let him walke some two houres in an vtter roome : if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of fashion ; but come enter him : Stay, when we are in priuate conference fend in my Tayler.

*Enter Bellamont brought in by Leuerpoole.*

*Leuer.* Looke you my Ladie's a sleepe, sheele wake presently.

*Bell.* I come not to teach a Starling fir God-boy-you.

*Leuer.* Nay in trueth Sir, if my Lady should but dreame you had beene heare.

*Doll.* Who's that keepes such a prating ?

*Leuer.* 'Tis I Madam.

*Doll.* Ile haue you preferd to be a Cryer : you

haue an extlent throate for't : pox a the Poet is he not come yet ?

*Leuer.* Hee's here Madam.

*Doll.* Crie you mercy : I ha curst my Monkey for shrewd turnes a hundred times, and yet I loue it neuer the worfe I protest.

*Bel.* Tis not in fashon deere Lady to call the breaking out of a Gentlewomans lips, scabs, but the heate of the Liuer.

*Dol.* So fir : if you haue a sweete breath, and doe not smell of swetty linnen, you may draw neerer, neerer.

*Bel.* I am no friend to Garlick Madam.

*Doll.* You write the sweeter verse a great deale fir, I haue heard much good of your wit maister Poet : you do many deuises for Cittizens wiues : I care not greatly because I haue a Citty Laundresse already, if I get a Citty Poet too : I haue such a deuise for you, and this it is.

*Enter Tayler.*

O welcome Tayler : do but waite till I dispatch my Tayler, and Ile discover my deuice to you.

*Bell.* Ile take my leaue of your Ladiship.

*Doll.* No : I pray thee stay : I must haue you sweate for my deuice Maister Poet.

*Phil.* He sweats already beleeeue it.

*Dol.* A cup of wine there : what fashion will make a woman haue the best bodie Taylor.

*Tay.* A short dutch waist with a round cathern-wheele fardingale : a close sleeue with a cartoose colour and a pickadell.

*Dol.* And what meate will make a woman haue a fine wit Maister Poet.

*Bel.* Fowle madam is the most light, delicate, & witty feeding.

*Dol.* Fowle sayst thou : I know them that feede of it euery meale, and yet are as arrant fooles as any are

in a kingdome of my credit : hast thou don Taylor?  
now to discouer my deuce fir : Ile drinck to you  
fir.

*Phil.* Gods pretious, wee nere thought of her  
deuce before, pray god it be any thing tollerable.

*Dol.* Ile haue you make 12. poefies for a dozen  
of cheefe trenchers.

*Phil.* O horrible !

*Bel.* In welch madam ?

*Dol.* Why in welch fir.

*Bel.* Because you will haue them seru'd in with  
your cheefe Ladie.

*Dol.* I will bestow them indeede vpon a welch  
Captaine : one that loues cheefe better than venfon,  
for if you should but get 3. or 4. Cheeshire cheefes and  
fet them a running down Hiegate-hill, he would make  
more hast after them than after the best kennell of  
hounds in *England* ; what think you of my de-  
uice ?

*Bel.* Fore-god a very strange deuce and a cunning  
one.

*Phil.* Now he begins to eye the goblet.

*Bel.* You should be a kin to the *Bellamonts*, you  
giue the same Armes madam.

*Dol.* Faith I paid sweetely for the cup, as it may  
be you and some other Gentleman haue don for their  
Armes.

*Bel.* Ha, the same waight : the same fashion : I  
had three nest of them giuen mee, by a Nobleman at  
the christing of my sonne *Philip*.

*Phil.* Your sonne is come to full age fir : and hath  
tane possession of the gift of his Godfather.

*Bel.* Ha, thou wilt not kill mee.

*Phil.* No fir, ile kill no Poet least his ghost write  
fatires against me.

*Bel.* Whats she ? a good common welthes woman,  
shee was borne.

*Phil.* For her Country, and has borne her Country.

*Bel.* Heart of vertue ? what make I here ?

*Phil.* This was the party you rail'd on : I keepe no worfe company than your selfe father, you were wont to say venery is like vferly that it may be allowed tho it be not lawfull.

*Bel.* Wherefore come I hither.

*Dol.* To make a deuce for cheefe-trenchers.

*Phil.* Ile tell you why I sent for you, for nothing but to shew you that your grauity may bee drawne in : white haire may fall into the company of drabs aswell as red beardes into the society of knaues : would not this woman deceiue a whole camp ith Low-countries, and make one Commander beleue she only kept her cabbin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't.

*Dol.* Pree the Poet what doest thou think of me.

*Bel.* I thinke thou art a most admirable, braue, beautifull Whore.

*Dol.* Nay fir, I was told you would raile : but what doe you thinke of my deuce fir, nay : but you are not to depart yet Maister Poet : wut sup with me ? Ile cashiere all my yong barnicles, & weelee talke ouer a peice of mutton and a partridge, wisely.

*Bel.* Sup with thee that art a common vndertaker ? thou that doest promise nothing but watchet eyes, bumbast calues and false perywigs.

*Dol.* Pree the comb thy beard with a comb of black leade, it may be I shall affect thee.

*Bel.* O thy vnlucky starre ! I must take my leaue of your worshippe I cannot fit your deuce at this instant : I must desire to borrow a nest of goblets of you : O villanie ! I wud some honest Butcher would begge all the queanes and knaues ith Citty and cary them into some other Country they'd sell better than Beefes and Calues : what a vertuous Citty would this bee then ! mary I thinke there would bee a few people left int, vds foot, guld with Cheefe-trenchers and yokt in entertainment with a Taylor ? good, good.

*Exit.*

*Phil.* How doest Doll ?

*Doll.* Scuruie, very scuruie.

*Leuer.* Where shalls suppe wench ?

*Doll.* Ile suppe in my bedde : gette you home to your lodging and come when I send for you, ô filthy roague that I am.

*Phil.* How ! how, mistress *Dorothy* ?

*Dol.* Saint Antonies fire light in your Spanish slops : vds life, i'll make you know a difference, betweene my mirth and melancholy, you panderly roague.

*Om.* We obserue your Ladiship.

*Phi.* The puncks in her humer—pax. *Exit.*

*Dol.* Ile humor you and you pox mee : vds life haue I lien with a *Spaniard* of late, that I haue learnt to mingle such water with my Malago, O ther's some scurvie thing or other breeding ; how many feuerall loues of Plaiers of Vaulters, of Lieutenants haue I entertain'd besides a runner a the ropes, and now to let bloud when the signe is at the heart ? should I send him a letter with some Iewel in't, he would requite it as lawiers do, that returne a woodcock pie to their clients, when they send them a Bafon and a Eure, I will instantly go and make my selfe drunke, till I haue lost my memory, liue a scoffing Poet ? *Exit.*

*Enter Lep-frog and Squirill.*

*Frog.* Now *Squirill* wilt thou make vs acquainted with the iest thou promist to tell vs of ?

*Squi.* I will discouer it, not as a Darby-there women discouers her great teeth, in laughter ; but softly as a gentleman courts a wench behind an Arras : and this it is, yong *Greenesheild* thy Maister with *Greenesheilds* sister lie in my maisters garden-house here in More-fields.

*Frog.* Right, what of this ?

*Squir.* Mary fir if the Gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits incest, for Ime sure he lies with her euery night.

*Fro.* All this I know, but the rest.

*Squir.* I will tell thee, the most pollitick trick of a woman, that ere made a mans face looke witherd and pale like the tree in Cuckolds Hauen in a great snow : and this it is, my mistris makes her husband believe that shee walkes in her sleepe a nights, and to confirme this beleefe in him, sondry times shee hath rizen out of her bed, vnlockt all the dores, gon from Chamber to Chamber, opend her chests, touz'd among her linnen, & when he hath wakke & mist her, comming to question why she coniur'd thus at midnight, he hath found her fast a sleepe, mary it was Cats sleepe, for you shall heare what prey she watcht for.

*Frog.* Good ; forth.

*Squir.* I ouer-heard her last night talking with thy Maister, and she promist him that asloone as her husband was a sleepe, she would walke according to her custome, and come to his Chamber, marry shee would do it so puritannically, so secretly I meane, that no body should heare of it.

*Frog.* Ift possible ?

*Squir.* Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witnesse it.

*Frog.* O intollerable witte, what hold can any man take of a womans honesty.

*Squir.* Hold ! no more hold then of a Bull noynted with Sope, and baited with a shoale of Fidlers in Staffordshire : stand close I heare her coming.

*Enter Kate.*

*Kate.* What a filthy knaue was the shoo-maker, that made my slippers, what a creaking they keepe : O Lord, if there be any power that can make a womans husband sleepe foundly at a pinch, as I haue often read in foolish Poetrie that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dreame some fine dreame or other, that hee's made a Knight, or a Noble-man,



or some-what whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses from sweete *Fetherstone*. *Exit.*

*Squir.* Sfoot hee may well dreame hees made a Knight: for Ile be hangd if she do not dub him.

*Green.* Was there euer any walking spirit, like to my wife? what reason should there bee in nature for this; I will question some Phisition: nor heare neither: vdlife, I would laugh if she were in Maister *Fetherstones* Chamber, thee would fright him, Maister *Fetherstone*, Maister *Fetherstone*.

*Within Fether.* Ha, how now who cals?

*Green.* Did you leaue your doore open last night?

*Feth.* I know not, I thinke my boy did.

*Green.* Gods light shee's there then, will you know the iest, my wife hath her old tricks, Ile hold my life, my wife's in your chamber, rise out of your bed, and see and you can feele her.

*Squi.* He will feel her I warrant you?

*Gree.* Haue you her sir?

*Feth.* Not yet sir, shee's here fir.

*Enter Fetherstone and Kate in his armes.*

*Green.* So I said euen now to my selfe before God la: take her vp in your armes, and bring her hether softly, for feare of waking her: I neuer knew the like of this before God la, alas poore *Kate*, looke before God; shees a sleepe with her eyes open: prittie little roague, Ile wake her, and make her ashamd of it.

*Feth.* O youle make her sicker then.

*Green.* I warrant you; would all women thought no more hurt then thou doost, now sweet villaine, *Kate*, *Kate*.

*Kate.* I longd for the merry thought of a pheasant.

*Green.* She talkes in her sleepe.

*Kate.* And the foule-gutted *Tripe-wife* had got it,

& eate halfe of it: and my colour went and came, and my stomach wambled: till I was ready to found, but a Mid-wife perceiued it, and markt which way my eyes went; and helpt mee to it, but Lord how I pickt it, 'twas the sweetest meate me thought.

*Squi.* O pollitick Mistriffe.

*Green.* Why *Kate, Kate*!

*Kate.* Ha, ha, ha, I beshrew your hart, Lord where am I?

*Green.* I pray thee be not frightened.

*Kate.* O I am sick, I am sick, I am sick, O how my flesh trembles: oh some of the *Angelica* water, I shal have the Mother presently.

*Gre.* Hold downe her stomach good maister *Fetherstone*, while I fetch some. *Exit.*

*Feth.* Well dissembled *Kate*.

*Kate.* Pish, I am like some of your Ladies that can be sick when they haue no stomach to lie with their husbands.

*Feth.* What mischuiuous fortune is this: weel haue a iourney to *Ware Kate*, to redeeme this misfortune.

*Kate.* Well, Cheaters do not win all wayes: that woman that will entertaine a friend, must as well prouide a Closet or Back-doore for him, as a Fetherbed.

*Feth.* Be my troth I pittie thy husband.

*Kate.* Pitty him, no man dares call him Cuckold; for he weares Sattin: pittie him, he that will pull downe a mans signe, and fet vp hornes, there's law for him.

*Feth.* Be sick againe, your husband comes.

*Enter Greeneshield with a broken shin.*

*Green.* I haue the worst luck; I thinke I get more bumps and shrewd turnes ith' darke, how do's thee maister *Fetherstone*.

*Feth.* Very ill sir, shees troubled with the moother

extreamly, I held downe her belly euen now, and I might feele it rise.

*Kate.* O lay me in my bed, I beseech you.

*Gree.* I will finde a remedy for this walking, if all the Docters in towne can sell it; a thousand pound to a penny she spoile not her face, or breake her neck, or catch a cold that shee may nere claw off againe, how doost wench?

*Kate.* A little recouerd: alas I haue so troubled that Gentleman.

*Feth.* None ith' world *Kate*, may I do you any farther seruice.

*Kate.* And I were where I would be in your bed: pray pardon me, waite you Maister *Fetherstone*, hem, I should be well then.

*Squi.* Marke how she wrings him by the fingers.

*Kate.* Good night, pray you giue the Gentleman thanks for patience.

*Green.* Good night Sir.

*Feth.* You haue a shrewd blow, you were best haue it searcht.

*Green.* A scratch, a scratch.

*Exit.*

*Feth.* Let me see what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth a towne with me: Ile perswade her husband to take Phisick, and presently haue a letter framed, from his father in law, to be deliuerd that morning for his wife, to come and receiue some small parcell of money in *Enfield* chafe, at a Keepers that is her Vncle, then sir he not beeing in case to trauell, will intreate me to accompany his wife, wee le lye at *Ware* all night, and the next morning to *London*, Ile goe strike a Tinder, and frame a Letter presently.

*Exit.*

*Squi.* And Ile take the paines to discover all this to my maister old *Maybery*, there hath gone a report a good while, my Maister hath vsed them kindly, because they haue beene ouer familiar with his wife, but I see which way *Fetherstone* lookes. ffoote ther's neare a Gentleman of them all shall gull a

Citizen, & thinke to go scot-free : though your commons shrinke for this be but secret, and my Maister shall intertaine thee, make thee instead of handling false Dice, finger nothing but gold and siluer wagge, an old Seruing-man turnes to a young beggar, whereas a young Prentise may turne to an old Alderman, wilt be secret?

*Leap.* O God sir, as secret as rushes in an old Ladies Chamber.

*Exit.*

*ACTVS 4. SCENA I.*

*Enter Bellamont, in his Night-cap, with leaues in his hand; his man after him with lights, Standish, and Paper.*

*Bel.* Sirrah, Ile speake with none.

*Seru.* Not a plaier?

*Bel.* No, tho a sharer ball;

I'll speak with none, although it be the mouth Of the big company; I'll speak with none: away. Why should not I bee an excellent statesman? I can in the wryting of a tragedy make *Cesar* speake better than euer his ambition could; when I write of *Pompey*, I have *Pompey's* foul within me: and when I personate a worthy Poet, I am then truly myself, a poore vnpretterd scholler.

*Enter his Man hastily.*

*Seru.* Here's a swaggering fellow, sir, that speakes not like a man of gods making, sweares he must speake with you, and wil speake with you.

*Bell.* Not of gods making? what is he? a Cuc-kold?

*Seru.* He's a Gentleman sir, by his clothes.

*Bel.* Enter him and his clothes: clothes sometimes are better Gentlemen than their Masters.

*Enter the Captaine & the Ser.*

Is this he ?—Seeke you me, fir.

*Cap.* I feek, fir, (god plesse) you for a Sentillman that talkes besides to himself when he's alone, as if hee were in Bed-lam ; and he's a Poet.

*Bel.* So, fir, it may bee you seeke mee, for Ime sometimes out a my wits.

*Cap.* You are a Poet, fir, are you.

*Bel.* I'me haunted with a Fury, fir.

*Cap.* Pray, Master Poet, shute off this little pot-gun, and I wil coniure your Fury : 'tis well lay you, fir. My desires are to haue some amiable and amorous sonnet or madrigall composed by your Fury, see you.

*Bell.* Are you a louer fir of the nine Muses.

*Cap.* Ow, by gad, out a cry.

*Bel.* Y'are, then, a scholler, fir.

*Cap.* I ha pickt vp my cromes in Sefus colledge in Oxford, one day a gad while agoe.

*Bell.* Y'are welcome, y'are very welcome. Ile borrow your Iudgement : looke you, fir, I'me writing a Tragedy, the Tragedy of Young *Astianax*.

*Cap.* *Styanax* Tragedy ! is he liuing, can you tell ? was not *Styanax* a *Monmouth* man ?

*Bell.* O, no, fir, you mistake ; he was a *Troyane* great *Hectors* Son.

*Cap.* *Hector* was grannam to *Cadwallader* : when shee was great with child, God vdge me, there was one young *Styanax* of *Monmouthshire* was a madder greek as any is in al *England*.

*Bell.* This was not he, assure yee. Looke you, fir, I will haue this Tragedy presented in the *French* court by *French* Gallants.

*Cap.* By God, your *Frenchmen* will doe a Tragedy-enterlude poggy well.

*Bell.* It shall be, fir, at the marriages of the Duke of *Orleans* and *Chatilion* the admiral of *France*, the flage.

*Cap.* Ud's blood, does *Orleans* marry with the Admirall of *France*, now.

*Bell.* O, fir, no, they are two feuerall marriages. As I was faying, the stage hung all with black veluet, and while tis acted, myfelf will ftand behind the Duke of *Biron*, or fome other cheefe minion or fo, who fhall, I they fhall take fome occafion, about the muſick of the fourth Act, to ſtep to the *French* King, and ſay, *Sire voyla, il eſt uotre treſhumble ſeruiteur, le plu ſage à diuine eſprit, monsieur Bellamont*, all in French thus, poynting at me, or, Yon is the learned old *English* Gentleman, Maſter *Bellamont*, a very wor-thie man to bee one of your priuy Chamber or Poet Lawreat.

*Cap.* But are you ſure Duke Pepper-noone will giue you ſuch good vrds, behind your back to your face.

*Bel.* O I, I, I man, he's the onely courtier that I know there : but what do you thinke that I may come to by this.

*Cap.* God vdge mee, all *France* may hap die in your debt for this.

*Bel.* I am now wryting the deſcription of his death.

*Cap.* Did he die in his ped.

*Bel.* You ſhall heare : ſuſpition is the Mynion of great hearts,  
no : I will not begin there : Imagine a great man were to be executed about the 7. houre in a gloomy morning.

*Cap.* As it might bee *Sampſon* or ſo, or great *Golias* that was kild by my Countreman.

*Bel.* Right fir, thus I expreſſe it in yong *Aſtlanax*.  
Now the wilde people greedy of their griefes,  
Longing to ſee, that which their thoughts abhord,  
Preuented day, and rod on their owne roofes.

*Cap.* Could the little horſe that ambled on the top of *Paules*, cary all the people ; els how could they ride on the roofes !

*Bel.* O fir, tis a figure in Poetry, marke how tis followed,

Rod on their owne roofes,  
Making all Neighboring houfes tilde with men;  
tilde with men! ist not good.

*Cap.* By Sefu, and it were tilde all with naked  
Imen twere better.

*Bel.* You shall heare no more; pick your eares,  
they are fowle fir, what are you fir pray?

*Cap.* A Captaine fir, and a follower of god *Mars*.

*Bel.* *Mars, Bachus*, and I loue *Apollo*! a Cap-  
taine! then I pardon you fir, and Captaine what wud  
you preffe me for?

*Cap.* For a witty ditty, to a Sentill-oman, that I  
am falne in with all, ouer head and eares in affections,  
and naturall desires.

*Bel.* An Acroftick were good vpon her name me  
thinke.

*Cap.* Croffe flicks: I wud not be too croffe  
Maister Poet: yet if it bee best to bring her name  
in queſtion, her name is miſtris *Dorothy Hornet*.

*Bel.* The very conſumption that waſts my Sonne,  
and the Ayme that hung lately vpon mee: doe you  
loue this Miſtris *Dorothy*?

*Cap.* Loue her! there is no Captaines wife in  
*England*, can haue more loue put vpon her, and yet  
Ime ſure Captaines wiues, haue their pellites full of  
good mens loues.

*Be.* And does ſhe loue you? has there paſt any  
great matter betweene you?

*Cap.* As great a matter, as a whole coach, and  
a horſe and his wife are gon too and fro betweene  
vs.

*Bel.* Is ſhee? ifayth Captaine, bee valiant and tell  
trueth, is ſhe honeſt?

*Cap.* Honeſt? god vdge me, ſhee's as honeſt,  
as a Punck, that cannot abide fornication, and  
lechery.

*Bel.* Looke you Captaine, Ile ſhew you why I

afke, I hope you thinke my wenching daies are past,  
yet Sir, here's a letter that her father, brought me  
from her and inforc'd mee to take this very day.

*Enter a Seruant and Whispers.*

*Cap.* Tis for some loue-song to send to me, I hold  
my life.

*Bel.* This falls out pat, my man tells mee, the  
party is at my dore, shall she come in Captaine?

*Cap.* O I, I, put her in, put her in I pray now.

*Exit Seru.*

*Bel.* The letter saies here, that she's exceeding sick,  
and intreates me to visit her: Captaine, lie you in  
ambush behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall  
heare the peece of a Commedy: she comes, she  
comes, make your selfe away.

*Cap.* Does the Poet play *Torkin* and cast my  
*Lucræsies* water too in hugger muggers: if he do,  
*Sytanax* Tragedy was neuer so horrible bloudy-  
minded, as his Commedy shalbe,—*Tawfons* Captaine  
*Fenkins*.

*Enter Doll.*

*Doll.* Now, master Poet, I sent for you.

*Bel.* And I came once at your Ladiships call.

*Doll.* My Ladiship and your Lordship lie both in  
one manner; you have conjur'd up a sweete spirit in  
mee, haue you not, Rimer?

*Bel.* Why, *Medea*! what spirit! wud I were a  
young man for thy sake.

*Doll.* So wud I, for then thou couldst doe mee no  
hurt: now thou doest.

*Bel.* If I were a yonker, it would be no Imodesty  
in mee to be seene in thy company; but to have snow  
in the lap of Iune, vile, vile! yet come; garlick has a  
white head and a greene stalke, then why should not  
I? lets bee merry: what saies the deuill to al the  
world? for Ime fure thou art carnally posselt with  
him.



*Doll.* Thou hast a filthy foot, a very filthy cariers foote.

*Bell.* A filthy shooe, but a fine foote : I stand not upon my foote I.

*Cap.* What stands he upon then ? with a pox, god blefs us ?

*Doll.* A legge and a Calfe ! I haue had better of a butcher fortie times for carrying a body !—not worth begging by a Barber-surgeon.

*Bell.* Very good, you draw me and quarter me : fates keepe me from hanging.

*Doll.* And which most turnes up a womans stomach, thou art an old hoary man ; thou hast gon ouer the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a graue : what doe I see then in that withered face of thine ?

*Bell.* Wrinkles ; grauity.

*Doll.* Wretchednes, grieve : old fellow thou hast bewitch me ; I can neither eate for thee, nor sleepe for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

*Cap.* Vdsblood ! I did never see a white flea before I will clinge you ?

*Doll.* I was borne sure, in the dog-dayes, Ime so unluky ; I, in whome neither a flaxen haire, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spanish hose, youth nor personage, rich face nor mony, cold euer breed a true loue to any, euer to any man, am now befotted, doate, am mad, for the carcas of a man ; and, as if I were a baud, no ring pleases me but a deaths head.

*Cap.* *Sesu, are Imen so arfy-varfy.*

*Bell.* Mad for me ? why, if the worme of lust were wrigling within mee as it does in others, dost thinke Ide crawl upon thee ; wud I low after thee, that art a comon calfe-bearer ?

*Doll.* I confesse it.

*Cap.* Doe you ? are you a towne cowe, and confesse you beare calues ?

*Doll.* I confesse I haue bin an Inne for any guest.

*Cap.* A pogs a your stable-room; is your Inne a bawdy-house now?

*Doll.* I confesse (for I ha bin taught to hide nothing from my Surgeon, and thou art he,) I confesse that old stinking Surgeon like thyselfe whom I call father, that *Hornet*, neuer sweat for me: Ime none of his making.

*Cap.* You lie he makes you a punke *Hornet* minor.

*Doll.* Hees but a cheater, and I the false die hee playes withall, I power all my poison out before thee, because hereafter I will be cleane: shun me not, loath me not, mocke me not. Plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell, yet if thou goest thither, ile follow thee, run, ayde doe what thou canst, ile run and ride ouer the world after thee.

*Cap.* Cockatrice: You, mistris *Salamanders*, that feare no burning, let my mare and my mares horse, and my coach come running home agen; and run to an hospitall, and your Surgeons, and to knaues and panders, and to the tiuell and his tame to.

*Doll.* Fiend, art thou raised to torment me?

*Bell.* She loves you, Captain, honestly.

*Cap.* Ile haue any man, oman, or cilde, by his eares, that saies a common drab can love a Sentillman honestly, I will sell my Coach for a cart to have you to puncks hall, Pridewell.—I sarge you in *Apollos* name, whom you belong to, see her forthcoming, till I come and tiggie her, by and by, Sbloud, I was neuer Cozened with a more rascall peece of mutton, since I came out a the Lower Countries. *Exit.*

*Bell.* My dores are open for thee: be gon: woman!

*Doll.* This goates-peezele of thine—

*Bell.* Away I love no such implements in my house.

*Doll.* Dost not? am I but an implement? by all

the maidenheads that are lost in *London* in a yeare (and thats a great oth), for this trick, other manner of women than myfelfe shall come to this house only to laugh at thee ; and if thou wouldst labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do withal. *Exit.*

*Enter Seruant.*

*Bell.* Is this my poetical fury : how now, fir !

*Serv.* Master *Maybery* and his wife fir i'th next roome.

*Bell.* What are they doing fir ?

*Serv.* Nothing, fir, that I see ; but only wud speake with you.

*Bell.* Enter 'em : this house will be too hot for mee, if this wench cast me into these sweates, I must shifte myfelfe for pure necessity. Haunted with sprites in my old daies !

*Enter Maybery booted, his Wife with him.*

*May.* A Commedy, a Canterbury tale smells not halfe so sweete as the Commedy I haue for thee, old Poet : thou shalt write vpon't, Poet.

*Bell.* Nay, I will write vpon't, ift bee a Commedie, for I have beene at a most villanous female Tragedie : come, the plot, the plot.

*May.* Let your man give you the bootes presently : the plot lies in *Ware*, my white Poet.—Wife thou and I this night will have mad sport in *Ware* ; marke me well, Wife, in *Ware*.

*Wif.* At your pleasure, fir.

*May.* Nay, it shal be at your pleasure, Wife.—Looke you, fir, looke you : *Fetherstones* boy, like an honest crack-halter, layd open all to one of my prentices ; (for boys, you know, like women, love to be doing.)

*Bell.* Very good : to the plot.

*May.* *Fetherstone*, like a crafty mutton-monger, persuades *Greenshield* to be run through the body.

*Bell.* Strange! through the body!

*May.* Ay, man, to take phisick: he does so, he's put to his purgation; then, sir, what does me *Fetherstone* but counterfits a letter from an inn-keeper of Doncaster, to fetch *Greenshield* (who is needy you know) to a keepers lodge in Enfeild-chace, a certain vncle, where *Greenshield* should receiue mony due to him in behalfe of his wife.

*Bell.* His wife! is *Greenshield* married? I haue heard him fweare he was a bachiler.

*Wife.* So haue I a hundred times.

*May.* The knaue has more wiues than the Turke, he has a wife almost in euery shire in *England*, this parcel-Gentlewoman is that In-keepers Daughter of *Doncaster*.

*Bell.* Hath she the entertainement of her fore-fathers? wil she keepe all commers company?

*May.* She helps to passe away stale Capons, fower wine, and musty prouander: but to the purpose, this traine was laid by the baggage herself, and *Fetherstone*, who it seems makes her husband a vnicone, and to giue fire to't, *Greenshield*, like an Arrant wittall intreats his friend to ride before his wife, and fetch the money, because taking bitter pills, he should proue but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go.

*Bell.* And so the poore Stag is to bee hunted in *Enfeild chace*.

*May.* No sir, Maister poet there you misse the plot, *Fetherstone* and my Lady *Greenshield* are rid to batter away their light commodities in *Ware*, *Enfeild-chace* is to cold for 'em.

*Bell.* In *Ware*!

*May.* In durty *Ware*: I forget my selfe wife, on with your ryding suite, and cry *North-ward hoe*, as the boy at Powles saies, let my Prentice get vp before thee, and man thee to *Ware*, lodge in the Inne I told thee, spur cut and away.

*Wife.* Well fir.

*Exit.*

*Bell.* Stay, stay, whats the bottom of this riddle? why fend you her away?

*May.* For a thing my little hoary *Poet*: looke thee, I smelt out my noble stincker *Greensheild* in his Chamber, and as tho my heart stringes had bin crackt, I wept, and sighd, & thumpd, and thump'd, and rau'd and randed, and raild, and told him how my wife was now growne as common as baibery, and that shee had hierd her Taylor to ride with her to *Ware*, to meete a Gentleman of the Court.

*Bel.* Good; and how tooke he this drench downe.

*May.* Like Eggs and Mufcadine, at a gulp: hee cries out presently, did not I tell you old man, that sheed win my game when she came to bearing? hee railes vpon her, wills me to take her in the Act; to put her to her white sheete, to bee diuorc'd, and for all his guts are not fully scourd by his Pottecary, hee's pulling on his bootes, & will ride along with vs; lets muster as many as wee can.

*Bel.* It wilbe excellent sport, to see him and his owne wife meete in *Ware*, wilt not? I, I, weele haue a whole Regiment of horse with vs.

*May.* I stand vpon thornes, tel I shake him bith hornes: come, bootes boy, we must gallop all the way, for the Sin you know is done with turning vp the white of an eye, will you ioyne your forces.

*Bel.* Like a *Hollander* against a *Dunkirke*.

*May.* March then, this curse is on all letchers throwne,

They giue hornes and at last, hornes are their owne.

*Exit.*

*Enter Captaine Jenkins, and Allom.*

*Allo.* Set the best of your little diminutiue legges before, and ride post I pray.

*Allo.* Is it possible that mistris *Doll* should bee so bad?

*Cap.* Possible ! Sbloud tis more easie for an oman to be naught, than for a foldier to beg, and thats horrible easie, you know.

*Al.* I but to connicatch vs all so grossly.

*Cap.* Your *Norfolke* tumblers are but zanyes to connicatching punckes.

*Allom.* Shee gelded my purse of fifty pounds in ready money.

*Cap.* I will geld all the horses in fivie hundred Sheires, but I will ride ouer her, and her cheaters, and her *Hornets* ; Shee made a starke Asse of my Coach-horse, and there is a putter-box, whome shee spred thick vpon her white bread, and eate him vp, I thinke shee has sent the poore fellow to *Gelderland*, but I will marfe prauely in and out, and packe againe vpon all the low countries in Christendom, as *Holland* and *Zeland* and *Netherland*, and *Cleueland* too, and I will be drunke and cast with maister *Hans van Belch*, but I will smell him out.

*Allom.* Doe so and weelee draw all our arrowes of reuenge vp to the head but weelee hit her for her villany.

*Cap.* I will traw as petter, and as vrfe weapons as arrowes vp to the head, lug you it shal be warrants to giue her the whippe deedle.

*Allom.* But now she knowes shees discouered, sheele take her bells and fly out of our reach.

*Cap.* Fle with her pells ! ownds I know a parish that sal tag downe all the pells and sell em to Capten *Ienkens*, to do him good, and if pelle will fly, weelee flie too, vnles, the pell-ropes hang vs : will you amble vp and downe to maister Iustice by my fide, to haue this rascall *Hornet* in corum, and so, to make her hold her whoars peace.

*Allom.* Ile amble or trot with you Capten : you told me, she threatened her champions should cut for her ; if so, wee may haue the peace of her.

*Cap.* *O mon du ! u dguin !* follow your leader, *Ienken* shal cut, and Slice, as worfe as they : come I

scorne to haue any peace of her, or of any onam, but open warres.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bellamont, Maybery, Greenshield, Phillip, Leuerpoole, Chartley: all booted.*

*Bell.* What? will these yong Gentlemen to helpe vs to catch this fresh Salmon, ha? *Phillip*! are they thy friends.

*Phil.* Yes Sir.

*Bell.* We are beholding to you Gentlemen that youle fill our confort I ho leene your faces me thinkes before; and I cannot informe my selfe where.

*Both.* May be so Sir.

*Bell.* Shalls to horse, hears a tickler: heigh: to horse.

*May.* Come Switts and Spurres! lets mount our Cheualls: merry quoth a.

*Bell.* Gentlemen shall I shoote a fooles bolt out among you all, because wee be sure to be merry.

*Omn.* What if?

*Bell.* For mirth on the high way, will make vs rid ground faster then if theeues were at our tayles, what say yee to this, lets all practise iests one against another, and hee that has the best iest throwne vpon him, and is most gald, betweene our riding forth and comming in, shall beare the charge of the whole journey.

*Omn.* Content ifaith.

*Bell.* Wee shall fitte one a you with a Cox-combe at *Ware* I belieue.

*May.* Peace.

*Green.* Ist a bargin.

*Omn.* And hands clapt vpon it.

*Bel.* Stay, yonders the Dolphin without Bishops-gate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and wee are going past it: come crosse ouer: and what place is this?

*May.* Bedlam ist not?

*Bell.* Where the mad-men are, I neuer was amongst them, as you loue me Gentlemen, lets see what Greekes are within.

*Green.* Wee shall stay too long.

*Bell.* Not a whit, *Ware* will stay for our comming I warrant you : come a spurt and away, lets bee mad once in our dayes : this is the doore.

*Enter Full-moone.*

*May.* Saue you fir, may we see some a your mad-folkes, doe you keepe em ?

*Full.* Yes.

*Bell.* Pray bestow your name fir vpon vs.

*Full.* My name is *Full-moone*.

*Bell.* You well deserue this office good maister *Full-moone*: and what mad-caps haue you in your house.

*Enter the Phisition.*

*Ful.* Diuerse.

*May.* Gods so, see, see, whats hee walkes yonder, is he mad.

*Full.* Thats a Musition, yes hee's besides himselfe.

*Bell.* A Musition, how fell he mad for Gods sake ?

*Ful.* For loue of an *Italian* Dwarf.

*Bell.* Has he beene in *Italy* then ?

*Full.* Yes and speakes they say all manner of languages.

*Enter the Bawd.*

*Omn.* Gods so, looke, looke, whats shee.

*Bell.* The dancing Beare : a pritty well-fauoured little woman.

*Full.* They say, but I know not, that she was a Bawd, and was frighted out of her wittes by fire.



*Bel.* May we talke with 'em maister *Ful-moone*.

*Full.* Yes and you will ; I must looke about for  
I haue vnruely tenants. *Exit.*

*Bell.* What haue you in this paper honest friend ?

*Gree.* Is this he has al manner of languages, yet  
speakes none.

*Baud.* How doe you Sir *Andrew*, will you fend for  
some aquauite for me, I haue had no drinke neuer  
since the last great raine that fell.

*Bell.* No thats a lie.

*Baud.* Nay, by gad, then, you lie, for all you're Sir  
*Andrew*. I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage,  
not an inch broad at the heele and yet thus high : I  
scornd, I can tell you, to be druncke with rain-water  
then, fir, in those golden and siluer dayes ; I had sweet  
bits then, fir *Andrew*. How doe you, good brother  
*Timothy* ?

*Bell.* You haue been in much trouble since that  
voyage.

*Baud.* Neuer in bridewell, I protest, as I'm a vir-  
gin, for I could neuer abide that bridewell, I protest,  
I was once sick, and I took my water in a basket, and  
carried it to a doctors.

*Phil.* In a basket ?

*Baud.* Yes, fir : you arrant foole there was a vrinall  
in it.

*Phil.* I cry you mercy.

*Baud.* The doctor told me I was with child. How  
many Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Cittizens, and  
others, promised me to be godfathers to that child !  
'twas not God's will : the prentises made a riot vpon  
my glasse windows, the Shrove-tuesday following, and  
I miscarried.

*Omn.* O do not weep !

*Baud.* I ha' cause to weep : I trust gentlewomen  
their diet sometimes a fortnight : lend gentlemen hol-  
land shirts, and they sweat 'em out at tennis ; and no  
restitution, and no restitution. But Ile take a new  
order : I will haue but six stewed prunes in a dish, and

some of Mother Wall's cakes ; for my best customers are taylors.

*Omn.* Taylors ! ha, ha !

*Baud.* I taylors : giue me your London prentice ; your country gentlemen are growne too politicke.

*Bell.* But what fay you to such young gentlemen as these are ?

*Baud.* Foh ! they, as soone as they come to their lands, get vp to London, and, like squibs that run vpon lynes, they keep a spitting of fire and cracking till they ha spent all ; and when my squib is out, what says his punk ? foh, he stinks.

*Enter the musition.*

Methought, this other night I saw a pretty fight,  
Which pleased me much.  
A comely country mayd, not squeamish nor afraid,  
To let Gentlemen touch :  
I fold her maidenhead once, and I fold her  
maidenhead twice,  
And I fold it last to an alderman of *York* :  
And then I had fold it thrice.

*Mus.* You sing scruily.

*Baud.* Marry, muff, sing thou better, for Ile go sleepe my old sleepes. *Exit.*

*Bell.* What are you a-doing, my friend.

*Mus.* Pricking, pricking.

*Bell.* What doe you meane by pricking ?

*Mus.* A Gentleman-like quality.

*Bell.* This fellow is some what prouder and fulliner then the other.

*May.* Oh ; so be most of your musitions.

*Mus.* Are my teeth rotten ?

*Omn.* No, fir.

*Mus.* Then I am no comfit-maker nor vintner

I do not get wenches in my drinke.—Are you a musition ?

*Bell.* Yes.

*Mus.* Wele be sworn brothers, then, looke you, sweet rogue.

*Green.* Gods so, now I think vpon't, a iest is crept into my head : steale away, if you loue me.

*Exeunt : musition sings.*

*Musi.* Was euer any marchants baud set better I fet it : walke Ime a cold, this white sattin is too thin vnles it be cut, for then the Sunne enters : can you speake Italian too, *Sapete Italiano.*

*Bell.* *Vn poco.*

*Musi.* Sblood if it be in you, Ile poake it out of you ; *vn poco*, come March lie heare with me but till the fall of the leafe, and if you haue but *poco Italiano* in you, Ile fill you full of more *poco* March.

*Bell.* Come on.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Maybery, Greeneshilde, Philip, Full-moone, Leuerpoole, and Chartely.

*Gree.* Good Maister *Mayberie*, *Philip*, if you be kind Gentlemen vphold the iest : your whole voiage is payd for.

*May.* Follow it then.

*Ful.* The old Gentleman say you, why he talkt euen now as well in his wittes as I do my selfe, and lookt as wisely.

*Gree.* No matter how he talkes, but his Pericracion's perisht.

*Ful.* Where is he pray ?

*Phil.* Mary with the Musition, and is madder by this time.

*Char.* Hee's an excellent Musition himselfe, you must note that.

*May.* And hauing met one fit for his one tooth : you see hee skips from vs.

*Green.* The troth is maister *Full-moone*, diuers traines haue bin laide to bring him hither, without gaping of people, and neuer any tooke effect till now.

*Ful.* How fell he mad?

*Green.* For a woman, looke you fir: here's a crowne to prouide his supper: hee's a Gentleman of a very good house, you shall bee paid well if you conuert him; to morrow morning, bedding, and a gowne shall be sent in, and wood and coale.

*Ful.* Nay fir, he must haue no fire.

*Green.* No, why looke what straw you buy for him, shall returne you a whole harvest.

*Omn.* Let his straw be fresh and sweet we beseech you fir?

*Green.* Get a couple of your sturdiest fellows, and bind him I pray, whilst wee slip out of his sight.

*Ful.* Ile hamper him, I warrant Gentlemen. *Exit.*

*Omn.* Excellent.

*May.* But how will my noble Poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus.

*Omn.* Foh, tis but a iest, he comes.

*Enter Musition and Bellamont.*

*Bell.* *Perdonate mi, si Io dimando del vostro nome:* oh, whether shrunke you: I haue had such a mad dialogue here.

*Omn.* Wee haue bin with the other mad folkes.

*May.* And what sayes he and his prick-song?

*Bell.* Wee were vp to the eares in *Italian* ifaith.

*Omn.* In *Italian*; O good maister *Bellamont* lets heare him.

*Enter Full-moone, and two Keepers.*

*Bell.* How now, Sdeath what do you meane? are you mad?

*Ful.* Away firra, bind him, hold fast: you want a wench firra, doe you?

*Bell.* What wench ? will you take mine armes from me, being no Heralds ? let goe you Dogs.

*Ful.* Bind him, be quiet : come, come, dogs, fie, & a gentleman.

*Bell.* Maister *Maibery*, *Philip*, maister *Maibery*, vds foot.

*Ful.* Ile bring you a wench, are you mad for a wench.

*Bell.* I hold my life my comrads haue put this fooles cap vpon thy head : to gull me : I smell it now : why doe you heare *Full-moone*, let me loose ; for Ime not mad ; Ime not mad by Iesu.

*Ful.* Aske the Gentlemen that.

*Bell.* Bith Lord I'me aswell in my wits, as any man ith' house, & this is a trick put vpon thee by these gallants in pure knauery.

*Ful.* Ile trie that, answer me to this question : loose his armes a little, looke you fir, three Geefe nine pence ; every Goose three pence, whats that a Goose, roundly, roundly one with another.

*Bell.* Sfoot do you bring your Geefe for me to cut vp.  
*strike him soundly, and kick him.*

*Enter all.*

*Omn.* Hold, hold, bind him maister *Full-moone*.

*Ful.* Binde him you, hee has payd me all, Ile haue none of his bonds not I, vnlesse I could recouer them better.

*Gre.* Haue I giuen it you maister Poet, did the Lime-bush take.

*Ma.* It was his warrant sent thee to *Bedlam*, old *Jack Bellamont* : and, Maister *Full-<sup>t</sup>-the moon*, our warrant discharges him.—Poet, wele all ride vpon thee to *Ware*, and backe againe, I feare, to thy cost.

*Bell.* If you do, I must bear you,—Thank you, Maister *Greenshield* ; I will not die in your debt.—Farewell, you mad rascalls.—To horse, come.—'Tis well done, 'twas well done. You may laugh, you shall

laugh, gentlemen. If the gudgeon had been swallowed by one of you, it had been vile ; but by Gad, 'tis nothing, for your best Poets, indeed, are mad for the most part.—Farewell, good-man *Full-moone*.

*Full.* Pray, gentlemen, if you come by, call in.

*Exit.*

*Bell.* Yes, yes, when they are mad.—Horse your selues now, if you be men.

*May.* Hee gallop must that after women rides,  
Get our wiues out of Towne, they take long strides.

*Exeunt.*

ACTVS 5. SCÆNA 1.

*Enter old Maybery and Bellamont.*

*May.* But why haue you brought vs to the wrong inn, and withal possessest *Greenfield* that my wife is not in town ? when my project has, that I would haue brought him vp into the chamber where young *Fetherstone* and his wife lay, and so all his artillery should haue recoiled into his own bosome.

*Bell.* O, it will fall out farre better : you shall see my reuenge will haue a more neat and vnexpected conueyance. He hath been all vp and downe the towne to enquire for a Londoners wife : none such is to be found, for I haue mewd your wife vp already. Marry, he hears of a *Yorkshire* gentlewoman at next inn, and that's all the commodity *Ware* affords at this instant. Now, sir, he very politickly imagines that your wife is rode to *Puckeridge*, fife mile further ; for, saith he, in such a town, where hosts will be familiar, and tapsters saucy, and chamberlains worfe then theeues' intelligencers, they'll neuer put foot out of stirrop ; either at *Puckeridge* or *Wades-Mill*, saith he, you shall find them ; and because our horses are weary, he's gone to take vp post-horse. My counsel is only this, —when he comes in, faign your selfe very melancholy, sweare you will ride no further ; and this is your part

of the comedy : the sequel of the iest shall come like money borrowed of a courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange and vnexpected.

*Enter Greenfield.*

*May.* Enough, I ha't.

*Bell.* He comes.

*Green.* Come, gallants, the post-horse are ready ; 'tis but a quarter of an hours riding ; weele ferret them and firke them, in-faith.

*Bell.* Are they growne politick ? when do you see honesty couet corners, or a gentleman thats no thief lie in the inn of a carrier ?

*May.* Nothing hath vndone my wife but too much riding.

*Bell.* She was a pritty piece of a poet indeed, and in her discourse would, as many of your goldsmiths' wiues do, draw her simile from precious stones so wittily, as redder then your ruby, harder then your diamond, and so from stone to stone in lesse time then a man can draw on a straight boot, as if she had been an excellent lapidary.

*Green.* Come, will you to horse, sir ?

*May.* No, let her go to the deuil, and she will : Ile not stir a foot further.

*Green.* Gods precious, ist come to this ?—Persuade him, as you are a gentleman : there will be ballads made of him, and the burthen thereof will be,—If you had rode out 5 mile forward, he had found the fatal house of *Brainford* northward ; O hone, hone, hone, o nonero !

*Bell.* You are merry, sir.

*Green.* Like your citizen, I neuer thinke of my debts when I am a horseback.

*Bell.* You imagin you are riding from your creditors.

*Green.* Good, in faith.—Will you to horse ?

*May.* Ile ride no further.

*Green.* Then Ile discharge the postmaster.—Wast not a pretty wit of mine, maister poet, to haue had him rod into *Puckridge* with a horn before him? ha, wast not?

*Bell.* Good sooth, excellent: I was dull in apprehending it: but come since we must stay: wele be mery, chamberlaine call in the musick, bid the Tapsters & maids come vp and dance, what weel make a night of it, harke you maisters, I haue an excellent iest to make old *Maibery* merry, Sfoote weele haue him merry.

*Green.* Lets make him drunke then, a simple catching wit I.

*Bel.* Go thy waies, I know a Nobleman would take such a delight in thee.

*Green.* Why so he would in his foole.

*Bell.* Before God but hee would make a difference, hee would keepe you in Sattin, but as I was a saying weel haue him merry: his wife is gon to *Puckridge*, tis a wench makes him melancholy, tis a wench must make him mery: we must help him to a wench. When your cittizen comes into his Inne, wet & cold, dropping, either the hostis or one of her maids, warms his bed, puls on his night-cap, cuts his cornes puts out the candle, bids him command ought, if he want ought: and so after maister cittiner sleepees as quietly, as if he lay in his owne low-country of *Holland*, his own linnen I meane sir, we must haue a wench for him.

*Gre.* But wher's this wench to be found, here are all the moueable peticotes of the house.

*Bil.* At the next Inne there lodged to night——

*Gre.* Gods pretious a *Yorkeshire* Gentlewoman; I ha't, Ile angle for her presently, weele haue him merry.

*Bd.* Procure some Chamberlaine to Pander for you.

*Gre.* No Ile be Pander my selfe, because weele be merry.



*Bel.* Will you, will you?

*Gre.* But how? be a Pander as I am a gentleman? that were horrible, Ile thrust my self into the out-side of a Fawlcner in towne heere: & now I thinke on't there are a company of country plaiers, that are to come to towne here, shall furnish mee with haire and beard: if I do not bring her, . . . wilbe wondrous merry.

*Bel.* About it looke you sir, though she beare her far aloofe, and her body out of distance, so her mind be comming 'tis no matter.

*Green.* Get old *Maiberry* merry: that any man should take to heart thus the downe fall of a woman, I thinke when he comes home poore snaile, heele not dare to peepe forth of doores least his hornes vther him.

*Exit.*

*Bel.* Go thy wayes, there be more in *England* weare large eares and hornes, then Stagges and Asies: excellent hee rides poste with a halter about his neck.

*May.* How now wilt take?

*Bel.* Beyond expectation: I haue perswaded him the onely way to make you merry, is to helpe you to a wench, and the foole is gone to pander his owne wife hether.

*May.* Why heele know her?

*Bel.* She hath beene maskt euer since she came into the Inne, for feare of discouery.

*May.* Then sheele know him.

*Bel.* For that his owne vnfortunate wit helpt my lasie inuention, for he hath disguisd himselfe like a Fawknor, in Towne heare, hoping in that procuring shape, to doe more good vpon her, then in the out-side of a Gentleman.

*May.* Young *Fetherstone* will know him?

*Bel.* Hee's gone into the towne, and will not returne this halfe houre.

*May.* Excellent if she would come.

*Bel.* Nay vpon my life sheele come: when she

enters remember some of your young bloud, talke as some of your gallant commoners will, Dice and drinke: freely: do not call for Sack, leaft it betray the coldnesse of your man-hood, but fetch a caper now & then, to make the gold chinke in your pockets: I so.

*May.* Ha old Poet, lets once stand to it for the credit of *Milke-streets*. Is my wife acquainted with this.

*Bel.* She's perfect, & will come out vpon her qu, I warrant you.

*May.* Good wenches infaith: fils some more Sack heare.

*Bel.* Gods pretious, do not call for Sack by any meanes.

*May.* Why then giue vs a whole Lordship for life in *Rhenish*, with the reuerfion in Sugar.

*Bel.* Excellent.

*May.* It were not amisse if we were dancing.

*Bel.* Out vpon't, I shall neuer do it.

*Enter Greensheild disguised, with mistresse Greensheild.*

*Green.* Out of mine nostrils tapster, thou smelst like *Guild-hall* two daies after *Simon and Iude*, of drinke most horribly, off with thy maske sweete finner of the North: these maskes are foiles to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new satin outfides to lousy linings.

*Kate.* O, by no means, sir. Your merchant will not open a whole peece to his best customer: he that buys a woman must take her as she falls. Ile vnmask my hand; heres the sample.

*Green.* Goe to, then, old Poet. I haue tane her vp already as a pinnis bound for the straights; she knows her burden yonder.

*Bell.* Lady, you are welcome. Yon is the old gentleman ; and obserue him, he's not one of your fat city chuffs, whose great belly argues that the felicity of his life consists in capon, sack, and sincere honesty ; but a leane spare bountifull gallant one that hath an old wife and a young performance ; whose reward is not the rate of a captain newly come out of the Low-Countries, or a *Yorkshire* attorney in good contentious practice, some angel, —no, the proportion of your welthy citizen to his wench is her chamber, her diet, her phisick, her apparel, her painting, her monkey, her pandar, her everything. Youle say, your young gentleman is your only seruice, that lies before you like a calues head, with his braines some halfe yeard from him : but, I assure you, they must not onely haue variety of foolery, but also of wenches : whereas your conscionable greybeard of Farrington-within will keep himself to the ruins of one cast waiting-woman an age : and perhaps, when he's past all other good works, to wipe out false waights and twenty i' the hundred, marry her.

*Green.* O, well bould *Tom* (     ) we haue prefe-dents for't.

*Kate.* But I haue a husband fir.

*Bell.* You haue ? If the knaue thy husband be rich, make him poor, that he may borrow money of this merchant, and be laid vp in the Counter or Ludgate ; so it shall bee conscience in you old gentleman, when he hath seized all thy goods, to take the horne and maintain thee.

*Green.* O, well bould, *Tom* (     ) we haue prefe-dents for't.

*Kate.* Well, if you be not a nobleman, you are some great valiant gentleman by your bearth and the fashion of your beard, and do but thus to make the citizen merry, because you owe him some money.

*Bell.* O, you are a wag.

*May.* You are very welcome.

*Green.* He is tane; excellent, excellent! theres one will make him merry. Is it any imputation to help ones friend to a wench?

*Bell.* No more than at my lords entreaty to help my lady to a pretty waiting-woman. If he had giuen you a gelding, or the reuerfion of some monopoly, or a new sute of satin, to haue done this, happily your satin would haue smelt of the pander: but what's done freely, comes, like a present to an old lady, without any reward: and what is done without any reward, come like wounds to a soldier, very honourably notwithstanding.

*May.* This is my breeding, gentlewoman: and whether trauel you?

*Kate.* To London, fir, as the old tale goes, to seeke my fortune.

*May.* Shall I be your fortune, lady?

*Kate.* O, pardon me, fir; Ile haue some young landed heir to be my fortune, for they fauour she-fooles more than citizens.

*May.* Are you married?

*Kate.* Yes, but my husband is in garrison i' the Low-Countries, is his colonels bawd, and his captain's iester: he sent me word ouer that he will thriue, for though his apparel lie i' the Lombard, he keeps his conscience i' the muster-book.

*May.* He may doe his country good seruice, lady.

*Kate.* I as many of your captains do, that fight, as the geese saued the Capitol, only with prattling. Well, well, if I were in some noblemans hands now, may be he would not take a thousand pounds for me.

*May.* No.

*Kate.* No, fir; and yet may be at years end would giue me a brace of hundreth pounds to marry me to his baily or the solicitor of his law-suits.—Whofe this, I beseech you?

*Enter Miftrefs Mayberry, her hair loofe, with the Hoflice.*

*Hofl.* I pray you, forfooth, be patient.

*Bell.* Paffion of my heart, Miftrefs Mayberry.

*Exeunt Fiddlers.*

*Green.* Now will ſhee put ſome notable trick, vpon her cuckoldly husband.

*May.* Why, how now, wife ! what means this ? ha !

*Mift. May.* Well, I am very well. O my vnfortunate parents would you had buried me quick, when you linkt me to this miſery.

*Ma.* O wife, be patient ! I haue more cauſe to raile wife.

*Mift. May.* You haue, proue it, proue it : wheres the Courtier, you ſhould haue tane in my boſome : Ile ſpit my gall in's face, that can tax me of any diſhonour : haue I loſt the pleaſure of mine eyes, the ſweetes of my youth, the wiſhes of my bloud : and the portion of my friends, to be thus diſhonord, to be reputed vild in *London*, whilt my huſhand prepares common diſeaſes for me at *Ware*, O god O god.

*Be.* Prettily well diſſembled.

*Hofl.* As I am true hoſtice you are to blame fir, what are you maiſters : Ile know what you are afore you depart maiſters, doſt thou leaue thy Chamber in an honeſt Inne, to come and inueagle my coſtomers, and you had ſent for me vp, and kiſt me and vſde me like an hoſtice, twold neuer haue greeued mee, but to do it to a ſtranger.

*Kate.* Ile leaue you fir.

*May.* Stay, why how now ſweete gentlewoman, cannot I come forth to breath my ſelfe, but I muſt bee haunted, raile vpon olde *Bellamont*, that he may diſcouer them, you remember *Fatherſtone Greenſheild*.

*Mift. May.* I remember them, I, they are two as coging, diſhonorabſe dambd forſworne beggerly gentle-

men, as are in al London, and ther's a reuerent old gentleman to, your pander in my conscience.

*Bd.* Lady, I wil not as the old goddes were wont, fweare by the infernall *Stix*; but by all the mingled wine in the seller beneath, and the smoke of Tobacco that hath fumed ouer the vessailes, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of suckket looke you behold the parenthesis.

*Hof.* Nay Ile see your face too.

*Kat.* My deare vnkind husband; I protest to thee I haue playd this knauish part only to be witty.

*Gre.* That I might bee presently turned into a matter more sodlilid then horne, into Marble.

*Bd.* Your husband gentlewoman: why hee neuer was a fouldier.

*Kat.* I but a Lady got him prickt for a Captaine, I warrant you, he wil answere to the name of Captaine, though hee bee none: like a Lady that wil not think scorne to answere to the name of her first husband; though he weare a Sope-boyler.

*Green.* Hange of thou diuill, away.

*Kat.* No, no, you fled me tother day, When I was with child you ran away, But since I haue caught you now.

*Green.* A pox of your wit and your singing.

*Bd.* Nay looke you sir, she must sing because wee be merry, what though you rod not fise mile forward, you haue found that fatall house at *Brainford* Northward. O hone, ho ho na ne ro.

*Green.* God refuse mee Gentlemen, you may laugh and bee merry: but I am a Cockold and I thinke you knew of it, who lay ith fegges with you to night wilducke.

*Kat.* No body with me, as I shall be saued; but Maister *Fetherstone*, came to meete me as far as *Roi-Rome*.

*Green.* Fetherstone.

*May.* See the hawke that first floopt, my pheasant

is kild by the Spaniell that first sprang all of our side wife.

*Bel.* Twas a pretty wit of you fir, to haue had him rod into Puckeridge with a horne before him ; ha : waft not ;

*Green.* Good.

*Bel.* Or where a Cittizen keepes his houle, you know tis not as a Gentleman keepes his Chamber for debt, but as you sayd euen now very wisely, leaft his hornes should vshe him.

*Green.* Very good *Fetherstone* he comes.

*Enter Fetherstone.*

*Feth.* Luke *Greenshield* Maister *Maybery*, old Poet : *Mol* and *Kate*, most hapily incounterd, vdlife how came you heather, by my life the man lookes pale.

*Green.* You are a villaine, and Ile mak't good vpon you, I am no seruimgman, to feede vpon your reuerfion.

*Feth.* Go to the ordinary then.

*Bel.* This is his ordinary fir & in this she is like a London ordinary : her best getting comes by the box.

*Green.* You are a dambd villaine.

*Feth.* O by no means.

*Green.* No, vdlife, Ile go instantly take a purfe, be apprehended and hang'd for't, better then be a Cockold.

*Feth.* Best first make your confeffion firra.

*Green.* 'Tis this thou haft not vsed me like a gentleman.

*Feth.* A gentleman ! thou a gentleman ! thou art a taylor.

*Bel.* Ware preaching.

*Feth.* No, firrah, if you will confes ought, tell how thou haft wronged that vertuous gentlewoman : how thou laiest at her two yeare together, to make her

dishonest; how thou wouldst send me thither with letters; how duly thou wouldst watch the citizens'-wives' vacation, which is twice a-day, namely the Exchange-time, twelve at noon, and six at night; and where she refused thy importunity and vowed to tell her husband, thou wouldst fall down upon thy knees, and entreat her for the love of heaven, if not to ease thy violent affection, at least to conceal it,—to which her pity and simple virtue consented; how thou tookest her wedding-ring from her; met these two gentlemen at *Ware*; fained a quarrel; and the rest is apparent. This only remains,—what wrong the poor gentlewoman hath since received by our intolerable lye, I am most heartily sorry for, and to thy bosom will maintain all I have said to be honest.

*May.* Victory, wife! thou art quit by proclamation.

*Bell.* Sir you are an honest man: I have known an arrant thief for peaching made an officer; give me your hand, sir.

*Kate.* O filthy abominable husband, did you all this?

*May.* Certainly he is no captain; he blushes.

*Mist. May.* Speak sir, did you ever know me answer your wishes?

*Green.* You are honest; very virtuously honest.

*Mist. May.* I will, then, no longer be a loose woman: I have at my husbands pleasure tane upon me this habit of jealousy. I'm sorry for you; virtue glories not in the spoil, but in the victory.

*Bell.* How say you by that goodly sentence? Look you, sir, you gallants visit citizens' houses, as the *Spaniard* first sailed to the *Indies*: you pretend buying of wares or selling of lands; but the end proves 'tis nothing but for discovery and conquest of their wives for better maintenance. Why, look you, was he aware of those broken patience when you met him at *Ware* and possessed him of the downfall of his wife? You are a cuckold; you have pandered your own wife



to this gentleman ; better men haue done it, honest *Tom* ( ), we haue presidents for't. Hie you to *London*. What is more catholick i'the city than for husbands daily for to forgiue the nightly sins of their bedfellows ? If you like not that course, but to intend to be rid of her, rifle her at a tauern, where you may swallow down some fifty wiseacres, sons and heirs to old tenements and common gardens, like so many raw yeolkes with muscadine to bedward.

*Kate*. O filthy knaue, dost compare a woman of my carriage to a horse ?

*Bell*. And no disparagement ; for a woman to haue a high forehead, a quicke eare, a full eye, a wide nostril, a sleeke skin, a straight back, a round hip, and so forth, is most comely.

*Kate*. But is a great belly comely in a horse, fir ?

*Bell*. No, lady.

*Kate*. And what think you of it in a woman, I pray you ?

*Bell*. Certainly I am put down at my own weapon : I therefore recant the rifying. No, there is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of peeriwip-making : let your wife set vp i'the Strand ; and yet I doubt whither she may or no, for they say the women haue got it to be a corporation. If you can, you may make good vse of it, for you shall haue as good a coming-in by hair (though it be but a falling commodity), and by other foolish tiring, as any between Saint *Clements* and *Charing*.

*Fath*. Now you haue run yourself out of breath, hear me. I protest the gentlewoman is honest : and since I haue wronged her reputation in meeting her thus priuately, Ile maintain her.—Wilt thou hang at my purse, *Kate*, like a paire of barbary buttons, to open when 'tis full, and close when 'tis empty ?

*Kate*. I'll be diuorced, by this Christian element : and because thou thinkest thou art a Cockold, lest I should make thee an infidel in causing thee to believe an vntruth, I'll make thee a Cockold.

*Bell.* Excellent wench.

*Feth.* Come, lets go, sweet ; the Nag I ride upon bears double : wee! to London.

*May.* Do not bite your thumbs, sir.

*Kate.* Bite his thumb !

I'll make him do a thing worfe than this :

Come loue me where as I lay.

*Feth.* What, *Kate* !

*Kate.* He shall father a child is none of his,  
O, the clean contrary way.

*Feth.* O lusty *Kate*.

*Exeunt.*

*May.* Methought he said even now you were a taylor.

*Green.* You shall hear more of that hereafter : I'll make *Ware* and him stink ere he goes : if I be a taylor, the rogues naked weapon shall not fright me ; I'll beat him and my wife both out a the towne with a taylor's yard.

*Exit.*

*May.* O valiant Sir *Trifram*—Room there !

*Enter Philip, Leuerpool, and Chartly.*

*Phi.* News, father, most strange news out of the Low-Countries : your good lady and mistress, that set you to work upon a dozen of cheefe-trenchers, is new lighted at the next inn, and the old venerable gentlemen's father with her.

*Bell.* Let the gates of our inn be locked up clofer than a nobleman's gates at dinner-time.

*Omn.* Why, sir, why ?

*Bell.* If she enter here, the house will be infected : the plague is not halfe so dangerous as a she-hornet.—

*Philip*, this is your shuffling a the cards, to turn up her for the bottom card at *Ware*.

*Phi.* No, as I'me vertuous, sir : ask the two gentlemen.

*Leuer.* No, in troth, sir. She told vs, that, inquiring at *London* for you or your son, your man chalked out her way to *Ware*.

*Bell.* I wud *Ware* might choke em both.—Maister *Maybery*, my horse and I will take our leaves of you : Ile to Bedlam again rather than stay her.

*May.* Shall a woman make thee fly thy country? Stay, stand to her, though she were greater than Pope *Foan*. What are thy brains conjuring for, my poetical bay-leaf-eater?

*Bell.* For a sprite o'the buttery, that shall make us all drink with mirth, if I can raise it. Stay, the chicken is not fully hatched.—hit, I beseech thee! so, come!—Will you be secret, gentlemen, and assisting?

*Omn.* With brown bills, if you think good.

*Bell.* What will you say if by some trick we put this little hornet into *Fetherstones* bosom, and marry 'em together?

*Omn.* Fuh! 'tis impossible.

*Bell.* Most possible. Ile to my trencher-woman; let me alone for dealing with her: *Fetherstone*, gentlemen, shall be your patient.

*Omn.* How, how?

*Bell.* Thus. I will close with this country pedler, Mistris *Dorothy*, that trauels vp and down to exchange pins for conyskins, very louingly; she shall eat of nothing but sweatmeats in my company, good words; whose taste when she likes, as I know she will, then will I play vpon her with this artillery,—that a very proper man and a great heir (naming *Fetherstone*) spied her from a window, when she lighted at her inn, is extremely fallen in loue with her, vows to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, even in *Ware*; but being, as most of your young gentlemen are, somewhat bashful, and ashamed to venture vpon a woman,—

*May.* City and suburbs can justify it: so, fir.

*Bell.* He sends me, being an old friend, to undermine for him. I'll so whet the wenches stomach, and make her so hungry, that she shall haue an appetite to him, feare it not. *Greenshield* shall haue a hand in it

too ; and, to be revenged of his partner, will, I know, strike with any weapon.

*Leuer.* But is *Fetherstone* of any means ? else you undo him and her.

*May.* He has land between *Foolham* and *London* : he would haue made it ouer to me.—To your charge, poet : giue you the assault vpon her ; and send but *Fetherstone* to me, Ile hang him by the gills.

*Bell.* He's not yet horfed, sure.—*Philip*, go thy ways, giue fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

*Phil.* He's blowne vp already. *Exit.*

*Bell.* Gentlemen, youle stick to the deuice, and look to your plot !

*Omn.* Most poetically : away to your quarter.

*Bell.* I march : I will cast my rider, gallants. I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. *Exit.*

*Enter Phillip and Fetherstone.*

*May.* That must hee that comes here : Maister *Fetherstone*, O Maister *Fetherstone*, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of Fethers more then euer they did : leape but into the saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for euer.

*Leuer.* An Affe Ile be sworne.

*Feth.* How for Gods sake ? how ?

*May.* I would you had, what I could wish you, I loue you, and because you shall be sure to know where my loue dwels, looke you fir, it hangs out at this signe : you shall pray for *Ware*, when *Ware* is dead and rotten : looke you fir, there is as pretty a little *Pinna*s, struck saile hereby, and come in lately ; shee's my kinfe-woman, my fathers youngest Sister, a warde, her portion three thousand ; her hopes if her *Grannam* dye without issue, better.

*Feth.* Very good fir.

*May.* Her Gardian goes about to marry her to a

Stone-cutter, and rather than sheele be subiect to such a fellow, sheele dye a martyr, will you haue all out ? shee's runne away, is here at an Inne ith' towne, what parts so euer you haue plaide with mee, I see good parts in you, and if you now will catch times hayre that's put into your hand, you shall clap her vp presently.

*Feth.* Is she young ? and a pretty wench ?

*Leuer.* Few Cittizens wiues are like her.

*Phil.* Yong, why I warrant sixteene hath scarce gone ouer her.

*Feth.* Sfoot, where is she ? if I like her personage, aswell as I like that which you say belongs to her personage, Ile stand thrumming of Caps no longer, but board your Pynnis whilst 'tis hotte.

*May.* Away then with these Gentlemen with a *French* gallop, and to her : *Phillip* here shall runne for a Priest, and dispatch you.

*Feth.* Will you gallants goe along : wee may be married in a Chamber for feare of hew and crie after her, and some of the company shall keepe the doore.

*May.* Assure your soule shee will be followed ; away therefore. Hees in the *Curtian* gulfe, and swallowed horse and man : hee will haue some body keepe the doore for him, sheele looke to that : I am yonger then I was two nights agoe, for this phifick.—how now ?

*Enter Captaine, Allom, Hans, and others booted.*

*Capt.* God plesse you ; is there not an arrant scuruy trab in your company, that is a Sentill-woman borne sir, and can tawg *Welch*, and *Dutch*, and any tongue in your head ?

*May.* How so ? Drabs in my company : doe I looke like a Drab-driuer ?

*Capt.* The Trab will driue you (if she put you before her) into a pench hole.

*Allom.* Is not a Gentleman here one Maister *Bellamont* fir of your company.

*May.* Yes, yes, come you from *London*, heele be here presently.

*Capt.* Will he? *taufone*, this oman, hunts at his taile like your little Goates in *Wales* follow their mother, wee haue warrants here from maister Sustice of this shire, to shew no pittie nor mercie to her, her name is *Doll*.

*May.* Why fir, what has she committed? I thinke such a creature is ith' towne.

*Capt.* What has she committed: ownds shee has committed more then man-slaughters, for shee has committed her selfe God plesse vs to euerlasting prison: lug you fir, shee is a punke, she shifts her louers (as Captaines and *Welsh* Gentlemen and such) as she does her Trenchers when she has well fed vpon't, and there is left nothing but pare bones, shee calls for a cleane one, and scrapes away the first.

*Enter Bellamont, and Hornet, with Doll betweene them, Greeneshield, Kate, Mayberies wife, Phillip, Leuerpoole, and Chartley.*

*May.* Gods so Maister *Fetherstone*, what will you doe? here's three come from *London*, to fetch away the Gentlewoman with a warrant.

*Feth.* All the warrants in *Europe* shall not fetch her now, she's mine sure enough: what haue you to say to her? shee's my wife.

*Cap.* Ow! Sbloud doe you come so farre to fishe and catch Frogs? your wife is a Tilt-boate, any man or oman may goe in her for money; shee's a Cunny-catcher: where is my moueable goods cald a Coach, and my two wild peasts, pogs on you wud they had trawne you to the gallowes.

*Allom.* I must borrow fiftie pound of you Mistris Bride.

*Hans.* *Daw bro*, and you make me de

**gheck, de groet foole, you heb mine gelt to : war is it ?**

*Doll.* Out, you base scums ! come you to disgrace me in my wedding-shoes !

*Feth.* Is this your three-thousand-pound ward ! ye told me, sir, she was your kinswoman.

*May.* Right, one of mine aunts.

*Bell.* Who pays for the northern voyage now, lads !

*Green.* Why do you not ride before my wife to London now ! The woodcocks i'th springe.

*Kate.* O, forgive me, dear husband ! I will neuer loue a man that is worfe than hangd, as he is.

*May.* Now a man may haue a course in your park ?

*Feth.* He may, sir.

*Doll.* Neuer, I protest : I will be as true to thee as *Ware* and *Wade's-Mill* are one to another.

*Feth.* Well, it's but my fate. Gentlemen, this is my opinion, its better to shoot in a bowe that has been shot in before, and will neuer start, then to draw a fair new one, that for euery arrow will be warping.—Come wench, we are joind, and all the dogs in *France* shall not part us.—I haue some lands : those Ile turn into money, to pay you, and you, and any.—Ile pay all that I can for thee, for Ime sure thou hast paid me.

*Omn.* God giue you ioy.

*May.* Come lets be merry, lye you with your owne Wife, to be sure shee shall not walke in her sleepe : a noyse of Musitians Chamberlaine.

*This night lets banquet freely : come, weele dare,  
Our wines to combate itt' greate bed in Ware.*

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE  
F A M O V S

History of Sir Tho-  
mas Wyat.

*With the Coronation of Queen Mary,*  
and the coming in of King  
Philip.

As it was plaied by the Queens Maiesties  
Seruants.

Written by *Thomas Dickers,*  
And *John Webster.*



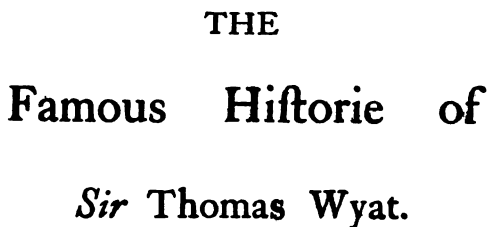
LONDON

Printed by E. A. for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be  
folde at his shop in the Popes-head Pallace,  
nere the Royall Exchange.

1607.



[There is a later edition of this play with the following title: *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt &c. Written by Thomas Deckers, and Iohn Webster. London Printed for Thomas Archer &c. 1612.* The differences in the text are few and unimportant.]



THE  
Famous Historie of  
*Sir* Thomas Wyat.

*Suff.* **H**ow fares the King, my Lord ?  
*Nor.* speaks he cheereely ?  
 Euen as a dying man, whose life  
 Like to quicke lighting, which is  
 no looner seene, but is extinct.  
*Suff.* Is the Kings will confirm'd ?  
*Nor.* I, thats the point that we leuel at.  
 ut oh, the confirmation of that will, tis all, tis all.  
*Suff.* That will confirme my Daughter Queene.  
*Nor.* Right, & my Sonne is married to your  
 daughter.

My Lord, in an euen plaine way, I will  
Deriue the Crowne vnto your Daughters head.  
What though the King hath left behinde,  
Two Sisters, lawfull and immediate heires,  
To succeed him in his Throane, Lyes it not  
In our powers to contradiēt it?  
Haue we not the King and Counsels hands vnto it?

Tut, wee stand high in mans opinion,  
And the worldes broad eye.

*Enter Sir Thomas Wyat.*

*Suff.* Heere comes Sir Thomas Wyat.

*Nor.* Sir Thomas booted and spur'd, whether away  
so fast?

*Wyat.* It bootes me not to stay,  
When in this land rebellion beares such sway.  
Gods will, a Court! Tis chang'd  
Since Noble Henries daies.  
You haue fet your handes vnto a will.  
A will you well may call it :  
So wils Northumberland :  
So wils *Suffolke*,  
Against Gods will, to wrong thofe Princely Maides.

*Nor.* Will you not subscribe your hand with other  
of the Lords?  
Not with me, that in my handes,  
Surprise the Soueraigntie.

*Wyat.* Ile damb'd my foule for no man, no for no  
man,  
Who at doomes day must answere for my finne :  
Not you, nor you my Lordes,  
Who nam'de Queene Iane in noble Henries daies,  
Which of you all durst once displace his issue?  
My Lords, my Lords, you whet your kniues so sharp,  
To carue your meate,  
That they will cut your fingars.  
The strength is weakenesse that you builde vpon,  
The King is sicke, God mend him, I, God mend  
him :  
But where his soule from his pale body free,  
Adieu my Lords, the Court no court for me,

*Exit Wyat.*

*North.* Farwell, I feare thee not.  
The Fly is angrie, but hee wants a sting,  
And all the Counsell : onely this peruerse

And peeuiſh Lord, hath onely deny'd his hand  
To the inueſting of your princely Daughter.  
Hee's idle and wants power.  
Our Ocean ſhall theſe petty brookes deuoure,  
Heere comes his Highneſſe Doct̃or.

*Enter Doct̃or.*

*Suff.* How fares his Highneſſe ?

*Doct̃.* His body is paſt helpe.

We haue left our practice to the Diuines,  
That they may cure his foule.

*Aru.* Paſt phſickeſ helpe, why then paſt hope of  
life,

Heere comes his Highneſſe Preacher :  
Life reverent man.

*Enter Preacher.*

*Pre.* Life, life, though death his body doe diſ-  
ſeuer,

Our King liues with the King of heauen for euer.

*Nor.* Dead ! ſend for Heralds, call me Purſe-  
uants,

Wher's the King at armes † in euerie market towne  
Proclaime Queene *Iane*.

*Suff.* Beſt to take the opinion of the Counſell,

*Nort.* You are too timorous. We in our ſelues

Are power ſufficient : the King being dead.

This hand ſhall place the crowne on Queene *Ianes*  
head.

Trumpets and Drums, with your notes reſound,  
Her royal name, that muſt in ſtate be crown'd.

*Exeunt Om.*

*Enter Guilford and Fane.*

*Guil.* Our Couſen King is dead.

*Fan.* Alaffe, how ſmall an Vrne containes a King †

He that ruld all, euen with his princely breath,  
Is forc'd to stoope now to the stroake of death.  
Heard you not the proclamation ?

*Gui.* I heare of it, and I giue credit to it  
What great men feare to be,  
Their feares grow greater.  
Our Fathers grow ambitious  
And would force vs faile in mightie tempests,  
And are not Lordes of what they doe possesse.  
Are not thy thoughts as great ?

*Fan.* I haue no thoughts so ranke, so growne to  
head,  
As are our Fathers pride.  
Troth I doe inioy a Kingdome hauing thee.  
And so my paine be prosperous in that,  
What care I though a Sheep-cote be my Pallace  
Or fairest rooffe of honour.

*Gui.* See how thy blood keepes course with mine :  
Thou must be a Queene, aye me ! a Queene,  
The flattering belles that shrilly sound  
At the Kings funerall with hollow heartes,  
Will cowardly call thee Soueraigne :  
For indeed thou wouldst prooue but an Vsurper.

*Fan.* Who would weare fetters though they were  
all of golde ?  
Or to be sicke, though his faint browes  
For a wearing Night-cap, wore a Crowne.  
Thou must assume, a tytle that goes on many feet,  
But tis an office, wherein the heartes of Schollers,  
And of Souldiers will depend vppon thy Hearse.  
Were this rightly scand,  
Wee scarce should finde a King in any Land.

*Enter Arundell.*

*Arun.* Honor and happy reigne  
Attend the new Maiestie of England.

*Fan.* To whome my Lord bends this your aue.

*Arun.* To your grace dread Soueraigne,

You are by the Kings will, and the consent  
Of all the Lords, chosen for our Queene.

*Fan.* O God ! me thinkes you sing my death,  
In parts of mufickes lowdnes,  
Tis not my turne to rise.

*Enter Northumberland, Suffolke with the Purse and the  
Mace, with others.*

*Nor.* The voice of the whole Land speakes in my  
tongue  
It is concluded your Maiestie must ride,  
From hence vnto the Tower : there to stay  
Vntill your Coronation.

*Fan.* O God !

*Suff.* Why sighes your Maiestie ?

*Fan.* My Lord and Father, I pray tell me,  
Was your Fathers Father ere a King ?

*Suff.* Neuer, and it like your grace ?

*Fan.* Would I might still continue of his lyne,  
Not trauell in the cloudes.  
It is often seene, the heated blood  
That couets to be royall, leaues off ere it be noble,  
My learned carefull King, what must we goe ?

*Gui.* We must.

*Fan.* Then it must be so.

*Nor.* Set forward then.

*A dead march, and passe round the stage, and  
Guisford speaks.*

The Towre will be a place of ample state,  
Some lodgings in it, will like dead mens sculs,  
Remember vs of frailty.

*Gui.* We are led with pompe to prison,  
O propheticke soule.  
Lo we ascend into our chaires of State,  
Like funerall Coffins, in some funerall  
Pompe descending to their graves. But we must on.

How can we fare well, to keep our Court :  
Where Prisoners keepe their caue ?

*A flourish. Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Queene Mary with a Prayer Booke in her hand,  
like a Nun.*

*Mary.* Thus like a Nun, not like a Princeſſe borne,  
Deſcended from the Royall Henries loynes :  
Liue I inuironed in a houſe of ſtone,  
My Brother *Edward* liues in pompe and ſtate,  
I in a manſion here all ruinate.  
Their rich attire, delicious banquetting :  
Their ſeueral pleasures, all their pride and honour,  
I haue forſaken for a rich prayer Booke.  
The Golden Mines of wealthy India,  
Is all as drowſe compared to thy ſweetneſſe.  
Thou art the ioy, and comfort of the poore,  
The euerlaſting bliſſe in thee we finde.  
This little volume incloſed in this hand,  
Is richer then the Empire of this land.

*Enter Sir Henry Beningsfield.*

*Ben.* Pardon me Madam, that ſo boldly  
I preſſe into your Chamber. I ſalute your  
Highneſſe with the high ſtile of Queene.

*Mar.* Queene ! may it be ?  
Or ieſt you at my lowring miſerie.

*Ben.* Your Brother King is dead,  
And you the catholicke Queene muſt now ſuccede.

*Mar.* I ſee my God at length hath heard my  
prayer.  
You Sir Harry, for your glad tydings,  
Shall be held in honour and due regard.

*Enter ſir Thomas Wyat.*

*Wyat.* Health to the Lady Mary.

*Mar.* And why not Queene, Sir Thomas ?

*Wia.* Aske that of Suffolke duke, & great Northumberland

Who in your steede hath Crown'd another.

*Mar.* another Queene, Sir Thomas wee aliue,  
The true immediate heires of our dread Father ?

*Wia.* Nothing more true then that :

Nothing more true then you are the true heire,  
Come leaue this Cloyster and be seene abroad,  
Your verie fight will stirre the peoples hearts,  
and make them cheereley, for Queene Marie crie.  
One comfort I can tell you : the tenants of the  
Dukes Northumberland and Suffolke denide their  
ayde,

In thefe unlawful armes :

To all the Counsell I denide my hand,

And for King Henries Iffue still will stand.

*Mary.* Your Counfel, good fir Thomas, is fo  
pithy

That I am woon fo like it.

*Wia.* Come let vs streight from hence,

From Framingham :

Cheere your spirits.

Ile to the Dukes at Cambridge, and discharge them  
all :

Prosper me God in thefe affaires,

I lou'd the Father wel, I lou'd the Sonne,

And for the Daughter I through death will run.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Northumberland, Suffolke, Bret and souldiers.*

*Nor.* wher's Captaine Bret ?

*Bre.* Heere my Lord.

*Suff.* Are all our numbers full !

*Bre.* They are my Lord.

*Suff.* See them arain'd, I will set forward streight.

*Nor.* Honorable friends, and natiue peeres,  
That haue chofen me to be the leader of thefe martiall



troopes, to march againſt the ſiſter  
 Of our late dead Soueraigne.  
 Beare witneſſe of my much vnwillingneſſe,  
 In furthering theſe attempts  
 I rather ioy to thinke vpon our ancient victories  
 Againſt the French and Spaniard,  
 Whoſe high pride we leueld with the waues of brittiſh  
 ſhore

Dying the hauen of Brit. with guiltie blood,  
 Till all the Harbor ſeem'd a ſanguine poole :  
 Or we deſire theſe armes, we are now to warre  
 Gainſt the perfidious northern enemy,  
 Who trembling at our firſt ſhocke voice and fight,  
 Like cowards turn'd their backs with ſhamefull flight  
 But thoſe rich ſpoiles are paſt : we are now to goe,  
 Being natiue friends, againſt a natiue foe.  
 In your hands we leaue the Queene elected,  
 She hath ſeiſure of the Tower,  
 If you be confident, as you haue ſworne  
 Your ſelues true liege men to her highneſſe  
 She no doubt, with royall fauour will remunerate  
 The leaſt of your deſertes. Farwell  
 My teares into your boſomes fall,  
 With one embrace I doe include you all.

*Aru.* My Lord, moſt lou'd with what a mourning  
 heart

I take your farwell, let the after ſignes  
 Of my imployment witneſſe. I proteſt  
 Did not the ſacred perſon of my Queene ;  
 Whoſe weale I tender as my ſoules cheefe bliſſe,  
 Vrge my abode, I would not thinke it ſhame  
 To traile a pike where you were generall.  
 But wiſhes are in vaine, I am bound to ſtay,  
 And vrgent buſineſſe calls your grace away.  
 See, on my knees I humbly take my leaue,  
 And ſleep my wordes with teares.

*Nor.* Kinde Arundell, I bind thee to my loue.  
 Once more farwell.

*Arm.* Heauens giue your grace ſucceſſe.

Commend vs to the Queene and to your Sonne,  
Within one weeke, I hope war will be done.

*Bre.* Come my Lords, shall vs march.

*Exit. Northumb.*

*Nor.* I, I, for Gods sake on.  
Tis more then time my friendes, that we were gone.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Treasurer and Porter.*

*Tre.* What ho Porter! open the gate.

*Por.* I befeech your honour to pardon me,  
The Counsell hath giuen strict commaund  
Not any shall passe this way.

*Tre.* Why you idle fellow, am I not sent vpon  
the Queenes affaires, commanded by the Lords? and  
know you not that I am Treafurer? come open the  
Gate, you doe you know not what.

*Por.* Well my Lord, I doe aduenture on your  
word,  
The Dukes displeasure: all the Counsell boord  
Besides, may be my heaue enemies,  
But goe a Gods name, I the worst will proue,  
And if I die, I die for him I loue.

*Tre.* I thanke thee, and will warrant thee from  
death.

Is my Horfe ready?

*Por.* It is my Lord.

*Tre.* Then will I flie this fearefull Counsell boord.

*Exit Tre.*

*Por.* My heart misgiues me, I haue done amisse,  
Yet being a Counsellor one of the number  
Nothing can prooue amisse.  
Now shall I know the worst.  
Heere comes my Lord of Arundell.

*Enter Arundell.*

*Arun.* Porter, Did the Lord Treafurer passe this  
way?

*Por.* But now my gracious Lord.

*Arun.* Vngratious Villaine, follow,  
Bring him backe againe.

If not, by faire meanes bring him backe by force :  
And heare you firra, as you goe, will the Lord Maior  
and some Aldermen of his Bretheren, and some  
especiall Cittizens of note, to attend our further  
pleasures presently. The Treasurer fled : the Duke is  
but newly arrested, some purpose, on my life, to crosse  
their plots : wee fe strong watches, fee Gates and  
walles well mand :

Tis ten to one but princely innocence,  
Is these strange turmoiles wisest violence.

*Enter Winchester, Arundell, and other Lords: the  
Lord Treasurer kneeling at the Counsell Table.*

*Arun.* Though your attempt, Lord Treasurer be  
such,

That hath no colour in these troublous times,  
But an apparant purpose of reuolt,  
From the decest Kings will, and our decree,  
Yet, for you are a Counsellor of note,  
One of our number, and of high degree,  
Before we any way presume to iudge,  
We giue you leaue to speake in your behalfe.

*Tre.* My Lord, the businesse of these troublous  
times,  
Binding vs al, still to respect the good of common  
weale :

Yet doth it not debar priuate regard of vs & of our  
own

The generall weale is treasur'd in your brest,  
And all my ablest powers haue bin imployed  
To stir them there, yet haue I borne a part,  
Laying the commons troubles next my heart,  
My ouersight in parting without leaue :  
Was no contempt, but onely for an houre.  
To order home affaires, that none of mine,  
In these nice times should vnto faction clime.

*Aru.* Nay my good Lord, be plaine with vs, I  
pray,  
Are you not grieu'd that we haue giuen consent  
To Lady Ianes election ?

*Tre.* My Lords I am not.

*Arun.* Speake like a Gentleman, vpon your word  
Are you not difcontent ?

*Tre.* Troth to be plaine, I am not pleas'd,  
That two such princely Maides lineally descended  
From our royall King, and by his testimonie,  
Confirmed heyre, if that their Brother dying Issules,  
And one that neuer dream't, it neuer desired  
The rule of Soueraignetie,  
But with virgins teares hath oft bewaild her miserie,  
Should politickly by vs be nam'd a Queene.

*Arun.* You haue said nobly, sit and take your  
place.

*Enter Porter.*

*Por.* My Lords, Sir Thomas Wyat craues accessse  
vnto your honours.

*Arun.* Let him come neare.

*Enter Wyat.*

*Por.* Rourne for Sir Thomas Wyat.

*Wiat.* A diuine spirit teach your honours truth,  
Open your eyes of iudgement to beholde  
The true Legitimate, Mary your vndoubted soue-  
raigne.

*Arun.* Arise, sir Thomas, sit and take your place.  
Now to our former businesse :  
The obligation wherein we all stood bound  
To the deceased late Kings will and our decree,  
His coufen Iane, and the two absent Dukes  
Cannot be conceal'd without great reproach  
To vs and to our Issue.  
We haue sworn in prefence of the sacred host of  
heauen

Vnto our late young Lord, to both the Dukes,  
 That no impeachment should diuert our heartes  
 From the impeachment of the Lady Jane.  
 To this end we haue ceafed her in the tower,  
 By publike proclamation made her Queene :  
 To this end we haue armed the Duke, with power  
 Giuen them commiffion vnder our owne handes  
 To paffe againft the Lady. You performe in hostile  
 maner

And no doubt, the fpleene of the vndanted fpirit  
 Of Northumbers Earle, will not be called  
 With writings of repeale.

Aduice in this, I holde it better farre  
 To keepe the courfe we runne then seeking change,  
 Hazard our liues, our heires, and the Realmes.

*Wiat.* In aétions roauing from the bent of truth,  
 We haue no perfident thus to perfift  
 But the bare name of worldly policie.  
 If others haue ground from Iuftice, and the law,  
 As well diuine as politicke agreeing,

They are for no caufe to be difinherited.  
 If you not feauen yeares fince to that effect,  
 Swore to the Father to maintaine his feede,  
 What difpenfation hath acquitted you

From your firft facred vowes ?  
 Youle fay, the will extorted from a childe.

O ! let mine eyes in naming that sweete youth,  
 Obferue their part.

Powring downe teares, fent from my fwelling heart.

Gods mother, I tearme childe ? but ile goe on,

Say that the will were his, forced by no tricke,

But for religions loue his fimple act,

Yet note how much you erre.

You were fworne before to a mans will,

and not a will alone,

But strengthned by an aét of Parliament.

Befides this facred prooffe. The Princely Maides,

Had they no will nor aét to prooue their right ?

Haue birthrights no priuiledge, being a plea fo  
strong,

As cannot be refeld, but by plaine wrong ?

Now were you toucht. The Lady in [the] tower  
alasse thee's innocent of any claime.

Trust me, thee'd thinke it a moste happy life,  
To leaue a Queenes, and keepe a Ladies name.

And for the Dukes, your warrants sent them forth,  
Let the same warrant call them backe againe.

If they refuse to come, the Realme, not they  
Must be regarded. Be strong and bold :

We are the peoples factōrs. Saue our Sonnes  
From killing one another, be affraide,

To tempt both heauen and earth, so I haue said.

*Arun.* Why then giue order that she shall be  
Queene,

Send for the Maior, her errors wele forget,  
Hoping she will forgiue.

*Wyat.* Neuer make doubt,  
Setting her ceremonious order by.

She is pure within, and mildly chast without.

*Arun.* Giue order to keepe fast the Lady Iane,  
Dissolue the Counsell. Let vs leaue the Tower,  
and in the Citie hold our audience.

*Wyat.* You haue aduised well honorable Lordes,  
So will the Cittizens be wholly ours,  
and if the Dukes be crosse, wee'll crosse their powers.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Bret, Clown, and Souldiers.*

*Br.* Lance persado, quarter, quarter.

*Clo.* What shall we quarter Captaine ?

*Bre.* Why the Souldiers ?

*Clo.* Why they are not hang'd nor drawne yet ?

*Bre.* Sir I meane quarter them, that the offended  
multitude, may passe in safetie.

*Clo.* May we not take tooles of the pies & the  
aple-women.

*Br.* Not in any forte, the Dukes pleasure will passe free.

*Clo.* The Commons shal be vsed with al common curtesie. That goes in rank like beanes and cheefecakes on their heads in steade of Cappes.

*Br.* Sirra, this is a famous Vniuersitie, and those schollers, those lofty buildings and goodly houses, Founded by noble Patrons. But no more. Set a strong watch. That be your cheefest care.

*Enter a Countryman and a Maide.*

*Man.* Whats heere Souldiers ?

*Br.* Feare not, good speech, these rude armes I beare,

If not to fight ? Sweet, gentle Peace away,  
But to succour your liues, passe peaceibly away.

*Clo.* Crie God saue the Queene as you goe, and God send you a good market.

*Man.* God saue the Queene, what Queene ? there lies the sense.

When we haue none, it can be no offence.

*Clo.* What carry you there in your basket ?

*Mai.* Eggs forfooth.

*Clo.* Well, crie God saue Queene Iane as you goe, and God send you a good Market.

*Mai.* Is the right Queene called Iane ? alacke for woe,

at the first she was not christened so. *Exit.*

*Br.* Thus olde and young, still descant on her name,

Nor lend no eare, when wee her stile proclaime.

I feare, I feare. Fear Bret, what shouldst thou feare ? Thou hast a brest compos'd of adamant.

Fall what ill betide ;

My anchor is cast, and I in Harbor ride.

*Enter Northumberland and Wyat.*

*Wia.* My Lord tis true, you sent vnto the Counsell

for fresh supplies, what succour, what supplies !  
Happie is he can draw his necke out of the collar,  
and make his peace with Marie.

*Nor.* How stands the Treasurer addicted to vs ?

*Wyat.* I had forgot : when we weare at counsell,  
He stole away, and went home to his house,  
And by much intreatie was wooon to returne,  
In brieft they all incline to Queene Mary  
My Lord farwell,  
Each hastie houre will coulder tydings tell.

*Exit Wyatt.*

*Nor.* Come they in thunder, we will meete with  
them ;

In the loudest language that their ordinance speakes,  
Ours shall answere theirs.

Call me a Herald, and in the market-place Proclaime  
Queene Iane. The streetes are full,

The towne is populous, the people gape for noueltie.

Trumpets speake to them,

That they may answere with an echoing crie,

God saue Queene Iane, God saue her Maiestie.

*A Trumpet sounds, and no answere.*

*The Herald soundes a parlee, and none answers.*

*Nor.* Ha ! a bare report of Trumpets !

Are the slaues horle, or want they arte to speake ?

O me ! This Towne consists on famous Colledges,

Such as know both how, and what, and when to  
speake,

Well, yet wee will proceede,

and smother what close enuie hath decreed.

Ambrose my Sonne, what newes ?

*Enter Ambrose.*

*Amb.* O my thrice honoured Father.

*Nor.* Boy, speake the worst,



That which foundes deadlyeft, let me heare that firft.

*Amb.* The Lords haue all reuolted from your faction.

*Nor.* Wee in our felues are strong.

*Am.* In Baynards Caſtle was a counſell held,  
Whether the Maior and Sheriffes did reſort,  
And twas concluded to proclaime Queene Mary.

*Nor.* Then they reuolt the allegiance from my  
Daughter,  
And giue it to another :

*Am.* True my thrice honoured Father,  
Beſides, my brother Guilford and his wife  
Where ſhe was proclaimde Queene, are now  
Cloſe Priſoners, namely in the Tower.

*Nor.* God take them to his mercie, they had  
neede,  
Of grace and patience, for they both muſt bleede,  
Poore Innocent ſoules, they both from guilt are free.

*Am.* O my thrice honoured Father ! might I ad-  
uiſe you, flie to your manner, there ſtuddie for your  
faſtie.

*Nor.* Boy, thou ſaiſt well,  
And ſince the Lords haue all reuolted from me,  
My ſelfe will now reuolt againſt my ſelfe.  
Call me a Herald to fill their emptie eares,  
Aſſiſt me Sonne, my good Lord Huntingdon,  
Euen in this market Towne proclaime Queene Mary.

*A trumpet foundes a parley, the Herald proclaimes.*

*He.* Mary by the grace of God, Queene of Eng-  
land, France and Ireland, defendres of the Faith.  
Amen.

*Within a ſhout and a flouriſh.*

*Nor.* Amen, I beare a part,  
I with my tongue, I doe not with my heart,  
Now they can crie, now they can baule and yell,  
Baſe minded ſlaues, ſincke may your ſoules to hell.

*Enter Maister Roofe with Letters.*

*Roo.* My honored Lord, the Counsell greetes you  
with theſe Letters.

*Nor.* Stay Maifter Roofe, ere you depart receiue  
an anſwere and reward. *He readeth the Letter.*

In the Soueraigne name of Mary our Queene  
You ſhall vpon the fight hereof,  
Surceaſe your armes, diſcharge your Souldiers,  
And preſently repaire vnto the Court,  
Or elſe to be held as an Arch-Traitor.

*No.* Tiſ ſhort & ſharp, Maifter Roofe, we do obey  
your warrant : but I pray tel mee, how doth all our  
friendes at Court ? iſ there not a great mortalitie  
amongſt them ?

Iſ there not a number of them deade of late ſince I  
came thence ?

*Roo.* My gracious Lord not any.

*Nor.* O maifter Roofe, it cannot bee, I will aſſure  
you

At my departure thence, I left liuing there at leaſt  
Fiue hundred friendes, and now I haue not one,  
Simply not one : friendes ! ha, ha, ha, Commiſſion  
Thou muſt be my friend.

And ſtand betwixt me and the ſtroake of death,  
Were thy date out, my liues date were but ſhort,  
They are colde friends, that kil their friendes in ſport.

*Am.* Heere comes your honoured friend the Earle  
of Arundell.

*Enter Arundell.*

*Nor.* My honourd friend !

*Arun.* I am no friend to Traitors :

In my moſte high & Princely Soueraignes name,  
I doe arreſt your honour of high Treason.

*Nor.* A traitor Arundell ? haue I not your hand  
in my commiſſion ? let me peruſe it : as I tak't tiſ  
heere, and by your warrant haue ſo ſtriſt proceeded.

Is the limits of my warrant broke ? answere me.

*Arun.* It may be that it hath pleased her Maiestie  
To pardon vs, and for to punnish you.  
I know no other reafon, this I muſt,  
I am commaunded, and the act is juſt.

*Nor.* And I obey you : when we parted laſt  
My Lord of Arundel, our farwell was  
Better then our greeting now.  
Then you cride God ſpeede,  
Now you come on me ere you ſay take heede :  
Then you did owe me your beſt bloods : nay greu'd  
You could not ſpend them in my ſeruice.  
O then it was a double death to ſtay behinde,  
But I am ouertooke and you are kinde,  
I am, beſhrew you elſe, but I ſubmit,  
My crime is great, and I muſt anſwere it.

*Arun.* You muſt with your three Sons, be guarded  
ſafe

Vnto the Tower : with you, thoſe Lords and Knights  
That in this faction did affociate you.

For ſo I am inioyn'd.

Then peaceably, let vs conſuct you thither.

*Nor.* O my Children ! my ſoule weepes endleſſe  
teares for you.

O at the generall Sessions, when all ſoules  
Stand at the bar of Juſtice,  
And hold vp their new immortalized handes,  
O then let the remembrance of their tragick endes  
Be rac'd out of the bed-rowle of my finnes :  
When ere the blacke booke of my crime's vnclaſpt,  
Let not theſe ſcarlet Letters be found there :  
Of all the reſt, onely that page be cleere.  
But come to my arraignment, then to death,  
The Queene and you haue long aim'd at this head,  
If to my Children, ſhe ſweet grace extend,  
My ſoule hath peace, and I embrace my end. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Duke of Suffolke.*

*Suff.* Three daies are paſt, Monday, Tueſday, and  
Wedneſday too

Yet my protesting seruant is not come.  
Himselfe conducted me to this hard lodging,  
A simple Cabin, for so great a Prince,  
And then he swore, but oathes you see are vaine,  
That he would hourelly come and visite me :  
I that was wont, to surfeit in estate,  
And now through hunger almost desolate.

*Enter Homes sweating with bottell and Bag.*

*Hom.* My Lord.

*Suff.* Ned Homes, speake hast thou brought me  
meate ?

*Hom.* With much a doe, my Lord, meat, bread &  
wine,

While you refresh your selfe, I will recorde  
The cause of my long stay.

*Suff.* I prethee doe, neede bids me eate,  
Neede bids me heare thee too.

*Hom.* The night I left you in the hollow tree,  
My house was searched.

*Suff.* Goe on, goe on.

*Hom.* And I no sooner entred but attached,  
Threatned the Rack : and if I did not yeeld  
Your gracious selfe into their gracelesse hands.

*Suff.* And thou hast don't, thou hast betraied me.

*Hom.* Done it ! o betraie you ! O noe !  
First would I see my loued wife and Children  
Murdered, and tof'd on speares, before I would  
Deliuier your grace vnto their handes,  
For they intend your death.

*Suff.* Goe on, goe on.

*Hom.* and offer'd a thousand Crownes to him that  
can  
Bring newes of your abode, twas offer'd in my  
hands :

Which I beseech may stop my Vital breath,  
When I am feede with golde to worke your death.

*Enter Sheriffe and Officers.**Sher.* See yonder sits the Duke.*Suff.* I kisse thee in requitall of this loue.*Hom.* and in requitall of so great a grace,  
I kisse your hand that dares to kisse my face.*She.* So Iudas kist his Maister : ceaze the Duke.*Suff.* Ah me ! Ned Homes we are vndone,  
Both thou and I betraide.*She.* My Lord, late Duke of Suffolke, in her  
highnesse name I doe arrest you of high Treason.*Suff.* I doe obey, and onely craue this kindnesse,  
You would be good vnto my Seruant Homes,  
Where in releeuing me, hath but performde  
The duetie of a seruaut to his Lord.*She.* You are deceiu'd fir in your seruaut much,  
Hee is the man that did betray you.  
Heere Maister Homes, towards your thousand pounds,  
Heere is a hundred markes,  
Come to the Exchequer, you shall haue the rest.*Suff.* Hast thou betraide me ? yet with such a  
tongue,to smoothisly oilde, flight of my dangers feare,  
O break my heart, this grieve's too great to beare.*Ho.* Pardon me my Lord.*Suff.* God pardon thee, and lay not to thy foule  
This greeuous sinne : Farwell.And when thou spendest this ill got golde  
Remember how thy Maisters life was folde.  
Thy Lord that gaue thee Lordships, made thee great,  
Yet thou betraidst him as he sat at meate.On to my graue, tis time that I were dead,  
When he that held my heart betraies my head.*Hom.* O God, O God, that ever I was borne,  
This deede hath made me slaue to abiect scorne.*Exeunt Omnes.**Enter the Clowne.**Clo.* O poore shrimpe, how art thou falne away

for want of mouching? O Colen cries out most  
tiranically, the little gut hath no mercie, whats heere  
vittailles?

O rare! O good!

Feede chops, drinke throate, good victailles makes  
good blood.

*Enter Homes with a Halter about his necke.*

But stay, whose heere? more Sheriffes, more  
searchers? O no, this is Homes that betraide his  
honest Maister, How with a Halter about his necke?  
I hope hee doth not meane to hang himselfe? ile step  
a fide.

*Ho.* This is the place, where I betraide my  
Lord,

This is the place where oft I haue releeu'd:  
And villaine I, betraide him to the Iawes of death,  
But heere before I further will proceede  
Heere will I burie this inticing gould,  
Lye there damn'd fiend neuer serue humaine more.

*Clo.* This is rare, now in this moode if hee would  
hang himselfe twere excellent.

*Ho.* Shall I aske mercie? no it is too late,  
Heauen will not heare, and I am desperate.

*He strangles himself.*

*Clo.* So, so, a very good ending, would all falce  
Seruants might drinke of the same fauce.

Gold, you are first mine, you must helpe  
To shift my selfe into some counterfeite suite  
Of apparel, and then to London:  
If my olde Maister be hanged, why so:  
If not, why rusticke and lusticke:

Yet before I goe, I doe not care if I throwe this Dog  
in a Ditch: come away dissembler: this cannot chuse  
but be a hundred pound it wayes so heauy.

*Exeunt with him.*

*Enter Queene Mary, Winchester, Norfolk, Pembroke,  
Wyat, Arundell, Attendants.*

*Mary.* By Gods assistance, and the power of  
heauen,

After our Troubles we are safely set,  
In our inheritance, for which we doe subscribe  
The praise and benefit to God, next thanks  
To you my Lordes. Now shall the sanctuarie,  
And the house of the moste high be newly built.  
The ancient honours due vnto the Church,  
Buried within the Ruine Monastaries,  
Shall lift their stately heads, and rise againe  
To astonish the destroyers wandring eyes.  
Zeale shall be deckt in golde,  
Religion not like a virgin rob'd of all her pompe,  
But briefly shining in her Iemmes of state,  
Like a faire bride be offerd to the Lord,  
To build large houses, pull no churches downe,  
Rather enrich the Temple with our crowne.  
Better a poore Queene, then the Subiects poore.

*Win.* May it please your grace to giue release  
Vnto such ancient Bishops that haue lost their  
Honours in the church affaires.

*Ma.* We haue giuen order to the Duke of Nor-  
folke to release them.

*Aru.* Your sacred Highnesse will no doubt be  
mindefull

Of the late Oath you tooke at Framingham.

*Ma.* O my Lord of Arundell, wee remember that,  
But shall a subiect force his Prince to sweare  
Contrarie to her conscience and the Law?  
Wee heere release vnto our faithfull people,  
one intire subsidie,  
Due vnto the Crowne in our dead Brothers daies:  
The Commonaltie shal not be ore-burnd  
In our reigne, let them be liberall in Religion,  
and wee will spare their treasure to themselues:

Better a poore Prince then the Nation poore,  
The Subiects Treasure, is the Soueraignes store.

*Arun.* What is your Highnesse pleasure about the  
Rebels?

*Mar.* The Queene-like Rebels,  
Meane you not Queene Iane?

*Arun.* Guilford and Iane, with great Northumber-  
land,  
And hauty Suffolkes Duke.

*Ma.* The Duke of Suffolke is not yet appre-  
hended,

Therefore my Lords,

Some of you most deare to vs in loue,

Be carefull of that charge:

The rest wee leaue for tryall of the other prisoners.

*Wia.* The Lady Iane most mightie Soueraigne,  
Alyde to you in blood:

For shes the Daughter of your Fathers Sister.

Mary the Queene of France: Charles Brandon's  
Wife

Your Neece, your next of blood, except your sister,  
Deserues some pittie, so doth youthfull Guilford.

*Win.* Such pittie as the law allowes to Traitors.

*Norf.* They were misled by their ambitious  
Fathers.

*Win.* What Sonne to obey his Father proues a  
Traitor,  
Must buy their disobedience with their death.

*Wia.* My Lord of Winchester still thirsts for  
blood.

*Mar.* What no more, the law shall be their Iudge,  
Mercie to meane offenders weele ostend,  
Not vnto such that dares vsurpe our Crowne.

*Arun.* Count Egmond the Embassador from  
Spaine,

Attends your highnesse answere, brought those Letters  
Sent from the Emperour in his Sonnes behalfe.

*Mar.* In the behalfe of louely Princely Philip,  
Whose person wee haue shrined in our heart?



At the first sight of his delightfull picture  
That picture should haue power to tingle Loue  
In Royall breasts: the Dartes of loue are wordes,  
Pictures, conceite, heele preuaile by any,  
Your counsell Lords about this forraine businesse.

*Arun.* I say and it like your royall Maiestie,  
A royall treatie, and to be confirm'd,  
And I alowe the match.

*Win.* Alow it Lordes, we haue cause  
To thanke our God, that such a mightie Prince  
As Philip is, Sonne to the Emperor,  
Heire to wealthy Spaine, and many spacious  
Kingdomes, will vouchsafe—

*Wia.* Vouchsafe! my Lord of Winchester, pray  
what?

*Win.* To grace our mightie Soueraigne with his  
honourable Title.

*Wia.* To marrie with our Queene: meane you  
not so?

*Win.* I doe, what then?

*Wia.* O God! is shee a beggar, a forsaken Maide,  
that she hath neede of grace from forraine princes?  
By Gods deare mother, O God pardon sweare I,  
Me thinkes she is a faire and louely Prince,  
Her onely beautie (were she of meane birth)  
Able to make the greatest Potentate,  
I the great Emperor of the mightie Cham,  
That hath more Nations vnder his Commaund,  
Then spanish Philip's like to inheritt townes,  
To come and lay his Scepter at her feet,  
And to intreate her to vouchsafe the grace  
To take him and his Kingdome to her mercy.

*Win.* Wyat you are too hot.

*Wia.* And you to proude, vouchsafe? O base!  
I hope sheele not vouchsafe to take the Emperors  
sonne to her deare mercie.

*Mar.* Proceede my Lord of Winchester I pray.

*Win.* Then still I say, we haue cause to thanke our  
God,

That such a mightie Prince will looke so lowe,  
As to respect this Iland and our Queene.

*Wia.* Pardon me Madam, hee respect your Iland  
more then your person ? thinke of that.

*Norf.* Wiat, you wrong the affection of the  
Prince,

For he desires no fortresses nor towers,  
Nor to beare any office, rule or state,  
Either by person or by Substitute,  
Nor yet himselfe to be a Counsellor  
In our affaires.

*Wiat.* What neede hee (Noble Lords)  
To aske the fruite, when he demaundes the tree ?  
No Castle, fortresses, nor Towers of strength,  
It bootes not, when the chiefeſt Tower of all  
The key that opens vnto all the Land,  
I meane our Gracious Soueraigne muſt be his,  
But he will beare no office in the land,  
And yet will mary with the Queene of all.  
Nor be of counſell in the Realmes affaires,  
And yet the Queene incloſed in his armes :  
I doe not like this ſtrange marriage.  
The Fox is futtle, and his head once in,  
The ſlender body eaſily will follow.  
I grant, he offers you in name of dowre,  
The yearely ſumme of threeſcore thouſand Duccats.  
Beſides the ſeaunteene famous Prouinces,  
And that the heire ſucceeding from your loynes,  
Shall haue the Souereigne rule of both the Realmes.  
What, ſhall this mooue your Highneſſe to the match ?  
Spaine is too farre for England to inherit,  
But England neare enough for Spaine to woe.

*Win.* Has not the Kinges of England (good Sir  
Thomas)

Eſpouſ'd the Daughters of our Neighbour Kinges ?

*Wia.* I graunt, your predeceſſors oft haue ſought  
Their Queene from France, and ſometimes to from  
Spaine.

But neuer could I heare that England yet

Has bin so base, to seeke a King from either :  
Tis policie deare Queene, no loue at all.

*Win.* Tis loue great Queene, no pollicie at all.

*Wiat.* Which of you all, dares iustifie this match,  
And not be toucht in conscience with an oath ?  
Remember, O remember I beseech you,  
King Henries last will, and his act at Court,  
I meane that royall Court of Parliament,  
That does prohibit Spaniards from the Land,  
That Will and Act, to which you all are sworne,  
And doe not damme your soules with periurie.

*Mory.* But that wee knowe thee Wyatt to be  
true

Vnto the Crowne of England and to vs,  
Thy ouer-boldnesse should bee payde with death.  
But cease, for feare your liberall tongue offend,  
With one consent my Lordes you like this match ?

*Omnes.* We doe great Soueraigne.

*Mary.* Call in Count Egmond Honorable Lords.

*Enter Egmond.*

Wee haue determined of your Ambassie,  
And thus I plight, our loue to Philips heart,  
Imbarke you straight, the winde blowes wondrous  
faire :

Till he shall land in England, I am all care.

*Exeunt all but Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

*Wia.* And ere hee land in England, I will offer  
My loyall brest for him to treade vpon.  
O who so forward Wyatt as thy selfe,  
To raise this troublesome Queene in this her Throane ?  
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud Nation,  
Whome naturally our Countriemen abhorre.  
Assist me gracious heauens, and you shall see  
What hate I beare vnto their Slauerie.  
Ile into Kent, there muster vp my friendes,  
To saue this Countrie, and this Realme defend.

*Exit Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

*Enter Guilford, Dudley, Iane, and Leftenant.*

*Guil.* God morrow to the Patron of my woe.

*Iane.* God morrowe to my Lord, my louely Dudley.

Why doe you looke so sad my dearest Lord?

*Guil.* Nay why doth Iane, thus with a heauie eye,  
And a deiefted looke, salute the day?

Sorrow doth ill become thy siluer brow,  
Sad griefe lyes dead, so long as thou liues fayre,  
In my Ianes ioy, I doe not care for care.

*Iane.* My lookes (my loue) is sorted with my heart,

The Sunne himselfe, doth scantly shew his face  
Out of this firme grate, you may perceiue the Tower Hill

Thronged with flore of people,  
As if they gap'd for some strange Noueltie.

*Guil.* Though sleepe doe sildome dwell in men  
of care,

Yet I did this night sleepe, and this night dream't,  
My Princely father great Northumberland  
Was marryed to a stately Bride:  
And then me thought, iust on his Bridall day,  
A poysoned draught did take his life away.

*Iane.* Let not fond visions so appale my Loue,  
For dreames doe oftentimes contrarie prooue.

*Guil.* The nights are teadious, and the daies  
are sad,

And see you how the people stand in heapes,  
Each man sad, looking on his opposed obieft,  
As if a generall passion posselt them?  
Their eyes doe seeme, as dropping as the Moone,  
As if prepared for a Tragedie.  
For neuer swarmes of people there doe tread,  
But to rob life, and to enrich the dead  
And shewe they wept.

*Lef.* My Lord they did so, for I was there.

*Gui.* I pra'y resolute vs good Maister Lieutenant

Who was it yonder, that tendered vp his life  
To natures death?

*Lief.* Pardon mee my Lord, tis felony to acquaint  
you with death of any Prifoner, yet to refolue your  
grace, it was your Father, great Northumberland, that  
this day loft his head.

*Guil.* Peace reft his foule, his finnes be buried in  
his graue,  
And not remembred in his Epitaph :  
But who comes heere ?

*Iane.* My Father Prifoner ?

*Enter Suffolke garded foorth.*

*Suff.* O Iane ! now naught but feare thy Tytle &  
thy fteate,

Thou now muft leaue for a fmall graue.  
Had I bin contented to a bin great, I had flood,  
But now my rifing is puld downe with blood.  
Farwell, point me my houfe of prayers.

*Iane.* Is greefe fo fhort ? twa's wont to be full of  
wordes, tis true,  
But now Deathes leffon, bids a coulde adue.  
Farwell, thus friendes on desperate iourneys parte,  
Breaking of wordes with teares, that fwelles the heart.

*Exit Suffolke.*

*Lief.* It is the pleafure of the Queene that you  
part lodgings.

Till your Arrainement, which muft be to morrow.

*Iane.* Good Maifter Lieftenant let vs pray together.

*Lief.* Pardon me Madam I may not, they that owe  
you, fway me.

*Guil.* Intreate not Iane, though fhee our bodies  
part,  
Our foules fhall meete. Farwell my loue.

*Iane.* My Dudley, my owne heart. *Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Wyat with Souldiers.*

*Wiat.* Hold Drumme, ftand Gentlemen,

Giue the word along : stand, stand :  
Maisters, friendes, Souldiers, and therefore Gentle-  
men,

I know some of you weare warme purples  
Linde with golde, to them I speake not,  
But to such leane knaues that cannot put vp  
Crosses, thus I say, fight valiantly,  
And by the Mary God, you that haue all  
Your life time siluer lackt,  
Shall now get Crownes, marry they must be crackt.

*Sol.* No matter, weele change them for white  
money.

*Wiat.* But it must needs be so, deare Countrie-  
men,

For Souldiers are the maisters of wars mint,  
Blowes are the stamps, they set vpon with bullets,  
And broken pates are when the braines lyes spilt :  
These light crownes, that with blood are double  
guilt,

But thats not all; that your stout hearts shall earne,  
Sticke to this glorious quarrell, and your names  
Shall stand in Chronicles ranck'd euen with Kings :  
You free your Countrie from base spanish thrall,  
From Ignominious slauerie,  
Who can digest a Spaniard, that's a true Englishman ?

*Sol.* Would he might choake that digests him.

*Wiat.* Hee that loues freedome and his Countrie,  
crie

A Wyatt : he that will not, with my heart  
Let him stand forth, shake handes, and weele depart.

*Sol.* A Wyatt, a Wyatt, a Wyatt.

*Enter Norry sounding a Trumpet.*

*Har.* Forbeare, or with the breath thy Trumpet  
spends,  
This shall let forth thy soule.

*Nor.* I am a Herald,  
And chalenge safetie by the lawe of armes.

*Her.* So shalt thou when thou art lawfully imploide.

*Wia.* What loude knaues that?

*Nor.* No knaue Sir Thomas, I am a true man to my Queene, to whome thou art a Traytor.

*Sol.* Knocke him downe.

*Wiat.* Knock him downe, fie no,  
Weele handle him, he shall found before he goe.

*Har.* Hee comes from Norfolke and those fawning Lords,

In Maries name, waying out life to them  
That will with baseneffe buie it.

Cease on him as a pernicious enemye.

*Wia.* Sir George be ruld,  
Since we professe the Arte of Warre,  
Let's not be hift at for our ignorance,  
He shall passe and repasse, iuggle the best he can,  
Leade him into the Citie. Norry set foorth  
Set foorth thy brafen throate, and call all Rochester  
About thee : doe thy office, fill their  
Light heads with proclamations, doe,  
Catch Fooles with Lime-twigs dipt with pardons.  
But Sir George and good fir Harry Isley,  
If this Gallant open his mouth too wide,  
Powder the Varlet, pistoll him, fire the Roofe that's  
ore his mouth.

He craues the law of Armes, and he shall ha't,  
Teach him our law, to cut's throate if he prate.  
If lowder reach thy Proclamation,  
The Lord haue mercie vppon thee.

*Nor.* Sir Thomas, I must doe my office.

*Her.* Come, weele doe ours too.

*Wia.* I, I, doe, blowe thy selfe hence.

*Exit. Harper, Isley, and Norry.*

Whorson prou'd Herrald, because he can  
goue armes, he thinkes to cut vs off by the elbowes  
Maisters and fellow Souldiers, say, will you leaue old  
Tom Wiat?

*Omnes.* No, no, no.

*Wia.* A March ! tis Norfolkes Drum vpon my  
life.  
I pra'y see what Drum it is.

*Within crie arme.*

The word is giuen, arme, arme flies through the  
camp

As loude, though not so full of dread as thunder :  
For no mans cheekes looke pale, but euerie face,  
Is lifted vp aboute his foremans head,  
And euerie Souldier does on tip-toe stand,  
shaking a drawne sword in his threatning hand.

*Wiat.* At whome, at whose Drum ?

*Rod.* At Norfolke, Norfolkes drum :  
With him comes Arundell, you may beholde  
The filken faces of their enignes shoue,  
Nothing but wrinckles stragling in the winde,  
Norfolke rides formostly, his crest well knowne,  
Proud, as if all our heads were now his owne.

*Wiat.* Soft, he shall pay more for them.  
Sir Robert Rodston, bring our Muscateers,  
To flancke our Pikes, let all our archery,  
Fall off in winges of shot a both sides of the van,  
To gall the first Horse of the enemy  
That shall come fiercely on :  
Our Canoneres, bid them to charge, charge my harts.

*Omnes.* Charge, charge.

*Wiat.* Saint George for England, *Wiat* for poore  
Kent,  
Blood lost in Countries quarrell, is nobly spent.

*Enter Ifely.*

*Ifely.* Bafe slaue, hard hearted fugitiue,  
He that you sent with Norry, false Sir George  
Is fled to Norfolke.

*Rod.* Sir George Harper fled ?

*Wiat.* I nere thought better of a Counterfeite,  
His name was Harper, was it not ? let him goe,  
Hencefoorth all Harpers for his sake shall stand,  
But for plaine nine pence, throughout all the land.



They come, no man giue ground in these hot cafes,  
Be Englishmen and berd them to their faces.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Norfolke, Arundell, Bret and Souldiers.*

*Norf.* Yonder the Traitor marcheth with a steele  
bowe

Bent on his Soueraigne, and his kingdomes peace :  
To waue him to vs with a flag of truce,  
And tender him soft mercie,  
Were to call our right in question,  
Therefore put in act, your resolute intendments,  
If rebellion be suffered to take head,  
She liues too long, treason doth swarme.  
Therefore giue signall to the fight.

*Bre.* Tis good, tis good, my Lord.

*Norf.* Where's Captaine Bret ?

*Br.* Heere my Lord.

*Norf.* To doe honour to you and these fise hun-  
dred

Londoners that march after your colours,  
You shall charge the Traitor in the Vantgard  
Whilst my selfe with noble Arundell  
And stout Jarningam, second you in the maine .  
God and Saint George, this day fight on our side,  
While thus we tame a desperate Rebels pride.

*Exit. all but Bret and souldiers.*

*Br.* Countrimen and friendes,

And you the moste valiant sword and Buckler-Men of  
London, the Duke of Norfolk in honour has pro-  
moted you to the Vangard, and why to the Vangard ?  
but becaufe he knowes you to be eager men, martiall  
men, men of good stomacks, verie hot shots, verie  
actious for valour, such as scornes to shrink for a wet-  
ting, who wil beare off any thing with head and  
shoulders.

*Omn.* Well forwards good commander forwards.

*Bre.* I am to leade you, and whether ? to fight, and

with whom? with Wyat, and what is Wyat? a most famous and arch traytor to nobody by this hand that I knowe.

*Omn.* Nay speake out good captaine.

*Bret.* I say againe, is worthy Norfolke gone?

*Omn.* I I, gon gon.

*Bret.* I say againe that Wyat for rising thus in armes, with the Kentish men dangling thus at his taile, is worthy to be hanged like a iewell in the kingdomes care. Say I well my lads?

*Omn.* Forwards, forwards.

*Bret.* And whosoever cuts off his head shal haue for his labour.

*Clown.* What shal I haue? Ile do't.

*Bre.* The poxe, the plague, and all the diseases the pittle-houses and hospitalls can throw vpon him.

*Clo.* Ile not do't, thats flat.

*Bre.* And wherefore is Wyat vp?

*Clo.* Because he cannot keepe his bed.

*Bre.* No Wyat is vp to keepe the Spaniards downe, to keepe King *Phillip* out, who comming in will glue the land such a *Phillip* twil make it reele againe.

*Clo.* A would it were come to that, we would, we would leave off *Phillips* and fall to hot cockles.

*Bre.* *Phillip* is a Spaniard, and what is a Spaniard?

*Clo.* A Spaniard is no Englishman that I know.

*Bre.* Right a Spaniard is a Camocho, a Callimanco, nay which is worse a Dondego; and what is a Dondego?

*Clo.* A Dondego is a kind of Spanish stock fish or poore Iohn.

*Bre.* No, a Dondego is a desperate Viliago, a very Castillian, God bleffe vs. There came but one Dondego into England, and he made all Paules stinke againe, what shal a whole armie of Dondegos doe my sweete countrymen?

*Clo.* Mary they wil make vs al smell abhominably, he comes not heere thats flat.

*Bre.* A Spaniard is cald so because he's a Spaniard, his yard is but a span.

*Clo.* That's the reason our Englishwomen loue them not.

*Bre.* Right, for he carries not the Englishmans yard about him. If you deale with him, looke for hard measure, if you giue an inch hee'll take an ell: if he giue an ell, he'll take an inch, therefore my fine spruce dapper finicall fellowes, if you are now, as you haue alwayes been counted polittick Londoners to flie to the stronger side, leaue Arundell, leaue Norfolk and loue Bret.

*Clo.* Weele fling our flat-caps at them.

*Bre.* Weare your owne neates leather shooes, scorne Spanish leather: cry a figge for the Spaniards. Saide I well bolliies?

*Omn.* I, I, I.

*Bred.* Why then fiat, fiat.

And euerie man die at

His foote that cries not a *Wyat*, a *Wyat*.

*Omn.* A *Wyat*, a *Wyat*, a *Wyat*.

*Enter Wyat.*

*Wiat.* Sweet musicke, gallant fellow Londoners.

*Clo.* Y faith we are the madcaps, we are the lick-pennies.

*Wiat.* You shall be all Lord Maiors at least.

*Exeunt Wyat, Bred, and Souldiers.*

*Alarum sounds, and enter Wyat, Bret, Rodfion, Ifely, and Souldiers againe.*

*Wyat.* Those eight brasse peeces shall do seruice  
now

Against their masters, Norfolk and Arundell,

They may thank their heeles

More then their hands for sauing of their liues.

When souldiers turne surueyors, and measure lands,

God helpe poore farmers. Soldiers and friends let  
vs all  
Play nimble bloudhounds and hunt them step by  
step.  
We heare  
The lawyers plead in armour stead of gownes,  
If they fall out about the case they iarre,  
Then they may cuffe each other from the barre.  
Soft this is Ludgate, stand aloofe, Ile knock.

*He knocks : Enter Pembroke vpon the walles.*

*Pem.* Who knockes ?

*Wyat.* A Wyatt, a true friend,  
Open your gates, you louing citizens,  
I bring you freedom from a forraine prince,  
The queene has heard your suite, and tis her pleasure  
The cittie gates stand open to receiue vs.

*Pem.* Auuant thou traytor, thinkest thou by for-  
gerie  
To enter London with rebellious armes ?  
Know that these gates are bard against thy entrance,  
And it shall cost the liues  
Of twenty thousand true subiects to the Queene  
Before a traytor enters.

*Omn.* Shoote him through.

*Wyat.* Stay, lets know him first.

*Clo.* Kill him, then lets know him afterwards.

*Pem.* Looke on my face, and blushing see with  
shame

Thy treasons characterd.

*Brd.* Tis the Lord Pembroke.

*Wyat.* What haue wee to doe with the Lord Pem-  
broke ?

Wheres the Queenes Lieftenant ?

*Pem.* I am lieftenant of the Citty now.

*Wyat.* Are you Lord Maior ?

*Pem.* The greatest Lord that breathes enters not  
heere

Without expresse commaund from my deare Queene.

*Wyat.* She commands by vs.

*Pem.* I do command thee in her Highnesse name  
To leaue the Citty gates, or by my honour,  
A peece of ordinance shall be streight dischargd  
To be thy deathesman and shoote thee to thy graue.

*Wyat.* Then heres no entrance.

*Pem.* No, none.

*Exit Pembroke.*

*Bret.* What should we doe following Wiat any  
longer?

*Wyat.* O London, London, thou perfidious towne,  
Why hast thou broke thy promise to thy friend?  
That for thy sake, and for thy generall sake,  
Hath thrust myself into the mouth of danger?  
March backe to Fleetestreete, if that Wiat dye,  
London vniustly buy thy treacherie.

*Bret.* Would I could steale away from Wyat! it  
should be the first thing that I would doe.

*Here they all steale away from Wyat and leaue him alone.*

*Wyat.* Wheres all my Souldiers? what all gone,  
And left my drum and colours without guard?  
O infellicitie of carefull men,  
Yet will I sell my honor'd bloud as deere  
As ere did faithfull subiect to his prince. *Exit Wyat.*

*Enter Norfolk and Isely.*

*Isl.* Pembroke reuolts, and flies to Wiats side.

*Norf.* Hees damb'd in hell that speakes it.

*Enter Harper.*

*Isl.* O my good Lord! tis spread  
That Pembroke and Count Arundel both are fled.

*Enter Pembroke and Arundell.*

*Pem.* Sfoot, who said so? what deuill dares stir my  
patience?

Zwounds I was talking with a crue of vagabondes  
That laggd at Wiat's taile ; and am I thus  
Paid for my paines.

*Norf.* And there being mist  
Some villaine, finding you out of sight, hath raif'd  
This slander on you, but come my Lord.

*Pem.* Ile not fight.

*Norf.* Nay sweete Earle.

*Pem.* Zounds fight and heare my name dif  
honoured ?

*Arun.* Wyat is marcht down Fleetestreete, after  
him.

*Pem.* Why do not you, and you, pursue him ?

*Norf.* If I strike one blowe, may my hand fall off.

*Pem.* And if I doe, by this—

*Norf.* Come leaue your swearing, did not countries  
care

Vrge me to this quarrell, for my part,  
I would not strike a blow.

*Pem.* No more would I ;  
Ile eate no wrongs, lets all die, and Ile dye.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Stand on your guard,  
For this way Wyatt is perfude amaine.

*A great Noyse, follow. Enter Wyat with his sword  
drawne, being wounded.*

*Wihin.* Follow, follow.

*Nor.* Stand traytor stand, or thou shalt nere stand  
more.

*Wyat.* Lords, I yield :

An easie conquest tis to win the field  
After alls lost. I am wounded, let me haue  
A surgeon that I may goe sound vnto my graue.  
Tis not the name of Traytor  
Pals me nor pluckes my weapon from my hand.

Vse me how you can,  
 Though you say traytor, I am a gentleman.  
 Your dreadfull shaking me, which I defie,  
 Is a poore losse of life ; I wish to die,  
 Death frights my spirit no more then can my bed,  
 Nor will I change one haire, losing this head.

*Pem.* Come, guard him, guard him.

*Wyat.* No matter where,  
 I hope for nothing, therefore nothing feare.

*Exit Omnes.*

*Enter Winchester, Norfolk, Arundell, Pembroke, with  
 other Lords.*

*Win.* My Lord of Norfolk, will it please you  
 sit

By you the noble Lord of Arundell.  
 Since it hath pleas'd her sacred Maiestie  
 To nominate vs heere Commissioners,  
 Let vs without all partiality  
 Be open-eard to what they can alleadge.  
 Wheres the Lieftenant of the Tower ?

*Enter Lieftenant of the Tower.*

*Lef.* Heere my good Lord.

*Win.* Fetch forth the prisoners.

Place them feuerally in chaires of state.  
 Clarke of the Crowne, proceede as Law requires.

*Enter Guilford and Iane.*

*Cla.* Guilford Dudley, hold vp thy hand at the  
 bar.

*Guil.* Heere at the bar of death I hold it vp,  
 And would to God this hand heau'd to the lawe,  
 Might haue aduanc't it self in better place,  
 For Englands good and for my soueraigns weale.

*Cla.* Iane Gray, Lady Iane Gray, hold vp thy  
 hand at the barre.

*Ian.* A hand as pure from Treasons Innocence  
As the white luerie

Worne by the Angels in their Makers fight?

*Cla.* You are here indited by the names of Guilford Dudley, Lord Dudley, Iane Gray, Lady Iane Gray, of capitall and high treason against our most Soueraign Ladie the Queenes Maiestie. That is to say that you Guilford Dudley and Lady Iane Gray, haue by all possible meanes, fought to procure vnto yourselues the roialtie of the Crowne of England, to the disinheriting of our now Soueraign Lady the Queenes Maiestie, the true and lawfull issue to that famous King Henry the Eight, and haue manifestly adorned yourselues with the States garland Imperiall, and haue granted warrants, commissions, and such like, for leuying of men and Souldiers to be sent against the said Maiestie: what answere you to this inditement, guiltie or not guiltie?

*Guil.* Our answer shall be feuerall like ourselues.  
Yet noble Earle we confesse the inditement.

May we not make some apologie unto the court?

*Norf.* It is against the order of the law,  
Therefore directly pleade vnto the inditement,  
And then you shall be heard.

*Guil.* Against the law?  
Words vttered then as good vnspoken were,  
For whatsoever you say, you know your form,  
And you will follow it vnto our deaths.

*Norf.* Speake are you guilty of these crimes or no?

*Ian.* Ile answere first, I am and I am not,  
But should we stand vnto the last vnguiltie,  
You haue large-conscience iurors to besmeare  
The fairest browe with stile of trecherie.

*Norf.* The Barrons of the land shall be your iurie.

*Ian.* An honorable and worthy trial,  
And God forbid so many noblemen  
Should be made guilty of our timelesse deaths.



*Arun.* Youle answer to the inditement will you not?

*Guil.* My Lord I will, I am——

*Nor.* What are you guilty or no?

*Guil.* I say vnguiltie still, yet I am guilty.

*Ian.* Slander not thyself:

If there be any guilty, it was I,  
I was proclaim'd Queene, I the Crowne should weare.

*Guil.* Because I was thy husband I stand heere.

*Ian.* Our loues we fought ourselues, but not our pride,

And shall our fathers faults our liues diuide?

*Guil.* It was my father that made thee distrest.

*Ian.* O but for mine my Guilford had beene blest.

*Guil.* My Iane had beene as fortunate as faire.

*Ian.* My Guilford free from this soul-grieuing care.

*Guil.* If we be guiltie, tis no fault of ours,  
And shall wee dye for whats not in our powres?  
We fought no Kingdom, we desir'd no crowne,  
It was impos'd vpon vs by constraint,  
Like golden fruit hung on a barraine tree,  
And will you count such forcement treacherie?  
Then make the siluer Thames as blacke as Styx,  
Because it was constraind to beare the barks  
Whose battering ordnance should haue beene im-  
ployde

Against the hinderers of our roialtie.

*Win.* You talke of fencelesse things.

*Guil.* Do trees want fence,  
That by the powre of Musicke haue beene drawne  
To dance a pleasing measure?  
Weele come then neerer vnto liuing things.  
Say wee vsurpt the English roialtie,  
Was't not by your consents?  
I tell you Lordes I haue your hands to shoue  
Subscrib'd to the commission of my Father,  
By which you did authorize him to wage armes.

If they were rebellious against your Soueraigne,  
Who cride so loud as you God saue Queene Iane?  
And come you now your Soueraign to arraigne?  
Come downe, come down, heere at a Prisoners barre,  
Better do so then iudge yourselues amiss:  
For looke what sentence on our heads you lay,  
Vpon your own may light another day.

*Win.* The Queene hath pardond them.

*Guil.* And wee must die

For a lesse fault. O partiallitie!

*Ian.* Patience, my Guilford, it was euer knowne,  
They that sinn'd least the punishment haue borne.

*Guil.* True, my faire Queene, of sorrowe truely  
speake,

Great men like great flies through Lawes cobwebs  
breake,

But the thinn't frame the prison of the weake.

*Nor.* Now trust me Arundel, it doth grieue me  
much

To sit in judgment of these harmlesse——

*Arun.* I helpt to attach the Father, but the  
Sonne—

O through my bloud I feelee compassion

Run my Lords, wee be humble suitors to the Queene,  
To saue these innocent creatures from their deaths.

*Nor.* Lets break vp Court: if Norfolke long  
should stay,

In teares and passion I should melt away.

*Win.* Sit still,

What, will you take compassion vpon such?

They are hereticks.

*Ian.* We are Christians, leaue our conscience to  
ourselues,

We stand not heere about religious causes,  
But are accus'd of capitall treason.

*Win.* Then you confesse the inditement?

*Guil.* Euen what you will:

Yet saue my Iane, although my bloud you spill.

*Ian.* If I must die, saue princely Guilfords life.

*Norf.* Who is not moou'd to see this louing strife ?

*Arun.* Pray pardon me, do what you will to-day,  
And Ile approue it, though it be my death.

*Win.* Then heare the speedie sentence of your  
deaths :

You shall be carried to the place from whence you  
came,

From thence vnto the place of execution;  
Through London to be drawn on hurdles,  
Where thou, Iane Gray, shalt suffer death by fire,  
Thou Guilford Dudley, hang'd and quartered,  
So Lord haue mercy vpon you.

*Guil.* Why this is well,  
Since we must die, that we must die together.

*Win.* Stay, and heare the mercie of the Queene,  
Because you are of noble parentage,  
Although the crime of your offence be great,  
Shee is only pleas'd that you shall ——

*Both.* Will shee pardon vs ?

*Win.* Only I say that you shal loofe your heades  
Vpon the Tower Hill. So conuay them hence,  
Liefetenant stricly looke ynto your charge.

*Guil.* Our doomes are knowne, our liues haue  
plaid their part.  
Farwell my Iane.

*Ian.* My Dudley, mine owne heart.

*Guil.* Faine would I take a ceremonious leaue,  
But thats to dye a hundred thousand deaths.

*Ian.* I cannot speake for teares.

*Left.* My Lord, come :

*Guil.* Great griefes speake louder  
When the least are dumb'd.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Wyatt in the Tower.*

*Wia.* The sad aspect this Prison doth affoord  
Iumps with the measure that my heart doth keepe,  
And this inclosure heere of nought but stone,  
Yieldes far more comfort then the stony hearts

Of them that wrong'd their country, and their friend :  
Heere is no periur'd Counsellors to sweare  
A sacred oath, and then forweare the same,  
No innovators heere doth harbor keepe,  
A stedfast silence doth possesse the place,  
In this the Tower is noble, being base.

*Enter Lords to Wyat.*

*Norf.* Sir Thomas Wyat.

*Wyat.* Thats my name indeede.

*Win.* You should say Traitor.

*Wiat.* Traitor and Wyats name,  
Differ as farre as Winchester and honor.

*Win.* I am a Pillar of the Mother Church.

*Wiat.* And what am I ?

*Win.* One that subuerts the state.

*Wyat.* Insult not too much, ore th' vnfortunate,  
I haue no Bishoppes Rochet to declare my innocence.

This is my crosse,

That causelesse I must suffer my heads losse.

When that houre comes, wherein my blood is spilt,  
My crosse will looke as bright as yours twice guilt.

*Norf.* Here's for that purpose.

*Wiat.* Is your grace so short ?

Belike you come to make my death a sport.

*Win.* We come to bring you to your execution,  
You must be hang'd and quartered instantly ;  
At the parke Corner, is a gallous set,  
Whither make hast to tender natures debt.

*Wiat.* Then here's the end of Wyats rising vp,  
I to keepe Spaniards from the Land was sworne,  
Right willingly I yeelede my selfe to death,  
But sorry fuch, should haue my place of birth.  
Had London kept his word, Wyat had stood,  
But now King Phillip enters through my blood.

*Exit Officers with Wyat.*

*Enter Lieftenant.**Lie.* Heere my Lord.*Win.* Fetch foorth your other Prifoners.*Lief.* My Lord I will, heere lyes young Guilford,  
here the Lady Iane.*Norfol.* Conduct them forth.*Enter Young Guilford and the Laay Iane.**Guil.* Good morrowe once more to my louely  
Iane.*Iane.* The laft good morrow my sweete loue to  
thee.*Guil.* What were you reading ?*Iane.* On a prayer booke.*Guil.* Trust me fo was I, wee hade neede to pray,  
For see, the Minifters of death drawe neere.*Iane.* To a prepared minde Death is a pleasure,  
I long in foule, till I haue spent my breath.*Guil.* My Lord High Chancelor, you are welcome  
heather,

What come you to beholde our execution ?

And my Lord Arundell thrice welcome, you

Helpt to attache our Father, come you now,

To fee the blacke conclufion of our Tragedie ?

*Win.* We come to doe our office.*Guil.* So doe wee.

Our office is to die, yours to looke on :

We are beholding vnto fuch beholders,

The time was Lords, when you did flock amaine,

To fee her crownd, but now to kill my Iane,

The world like to a fickell, bends it felfe,

Men runne their courfe of liues as in a maze,

Our office is to die, yours but to gaze.

*Iane.* Patience my Guilford.*Guil.* Patience my louely Iane :

Patience has blancht thy foule as white as fnow,

But who shall anfwere for thy death ? this know,

An innocent to die, what is it lesse,  
But to adde Angels to heauens happinesse.  
The guiltie dying, doe applaud the law,  
But when the innocent creature stoopes his neck  
To an vnjust doome; vpon the Iudge the checke.  
Liues are like foules, requird of their neglectors,  
Then ours of you, that should bee our protectors.

*Win.* Raile not against the law.

*Guilfer.* No, God forbidde, my Lord of Winchester,

It's made of lawe, and should I raile against it ?  
Twere against you, if I forget not,  
You reioyc'd to see that fall of Cromwel,  
Ioy you now at me ?  
Oft dying men are filld with prophecies,  
But ile not be a prophet of your il.  
Yet knowe my Lordes, they that behold vs now,  
May to the axe of Iustice one day bowe,  
And in that plot of ground where we must die,  
Sprinckle their bloodes, though I know no cause why.

*Norf.* Speake you to me Lord Guilford ?

*Gui.* Norfolk no,

I speake to ——

*Norf.* To whome ?

*Gui.* Alasse I doe not knowe which of vs two dies first.

*Win.* The better part.

*Gui.* O rather kill the worst.

*Fane.* Tis I sweete loue, that first must kisse the blocke.

*Guilf.* I am a man, men better brooke the shocke  
Of threatning death, Your sexe are euer weake.  
The thoughts of death, a womans heart will breake.

*Fane.* But I am armde to die.

*Guilf.* Likelyer to liue :

Death to the vnwillling dooth his presence giue ;  
Hee dares not looke the bolde man in the face,  
But on the fearefull layes his killing Mace.

*Winc.* It is the pleasure of the Queene, that the

Lady Jane must first suffer death.

*Jane.* I thanke her Highnesse,  
That I shall first depart this haplesse world,  
And not suruiue to see my deere loue dead.

*Guilfo.* She dying first, I three times loose my  
head.

*Enter the Headsman.*

*Headsm.* Forgiue me Lady I pra'y your death.

*Guilf.* Ha? hast thou the heart to kill a face so  
faire.

*Win.* It is her Headeſ-man.

*Guil.* And demaundes a pardon,  
Onely of her, for taking off her head?

*Jane.* I gentle Guilford, and I pardon him.

*Guil.* But ile not pardon him, thou art my wife.  
And he shall aske me pardon for thy life.

*Hea.* Pardon me my Lord.

*Gui.* Rise, doe not kneele.

Though thou submit'st, thou hast a lowring steele  
Whose fatal declynation brings our death:  
Good man of earth, make haste to make vs earth.

*Hedf.* Pleaseth the Lady Iane, ile helpe her off  
with her night-Gowne.

*Jane.* Thankes gentle friend,  
But I haue other waiting women to attend mee.  
Good Mistris Ellin lend me a helping hand,  
To strip me of this worldly ornaments  
Off with these robes, O teare them from my side,  
Such silken couers are the guilt of pride.  
Insteede of gownes, my couerture be earth,  
My worldly death or new Celestiall breath.  
What is it off?

*Lad.* Madam almoste.

*Jane.* Not yet, O God!  
How hardly can we shake off this worldes Pomp,  
That cleaues vnto vs like our bodies skinne?  
Yet thus O God shake off thy seruants sinne.

*Lady.* Here is a scarfe to blinde your eies.

*Jane.* From all the world, but from my Guilfords  
fight :

Before I fasten this beneath my browe,  
Let me behold him with a constant looke.

*Gui.* O doe not kill me with that pitious eie :

*Jane.* Tis my last farwell, take it patiently,  
My dearest Guilford let vs kisse and part.  
Now blinde mine eyes, neuer to see the skie,  
Blindefolde thus leade me, to the blocke to die.

*Guil.* Oh ! *He falls in a trance.*

*Norf.* How fares my Lord ?

*Arun.* Hee's falne into a trance.

*orf.* Wake him not, vntill hee wake himselfe,  
O happie Guilford if thou die in this,  
Thy foule will be the first in heauenly blisse.

*Enter the Headf-man with Janes head.*

*Win.* Heare comes the Headf-man with the head  
of Iane.

*Guil.* Who spake of Iane ? who namde my louely  
Iane ?

*Win.* Behold her head.

*Gui.* O I shall faint againe !

Yet let me beare this sight vnto my graue.

My sweete Ianes head :

Looke Norfolke, Arundell, Winchester,

Doe malefactors, looke :

Thus when they die,

A ruddie lippe, a cleere reflecting eye,

Cheekes purer then the Maiden orient pearle,

That sprinkles bashfulnes through the cloudes

Her innocence, has giuen her this looke :

The like for me to shew so well being dead,

How willingly, would Guilford loose his head.

*Win.* My Lord, the time runs on.

*Guil.* So does our death.

Heeres one has run so fast thee's out of breath,

But the time goes on,

And thy faire Ianes white soule, will be



In heauen before me  
 If I doe stay : stay gentle wife,  
 Thy Guilford followes thee,  
 Though on the earth we part, by aduerse fate,  
 Our soules shall knock together at heauens gate.  
 The skie is calme, our deaths haue a faire day,  
 And we shall passe the smother on our way.  
 My Lords farwell, I once farwel to all,  
 The Fathers pride has causde the Childrens fall.

*Exit Guilford to Death.*

*Nor.* Thus haue we seene her Highnesse will per-  
 form'd,  
 And now their heads and bodies shall bee ioynd  
 And buried in one graue, as fits their loues.  
 Thus much ile say in their behalves now dead,  
 Their Fathers pride their liues haue seuered.

*FINIS.*



THE  
Roaring Girle.

OR,

*Moll Cut-Purse.*

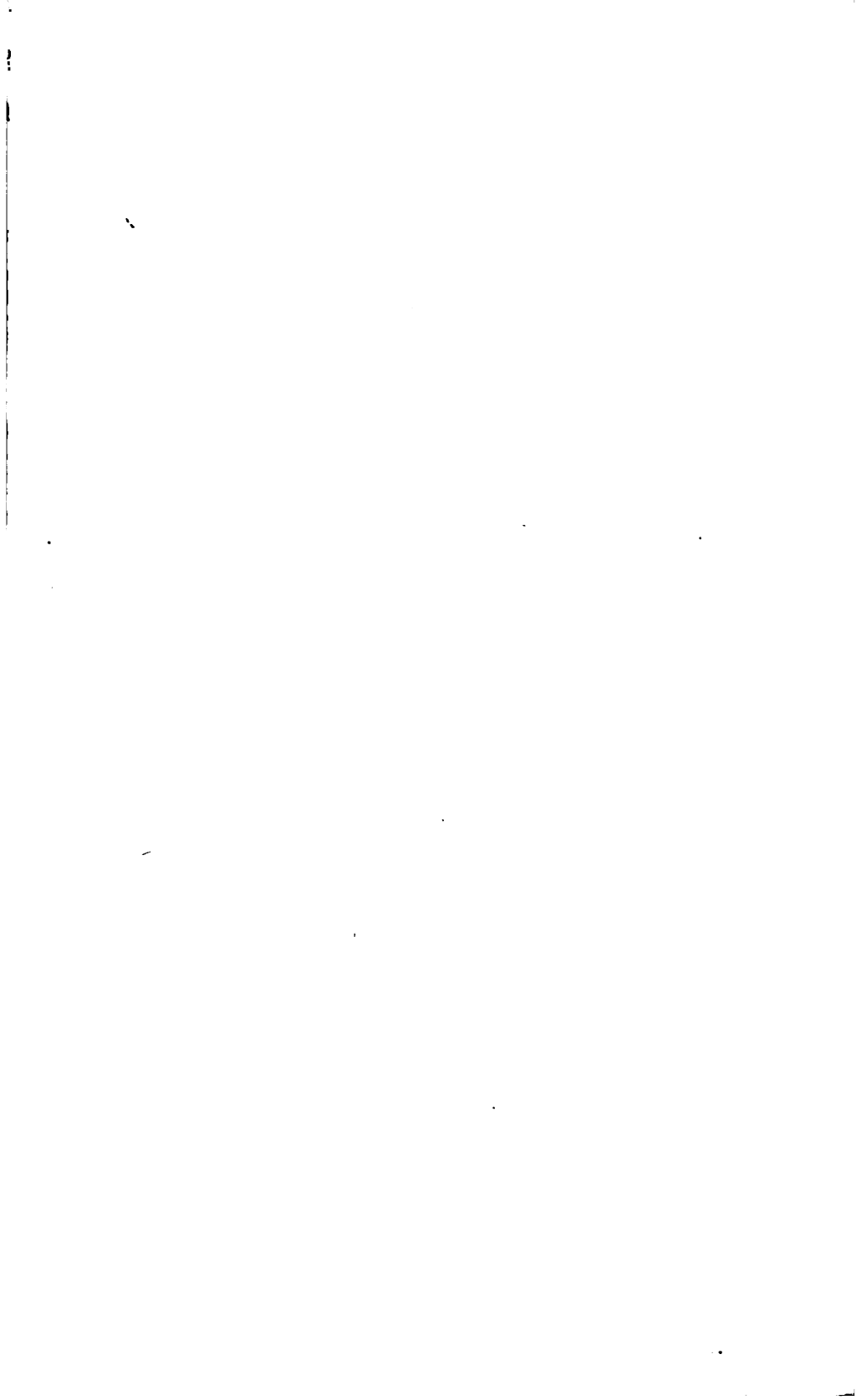
As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-  
stage by *the Prince his Players.*

Written by *T. Middleton* and *T. Dekkar.*



My cafe is altered, I muſt worke for my liuing.

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be fold at his  
ſhop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall  
Exchange. 1611.



## *Prologus.*

**A** Play (*expected long*) makes the Audience looke  
For wonders :—that each Scene should be a booke,  
Compos'd to all perfection ; each one comes  
And brings a play in's head with him : vp he summes,  
What he would of a Roaring Girle haue writ ;  
If that he findes not here, he mewes at it.  
Onely we intreate you thinke our Scene  
Cannot speake high (the subiect being but meane)  
A Roaring Girle (whose notes till now neuer were)  
Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater,  
That's all which I dare promise : Tragick passion,  
And such graue stuffe, is this day out of fashion.  
I see attention sets wide ope her gates  
Of hearing, and with couetous listning waites,  
To know what Girle, this Roaring Girle should be.  
(For of that Tribe are many.) One is shee  
That roares at midnight in deepe Tauerne bowles,  
That beates the watch, and Constables controuls ;  
Another roares i' th day time, sweares, stabbes, giues  
    braues,  
Yet sells her soule to the lust of fooles and slaues.  
Both these are Suburbe-roarers. Then ther's (besides)  
A ciuill City Roaring Girle, whose pride,  
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husbands state,  
And leaues him Roaring through an yron grate.

*None of these Roaring Girls is ours : shee flies  
With wings more lofty. Thus her charaſter lyes,  
Yet what neede charaſters ? when to giue a geſſe,  
Is better then the perſon to expreſſe ;  
But would you know who 'tis ? would you heare her  
name ?  
Shee is cal'd madde Moll ; her life, our acts proclaime.*





### Dramatis Personæ.

Sir *Alexander Wentgraue*, and *Neatfoot* his man.

Sir *Adam Appleton*.

Sir *Dauy Dapper*.

Sir *Bewteous Ganymed*.

Lord *Noland*.

Yong *Wentgraue*.

*Jacke Dapper*, and *Gull* his page.

*Goshawke*.

*Greenewit*.

*Laxton*.

*Tilt-yard*.

*Openworke*.

*Gallipot*.

} *Ciues & Vxores.*

*Mol* the Roaring Girle.

*Trapdoore*.

Sir *Guy Fitz-allard*.

*Mary Fitz-allard* his daughter.

*Curtilax* a Sergiant, and

*Hanger* his Yeoman.

Ministri.





## The Roaring Girle.

Act 1. Scæ. 1.

*Enter Mary Fitz-Allard disguised like a sempster with a case for bands, and Neatfoot a servingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.*

*Neatfoote.*

**T**He yong gentleman (our young maister) Sir *Alexanders* sonne, is it into his eares (sweet Damsell) (emblem of fragility) you desire to haue a message transported, or to be transcendent.

*Mary.* A priuate word or two Sir, nothing else.

*Neat.* You shall fructifie in that which you come for : your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation : I will (fairest tree of generation) watch when our young maister is erected, (that is to say vp) and deliuer him to this your most white hand. ✓

*Mary.* Thanks sir.

*Neat.* And withall certifie him, that I haue culled



out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicome then any lay vpon his trencher at dinner — hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chaftitie.

*Mary.* One Sir, of whom he befpaie falling bands.

*Neat.* Falling bands, it shall so be giuen him, — if you please to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a curle-pated company of rude seruingmen, and take such as they can fet before you, you shall be most seriously, and ingeniously welcome.

*Mary.* I haue dyned indeed already sir.

*Neat.* — Or will you vouchsafe to kisse the lip of a cup of rich *Orleans* in the buttry amongst our waiting women.

*Mary.* Not now in truth sir.

*Neat.* Our yong Maister shall then haue a feeling of your being here presently it shall so be giuen him.

*Exit Neatfoote.*

*Mary.* I humbly thanke you sir, but that my bosome

Is full of bitter sorrowes, I could smile,  
To see this formall Ape play Antick tricks :  
But in my breast a poysoned arrow stickes,  
And smiles cannot become me, Loue wouen sleightly  
(Such as thy false heart makes) weares out as lightly,  
But loue being truly bred ith the foule (like mine)  
Bleeds euen to death, at the least wound it takes,  
The more we quench this, the lesse it flakes :  
O me !

*Enter Sebastian Wengraue with Neatfoote.*

*Seb.* A Sempster speake with me, saist thou.

*Neat.* Yes, sir, she's there, *viua voce*, to deliuer her auricular confession.

*Seb.* With me sweet heart. What ist ?

*Mary.* I haue brought home your bands sir.

*Seb.* Bands : *Neatfoote.*

*Neat.* Sir.

*The Roaring Girl.*

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*Seb.* Prithce look in, for all the Gentlemen are vpon rising.

*Neat.* Yes fir, a most methodicall attendance shall be giuen.

*Seb.* And dost heare, if my father call for me, lay I am bufy with a Sempster.

*Neat.* Yes fir, hee shall know it that you are bufied with a needle woman.

*Seb.* In's care good *Neat-foote.*

*Neat.* It shall be so giuen him. *Exit Neat-foote.*

*Seb.* Bands, y'are mistaken sweete heart, I bespake none, when, where, I prithce, what bands, let me see them.

*Mary.* Yes fir, a bond fast sealed, with solemne oathes,

Subscribed vnto (as I thought) with your soule :  
Deliucred as your deed in sight of heauen,  
Is this bond canceld, haue you forgot me.

*Seb.* Ha ! life of my life : Sir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter,

What has transform'd my loue to this strange shape ?  
Stay : make all sure,—so : now speake and be briefe,  
Because the wolfe's at dore that lyes in waite,  
To prey vpon vs both albeit mine eyes  
Are blest by thine, yet this so strange disguise  
Holds me with feare and wonder.

*Mary.* Mines a loathed sight,  
Why from it are you banisht else so long.

*Seb.* I must cut short my speech, in broken language,

Thus much sweete *Moll*, I must thy company shun,  
I court another *Moll*, my thoughts must run,  
As a horse runs, thats blind, round in a Mill,  
Out euery step, yet keeping one path still.

*Mary.* Vmh : must you shun my company, in one knot

Haue both our hands by'th hands of heauen bene tied,

Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride :

*inclosed*

Our fathers did agree on the time when,  
And must another bed-fellow fill my roome.

*Seb.* Sweete maid, lets loofe no time, tis in heauens  
booke

Set downe, that I must haue thee : an oath we tooke,  
To keep our voves, but when the knight your father  
Was from mine parted, stormes began to fit  
Vpon my couetous fathers brow : which fell  
From them on me, he reckond vp what gold  
This marriage would draw from him, at which he  
swore,

To loofe so much bloud, could not grieue him more.  
He then diswades me from thee, cal'd thee not faire,  
And askt what is shee, but a beggars heire ?  
He scorn'd thy dowry of (5000) Markes.  
If such a summe of mony could be found,  
And I would match with thee, hee'd not vndoe it,  
Prouided his bags might adde nothing to it,  
But vow'd, if I tooke thee, nay more, did sweare it,  
Saue birth from him I nothing should inherit.

*Mary.* What followes then, my ship-wracke.

*Seb.* Dearest no :

Tho wildly in a laborinth I go,  
My end is to meete thee : with a fide winde  
Must I now faile, else I no hauen can finde  
But both must sinke for euer. There's a wench  
Cal'd *Mol*, mad *Mol*, or merry *Mol*, a creature  
So strange in quality, a whole citty takes  
Note of her name and perfon, all that affection  
I owe to thee, on her in counterfet passion,  
I spend to mad my father : he beleeuues  
I doate vpon this *Roaring Girl*, and grieues  
As it becomes a father for a sonne,  
That could be so bewitcht : yet ile go on  
This croked way, sigh still for her, faine dreames,  
In which ile talke onely of her, these streames  
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent  
That heere I anchor rather then be rent  
Vpon a rocke so dangerous, Art thou pleas'd,

Because thou seest we are way-laid, that I take  
A path thats safe, tho it be farre about.

*Mary.* My prayers with heauen guide thee.

*Seb.* Then I will on,  
My father is at hand, kisse and begon ;  
Howres shall be watcht for meetings ; I must now  
As men for feare, to a strange Idoll bow.

*Mary.* Farewell.

*Seb.* Ile guide thee forth, when next we meete,  
A story of *Moll* shall make our mirth more sweet.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Sir Alexander Wengraue, Sir Dauy Dapper, Sir  
Adam Appleton, Goshake, Laxton, and *Gentle-*  
*men.*

*Omnes.* Thanks good Sir *Alexander* for our boun-  
teous cheere.

*Alex.* Fy, fy, in giuing thanks you pay to deare.

*S. Dap.* When bounty spreades the table, faith  
t'were sinne,

(at going of) if thanks should not step in.

*Alex.* No more of thanks, no more, I mary Sir,  
Th' inner roome was too close, how do you like  
This Parlour Gentlemen ?

*Omnes.* Oh passing well.

*Adam.* What a sweet breath the aire casts heere,  
so coole.

*Gosh.* I like the prospect best.

*Lax.* See how tis furnisht.

*S. Dap.* A very faire sweete roome.

*Alex.* Sir *Dauy Dapper*,

The furniture that doth adorne this roome,  
Cost many a faire gray groat ere it came here,  
But good things are most cheape, when th'are most  
deere,

Nay when you looke into my galleries,  
How brauely they are trim'd vp, you all shall sweare  
Yare highly pleasd to see whats set downe there :  
Stories of men and women (mixt together

Faire ones with foule, like sun-shine in wet wether)  
 Within one square a thousand heads are laid  
 So close, that all of heads, the roome seemes made,  
 As many faces there (fill'd with blith lookes)  
 Shew like the promising titles of new bookes,  
 (Writ merily) the Readers being their owne eyes,  
 Which seeme to moue and to giue plaudities,  
 And here and there (whilst with obsequious eares,  
 Throng'd heapes do listen) a cut purse thrusts and  
 leeres

With haukes eyes for his prey : I need not shew him,  
 By a hanging villanous looke, your selues may know  
 him,

The face is drawne so rarely, Then sir below,  
 The very flowre (as twere) waues to and fro,  
 And like a floating Iland, seemes to moue,  
 Vpon a sea bound in with shores aboue.

*Enter Sebastian and M. Greene-wit.*

*Omnes.* These fights are excellent.

*Alex.* I'll shew you all,

Since we are met, make our parting Comickall.

*Seb.* This gentleman (my friend) will take his  
 leaue Sir.

*Alex.* Ha, take his leaue (*Sebastian*) who ?

*Seb.* This gentleman.

*Alex.* Your loue sir, has already giuen me some  
 time,

And if you please to trust my age with more,  
 It shall pay double interest : Good sir stay.

*Green.* I haue beene too bold.

*Alex.* Not so sir. A merry day

Mongst friends being spent, is better then gold sau'd.

Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaues I  
 keepe.

*Enter three or foure Seruingmen, and Neatfoote.*

*Neat.* At your worshipfull elbow, sir.

*Alex.* You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.

*Neat.* Your worship has giuen it vs right.

*Alex.* You varlets stirre,  
Chaires, stooles and cushions: pre' thee fir *Daw*

*Dapper,*  
Make that chaire thine.

*Sir Dap.* Tis but an easie gift,  
And yet I thanke you for it fir, I'll take it.

*Alex.* A chaire for old fir *Adam Appleton.*

*Neat.* A backe friend to your worship.

*Adam.* Mary good *Neatfoot,*  
I thanke thee for it: backe friends sometimes are good.

*Alex.* Pray make that stoole your pearch, good M.  
*Goshawke.*

*Gosh.* I stoope to your lure fir.

*Alex.* Sonne *Sebastian,*  
Take Maister *Greenwit* to you.

*Seb.* Sit deere friend.

*Alex.* Nay maister *Laxton*—furnish maister *Laxton*  
With what he wants (a stone) a stoole I would say, a stoole.

*Laxton.* I had rather stand fir. *Exeunt seruants.*

*Alex.* I know you had (good M. *Laxton.*) So,  
so——

Now heres a messe of friends, and (gentlemen)  
Because times glasse shall not be running long,  
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.

*Sir Dap.* Good tales do well,  
In these bad dayes, where vice does so excell.

*Adam.* Begin fir *Alexander.*

*Alex.* Last day I met  
An aged man vpon whose head was scor'd,  
A debt of iust so many yeares as these,  
Which I owe to my graue, the man you all know.

*Omnes.* His name I pray you fir.

*Alex.* Nay you shall pardon me,  
But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,

Or seem'd to breake his heart-strings) thus he spake :  
 Oh my good knight, saies he, (and then his eies  
 Were richer euen by that which made them poore,  
 They had spent so many teares they had no more.)  
 Oh fir (saies he) you know it, for you ha seene  
 Blessings to raine vpon mine house and me :  
 Fortune (who slaues men) was my slaue : her wheele  
 Hath spun me golden threads, for I thanke heauen,  
 I nere had but one cause to curse my starres,  
 I ask't him then, what that one cause might be.

*Omnes.* So Sir.

*Alex.* He paus'd, and as we often see,  
 A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found  
 No wrinkle on his brow, his waues being drownd  
 In their owne rage : but when th' imperious wind,  
 Vse strange inuifible tyranny to shake  
 Both heauens and earths foundation at their noyse :  
 The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray  
 Rife vp, and are more wild, more mad, then they,  
 Euen so this good old man was by my question  
 Stir'd vp to roughnesse, you might see his gall  
 Flow euen in's eies : then grew he fantastlicall.

*Sir Dap.* Fantastlicall, ha, ha.

*Alex.* Yes, and talke odly.

*Adam.* Pray fir proceed,  
 How did this old man end ?

*Alex.* Mary fir thus.  
 He left his wild fit to read ore his cards,  
 Yet then (though age cast snow on all his haire)  
 He ioy'd because (saies he) the God of gold  
 Has beene to me no niggard : that disease  
 (Of which all old men sicken) Auarice  
 Neuer infected me.

*Lax.* He meanes not himselfe i' me sure.

*Alex.* For like a lamp,  
 Fed with continuall oyle, I spend and throw  
 My light to all that need it, yet haue still  
 Enough to serue my selfe, oh but (quoth he)  
 Tho heauens dew fall, thus on this aged tree,

I haue a fonne thats like a wedge doth cleaue,  
My very heart roote.

*S. Dap.* Had he such a fonne.

*Seb.* Now I do smell a fox strongly.

*Alex.* Lets see : no Maister *Greene-wit* is not yet  
So mellow in yeares as he ; but as like *Sebastian*;  
Iust like my fonne *Sebastian*,—such another.

*Seb.* How finely like a fencer my father fetches his  
by-blows to hit me, but if I beate you not at your  
owne weapon of subtilty. ✓

*Alex.* This fonne (saith he) that should be  
The columnne and maine arch vnto my house,  
The crutch vnto my age, becomes a whirlwind  
Shaking the firme foundation.

*Adam.* Tis some prodigall.

*Seb.* Well shot old *Adam Bell*.

*Alex.* No citty monster neither, no prodigall,  
But sparing, wary, ciuill, and (tho wiueleffe),  
An excellent husband, and such a traueller,  
He has more tongues in his head then some haue  
teeth.

*S. Dap.* I haue but two in myne.

*Goff.* So sparing and so wary.

What then could vex his father so.

*Alex.* Oh a woman.

*Seb.* A flesh fly, that can vex any man.

*Alex.* A scurvy woman,  
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated :  
A creature (saith he) nature hath brought forth  
To mocke the sex of woman. . . It is a thing  
One knowes not how to name, her birth began  
Ere she was all made. Tis woman more then man,  
Man more then woman, and (which to none can hap)  
The Sunne giues her two shadowes to one shape,  
Nay more, let this strange thing, walke, stand or sit,  
No blazing starre drawes more eyes after it.

*S. Dap.* A Monster, tis some Monster.

*Alex.* Shee's a varlet.

*Seb.* Now is my cue to bristle.



*Alex.* A naughty packe,

*Seb.* Tis false.

*Alex.* Ha boy.

*Seb.* Tis false.

*Alex.* Whats false, I say shee's nought.

*Seb.* I say that tongue

That dares speake so (but yours) stickes in the throate  
Of a ranke villaine, set your selfe aside. . . .

*Alex.* So fir what then.

*Seb.* Any here else had lyed.

I thinke I shall fit you——aside.

*Alex.* Lye.

*Seb.* Yes.

*Sir Dap.* Doth this concerne him.

*Alex.* Ah firra boy.

Is your bloud heated : boyles it : are you stung,  
He pierce you deeper yet : oh my deere friends,  
I am that wretched father, this that sonne,  
That sees his ruine, yet headlong on doth run.

*Adam.* Will you loue such a poyson.

*S. Dap.* Fye, fye.

*Seb.* Y'are all mad.

*Alex.* Th'art sicke at heart, yet feelst it not : of all  
these,

What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his diseafe  
Mortall, would shun the cure : oh Maister *Greenewit*,  
Would you to such an Idoll bow.

*Greene.* Not I fir.

*Alex.* Heer's Maister *Laxton*, has he mind to a  
woman

As thou hast.

*Lax* No not I fir.

*Alex.* Sir I know it.

*Lax.* There good parts are so rare, there bad so  
common,

I will haue nought to do with any woman.

*Sir Dap.* Tis well done Maister *Laxton*.

*Alex.* Oh thou cruell boy,  
Thou wouldst with lust an old mans life destroy,

Because thou seest I'me halfe way in my graue,  
Thou shouldest dust vpon me : woud thou mightest haue  
Thy wish, most wicked, most vnaturall.

*Dap.* Why sir, tis thought, sir *Guy Fitz-Allards*  
daughter

Shall wed your sonne *Sebastian*.

*Alex.* Sir *Dauy Dapper*.  
I haue vpon my knees, woud this fond boy,  
To take that vertuous maiden.

*Seb.* Harke you a word sir.  
You on your knees haue curst that vertuous maiden, ✓  
And me for louing her, yet do you now  
Thus baffle me to my face : were not your knees  
In such intreates, giue me *Fitz-Allards* daughter.

*Alex.* Ile giue thee rats-bane rather.

*Seb.* Well then you know  
What dish I meane to feed vpon.

*Alex.* Harke Gentlemen,  
He sweares to haue this cut-purse drab, to spite my  
gall.

*Omnes.* Maister *Sebastian*.

*Seb.* I am deafe to you all.  
Ime so bewitcht, so bound to my desires,  
Teares, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those  
fires

That burne within me. *Exit Sebastian.*

*Alex.* Her bloud shall quench it then,  
Loose him not, oh diswade him Gentlemen.

*Sir Dap.* He shall be weand I warrant you.

*Alex.* Before his eyes  
Lay downe his shame, my grieve, his miseries.

*Omnes.* No more, no more, away.  
*Exeunt all but sir Alexander.*

*Alex.* I wash a *Negro*,  
Loosing both paines and cost : but take thy flight,  
Ile be most neere thee, when I'me least in sight.  
Wild Bucke ile hunt thee breathlesse, thou shalt run  
on,

But I will turne thee when I'me not thought vpon.

*Enter Ralph Trapdore.*

Now firra what are you, leaue your Apes trickes and speake.

*Trap.* A letter from my Captaine to your Worship.

*Alex.* Oh, oh, now I remember tis to preferre thee into my seruice.

*Trap.* To be a shifter vnder your Worships nose of a clean trencher, when ther's a good bit vpon't.

*Alex.* Troth honest fellow . . humh . . ha . . . let me see.

This knaue shall be the axe to hew that downe  
At which I stumble, has a face that promifeth  
Much of a villaine, I will grind his wit,  
And if the edge proue fine make vse of it.  
Come hither firra, canst thou be secret, ha.

*Trap.* As two crafty Attorneys plotting the vndoing of their clyents.

*Alex.* Didst never, as thou hast walkt about this towne

Heare of a wench cal'd *Moll*, mad merry *Moll*.

*Trap.* *Moll* cutpurse fir.

*Alex.* The same, dost thou know her then.

*Trap.* Aswell as I know twill raine vpon *Simon* and *Iudes* day next, I will sift all the tauernes ith city, and drinke halfe pots with all the Watermen ath bankside, but if you will fir Ile find her out.

*Alex.* That task is eafy, doot then, hold thy hand vp.

Whats this, ist burnt?

*Trap.* No fir no, a little findgd with making fire workes.

*Alex.* Ther's money, spend it, that being spent fetch more.

*Trap.* Oh fir that all the poore souldiers in *England* had fuch a leader. For fetching no water *Spaniell* is like me.

*Alex.* This wench we speake of, straies so from her kind

Nature repents she made her. Tis a Mermaid  
Has told my sonne to shipwracke.

*Trap.* Ile cut her combe for you.

*Alex.* Ile tell out gold for thee then : hunt her  
forth,

Cast out a line hung full of siluer hookes  
To catch her to thy company : deepe spendings  
May draw her thats most chaste to a mans bofome.

*Trap.* The gingling of Golden bells, and a good  
foole with a hobbyhorse, wil draw all the whoores ith  
towne to dance in a morris.

*Alex.* Or rather, for thats best (they say sometimes  
Shee goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

*Trap.* And when her breeches are off, shee shall  
follow me.

*Alex.* Beate all thy braines to serue her.

*Trap.* Zounds sir, as country wenches beate creame,  
till butter comes.

*Alex.* Play thou the futtle spider, weaue fine nets  
To insnare her very life.

*Trap.* Her life.

*Alex.* Yes sucke

Her heart-bloud if thou canst, swift thou but cords  
To catch her, Ile finde law to hang her vp.

*Trap.* Spoke like a Worshipfull bencher.

*Alex.* Trace all her steps : at this shee-foxes den  
Watch what lambs enter : let me play the sheepeheard  
To saue their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

*Trap.* This is the goll shall doot.

*Alex.* Be firme and gaine me  
Euer thine owne. This done I entertaine thee :  
How is thy name.

*Trap.* My name sir is *Raph Trapdore*, honest  
*Raph.*

*Alex.* *Trapdore*, be like thy name, a dangerous  
step

For her to venture on, but vnto me.

*Trap.* As fast as your sole to your boote or shooe sir.

*Alex.* Hence then, be little seene here as thou canst.

He still be at thine elbow.

*Trap.* The trapdores set.

*Moll* if you budge y'are gon : this me shall crowne,  
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girl puts downe.

*Alex.* God a mercy, loofe no time. *Exeunt.*

*The three shops open in a ranke: the first a Poticaries shop, the next a Fether shop: the third a Sempsters shop: Mistrresse Gallipot in the first, Mistrresse Tiltyard in the next, Maister Openworke and his wife in the third, to them enters Laxton, Goshawke and Greenewit.*

*Mi. Open.* Gentlemen what ist you lacke. What ist you buy, see fine bands and ruffles, fine lawnes, fine cambrickes, what ist you lacke Gentlemen, what ist you buy?

*Lax.* Yonders the shop.

*Gosh.* Is that shee.

*Lax.* Peace.

*Green.* Shee that minces Tobacco.

*Lax.* I : shees a Gentlewoman borne I can tell you, tho it be her hard fortune now to shread Indian pot-hearbes.

*Gosh.* Oh fir tis many a good womans fortune, her husband turns bankrout, to begin with pipes and set vp againe.

*Lax.* And indeed the rayfing of the woman is the lifting vp of the mans head at all times, if one florish, tother will bud as fast I warrant ye.

*Gosh.* Come th'art familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

*Lax.* And you grope no better ith dark you may chance lye ith ditch when y'are drunke.

*Gosh.* Go th'art a misticall letcher.

*Lax.* I will not deny but my credit may take vp an ounce of pure smoake.

*Goff.* Make take vp an ell of pure smock ; away go, tis the closest striker. Life I think he commits venery 40 foote deepe, no mans aware on't, I like a palpable smockster go to worke so openly, with the tricks of art, that I'me as aparantly seen as a naked boy in a viall, & were it not for a guift of trechery that I haue in me to betray my friend when he puts most trust in me (masse yonder hee is too—) and by his iniurie to make good my accesse to her, I should appeare as defectiue in courting, as a Farmers sonne the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glasse windowes for a month together, and some broken wayting woman for euer after. I find those imperfections in my venerie, that were't not for flatterie and falshood, I should want discourse and impudence, and hee that wants impudence among women, is worthy to bee kickt out at beds feet.—He shall not see me yet.

*Green.* Troth this is finely shred.

*Lax.* Oh women are the best mincers.

*Miss. Gal.* 'Thad bin a good phraze for a Cookes wife fir.

*Lax.* But 'twill serue generally, like the front of a newe Almanacke ; as thus : Calculated for the meridian of Cookes wiues, but generally for all English-women.

*Miss. Gal.* Nay you shall ha'te fir, I haue fild it for you.

*Shee puts it to the fire.*

*Lax.* The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine alwaies so.

*Green.* But not to be vs'd a that fashion.

*Lax.* O pardon me fir, I vnderstand no french. I pray be couerd. Iacke a pipe of rich smoake.

*Goff.* Rich smoake ; that's 6. pence a pipe ist ?

*Green.* To me sweet Lady.

*Miss Gal.* Be not forgetful ; respect my credit ; seem strange ; Art and Wit makes a foole of suspicion :—pray be warie.

*Lax.* Push, I warrant you :—come, how ist gallants ?

*Green.* Pure and excellent.

*Lax.* I thought 'twas good, you were growne so silent ; you are like those that loue not to talke at victuals, tho they make a worse noyse i' the nose then a common fiddlers prentice, and discourse a whole Supper with snuffling ;—I must speake a word with you anone.

*Miss Gal.* Make your way wisely then.

*Gosh.* Oh what else sir, hee's perfection it selfe, full of manners, But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

*Green.* I and full of forme, h'as ne're a good stoole in's chamber.

*Gosh.* But aboue all religious : hee prayeth daily vpon elder brothers.

*Green.* And valiant aboue measure ; h'as runne three streets from a Sericant.

*Lax.* Puh, Puh. *he blowes tobacco in their faces.*

*Green.* *Gosh.* Oh, puh, ho, ho.

*Lax.* So, so.

*Miss Gal.* What's the matter now sir ?

*Lax.* I protest I'me in extreame want of money if you can supply mee now with any meanes, you doe mee the greatest pleasure, next to the bountie of your loue, as euer poore gentleman tasted.

*Miss Gal.* What's the summe would pleasure ye sir ? Tho you deserue nothing lesse at my hands.

*Lax.* Why 'tis but for want of opportunitie thou know'st ; I put her off with opportunitie still : by this light I hate her, but for meanes to keepe me in fashion with gallants ; for what I take from her, I spend vpon other wenches, beare her in hand still ; shee has wit enough to rob her husband, and I waies enough to

consume the money : why how now ? what the chin-cough ?

*Goff.* Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a mans face and strangle him ere hee be aware, I could find in my heart to make a quarrell in earnest.

*Lax.* Poxe and thou do'st, thou know'st I neuer use to fight with my friends, thou'lt but loose thy labour in't.

Iacke Dapper !

*Enter I. Dapper, and his man Gull.*

*Greene.* Mounsier Dapper, I diue downe to your anckles.

*I. Dap.* Saue ye gentlemen all three in a peculiar salute.

*Goff.* He were ill to make a lawyer, hee dispatches three at once.

*Lax.* So wel said : but is this of the same Tobacco mistresse *Gallipot* ?

*M. Gal.* The same you had at first fir.

*Lax.* I wish it no better : this will serue to drinke at my chamber.

*Goff.* Shall we taste a pipe on't ?

*Lax.* Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I haue sworne before you.

*Goff.* What not *Iacke dapper*.

*Lax.* Pardon me sweet *Iacke*, I'me sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oathes must stand : where art going *Iacke*.

*Iac. Dap.* Faith to buy one fether.

*Lax.* One fether, the foole's peculiar still.

*Iac. Dap.* Gul.

*Gul.* Maister.

*Iac. Dap.* Heer's three halpence for your ordinary, boy, meete me an howre hence in Powles.

*Gul.* How three fingle halpence ; life, this will scarce serue a man in sauce, a halporth of mustard, a



halporth of oyle, and a halporth of viniger, whats left then for the pickle herring: this shoves like small beere ith morning after a great surfet of wine ore night, hee could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girles and braue bawdy-house boyes, I thought his pockets cackeld not for nothing, these are the eggs of there pound, Ile go sup 'em vp presently.

*Exit Gul.*

*Lax.* Eight, nine, ten Angels, good wench ifaith, and one that loves darkeness well, she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugsters wife in England: but that which mads her I raile vpon opportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a roome with a candle in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner entred but the candle was sent of an arrant: now I am intending to vnderstand her, but like a puny at the Innes of venery, cal'd for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cosens her husband to keepe me, and Ile keepe her honest, as long as I can, to make the poore man some part of amends, an honest minde of a whooremaister, how thinke you amongst you, what a fresh pipe, draw in a third man.

*Goff.* No your a horder, you ingrofe bith ounces.

*At the Fether shop now.*

*Iac. Dap.* Puh I like it not.

*M. Tiltyard.* What fether ist you'd haue fir. These are most worne and most in fashion, Amongst the Beuer gallants the stone Riders. The priuate stages audience, the twelu peny stool Gentlemen,

I can enforme you tis the generall fether.

*Iac. Dap.* And therefore I mislike it, tell me of generall.

Now a continuall *Simon and Iudes* raine Beate all your fethers as flat downe as pancakes.

*The Roaring Girle.*

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Shew me — — a ——— spangled fether.

*Mist. Tilt.* Oh to go a feasting with,  
You'd haue for a hinchboy, you shall.

*At the Sempsters shop now.*

*Majst. Open.* Masse I had quite forgot,  
His Honours footeman was here last night wife,  
Ha you done with my Lords shirt.

*Mist. Open.* Whats that to you fir,  
I was this morning at his Honours lodging,  
Ere such a snaile as you crept out of your shell.

*Majst. Open.* Oh 'twas well done good wife.

*Mi. Op.* I hold it better fir, then if you had don't  
your selfe.

*Ma. Op.* Nay so say I: but is the Countesses  
smocke almost donne mouse.

*Mi. Op.* Here lyes the cambricke fir, but wants I  
feare mee.

*Mi. Op.* Ile resolue you of that presently.

*Mi. Op.* Haida, oh audacious groome,  
Dare you perfume to noble womens linnen,  
Keepe you your yard to meafure sheepeheardes  
holland,

I must confine you I see that.

*At the Tobacco shop now.*

*Gofh.* What say you to this geere.

*Lax.* I dare the arrants criticke in Tobacco  
To lay one falt vpon't.

*Enter Mol in a freese Ierkin and a blacke fauegard.*

*Gofh.* Life yonders *Mol.*

*Lax.* Mol which *Mol.*

*Gofh.* honest *Mol.*

*Lax.* Prithee lets call her——*Mol.*

*All.* *Mol, Mol, pist Mol.*

*Mol.* How now, whats the matter.

*Gosh.* A pipe of good tobacco *Mol.*

*Mol.* I cannot stay.

*Gosh.* Nay *Mol* puh, prethee harke, but one word ifaith.

*Mol.* Well what ift.

*Green.* Prithee come hither firra.

*Lax.* Hart I would giue but too much money to be nibling with that wench, life, sh' as the Spirit of foure great parishes, and a voyce that will drowne all the City, methinkes a braue Captaine might get all his souldiers vpon her, and nere bee beholding to a company of mile-end milke fops, if hee could come on, and come off quicke enough: Such a *Moll* were a maribone before an *Italian*, hee would cry *bona roba* till his ribs were nothing but bone. Ile lay hard siege to her, mony is that *Aqua fortis*, that eates into many a maidenhead, where the wals are flesh and bloud. Ile euer pierce through with a golden auguer.

*Gosh.* Now thy iudgement *Moll*, ift not good?

*Mol.* Yes faith tis very good tobacco, how do you sell an ounce, farewell. God b'y you Mistrisse *Gallipot*.

*Gosh.* Why, *Mol*, *Mol*.

*Mol.* I cannot stay now ifaith, I am going to buy a shag ruffe, the shop will be shut in presently.

*Gosh.* Tis the maddest fantasticalst girle:— I neuer knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.

*Lax.* Shee slips from one company to another, like a fat Eele between a Dutchmans fingers:—Ile watch my time for her.

*Mist. Gal.* Some will not sticke to say shees a man

And some both man and woman.

*Lax.* That were excellent, she might first cuckold the husband and then make him do as much for the wife.

*The Fether shop againe.*

*Moll.* Saue you ; how does Mistresse Tiltyard ?

*I. Dap.* Mol.

*Mol.* Iacke Dapper.

*I. Dap.* How dost *Mol.*

*Mol.* Ile tel the by and by, I go but toth' next shop.

*I. Dap.* Thou shalt find me here this howre about a fether.

*Mol.* Nay and a fether hold you in play a whole houre, a goofe will last you all the daies of your life. Let me see a good shag ruffe.

*The Sempster shop.*

*Maißt. Open.* Mistresse *Mary* that shalt thou ifaith, and the best in the shop.

*Mişt. Open.* How now, greetings, loue tearmes with a pox betweene you, haue I found out one of your haunts, I send you for hollands, and you're ith the low countries with a mischiefe, I'me seru'd with good ware byth shift, that makes it lye dead so long vpon my hands, I were as good shut vp shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

*Maißt. Open.* Nay and you fall a ringing once the diuell cannot stop you, Ile out of the Belfry as fast as I can—*Moll.*

*Mişt. Open.* Get you from my shop.

*Mol.* I come to buy.

*Mişt. Open.* Ile sell ye nothing, I warne yee my house and shop.

*Mol.* You goody *Openworke*, you that prick out a poore liuing

And sowes many a bawdy skin-coate together,  
Thou priuate pandresse betweene shirt and smock,  
I wish thee for a minute but a man :

Thou shouldst neuer vie more shapes, but as th'art  
I pittie my reuenge, now my spleenes vp,

*Enter a fellow with a long rapier by his side.*

I would not mocke it willingly—ha be thankfull.  
Now I forgiue thee.

*Mist. Open.* Mary hang thee, I never askt forgiue-  
nesse in my life.

*Mol.* You Goodman Swinesface.

*Fellow.* What wil you murder me.

*Mol.* You remember slaue, how you abusd me  
t'other night in a Tauerne.

*Fel.* Not I by this light.

*Mol.* No, but by candlelight you did, you haue  
trickes to faue your oathes, referuations haue you, and  
I haue referued somewhat for you,—as you like that  
call for more, you know the signe againe.

*Fel.* Pox ant, had I brought any company along  
with mee to haue borne witnesse on't, 'twould ne're  
haue grieu'd me, but to be stricke and nobody by, tis  
my ill fortune still, why tread vpon a worne they say  
twill turne taile, but indeed a Gentleman should haue  
more manners.

*Exit fellow.*

*Lax.* Gallantly performed ifath *Mol*, and manfully,  
I loue thee for euer fort, base rogue, had he offerd but  
the least counter-buffe, by this hand I was prepared for  
him.

*Mol.* You prepared for him, why should you be  
prepared for him, was he any more then a man.

*Lax.* No nor so much by a yard and a handfull  
London measure.

*Moll.* Why do you speake this then, doe you  
thinke I cannot ride a stone horse, vnlesse one lead  
him bith snaffle.

*Lax.* Yes and fit him brauely, I know thou canst  
*Mol*, twas but an honest mistake through loue, and Ile  
make amends fort any way, prethee sweete plump  
*Mol*, when shall thou and I go out a towne together.

*Mol.* Whether to Tyburne prethee.

*Lax.* Masse thats out a towne indeed, thou

hangst so many iests vpon thy friends stil. I meane honestly to *Brainford*, *Staines*, or *Ware*.

*Mol.* What to do there.

*Lax.* Nothing but bee merry and lye together, I'll hire a coach with foure horses.

*Mol.* I thought 'twould bee a beastly iourney, you may leaue out one wel, three horses will serue, if I play the iade my selfe.

*Lax.* Nay push th'art such another kicking wench, prethee be kind and lets meete.

*Mol.* Tis hard but we shall meete fir.

*Lax.* Nay but appoint the place then, there's ten Angels in faire gold *Mol*, you see I do not trifle with you, do but say thou wilt meete me, and Ile haue a coach ready for thee.

*Mol.* Why here's my hand Ile meete you fir.

*Lax.* Oh good gold,—the place sweete *Mol*.

*Mol.* It shal be your appointment.

*Lax.* Somewhat neere Holborne *Mol*.

*Mol.* In Graies-Inne fields then.

*Lax.* A match.

*Mol.* Ile meete you there.

*Lax.* The houre.

*Mol.* Three.

*Lax.* That will be time enough to sup at *Braine-ford*.

*Fall from them to the other.*

*Ma. Op.* I am of such a nature fir, I cannot endure the house when shee scolds; sh' has a tongue will be hard further in a still morning then Saint Antlings-bell, she railes vpon me for forraine wenching, that I being a freeman must needs keep a whore ith subburbs, and seeke to impouerish the liberties, when we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

*Go'h.* No trouble at all, tis a pleasure to mee to ioyne things together.

*The Roaring Girl.*

*Maist. Open.* Go thy waies, I doe this but to try  
thy honesty *Goshawke.*

*The Fether shop.*

*Iac. Dap.* How lik'st thou this *Mol.*

*Mol.* Oh singularly, your fitted now for a bunch,  
he lookes for all the world with those spangled fethers  
like a noblemans bedpost: The purity of your wench  
would I faine try, shee seemes like Kent vnconquered,  
and I beleeeue as many wiles are in her——oh the  
gallants of these times are shallow letchers, they put  
not their courtship home enough to a wench, tis im-  
possible to know what woman is throughly honest,  
because shee's nere thoroughly try'd, I am of that cer-  
taine beleefe there are more queanes in this towne of  
their owne making, then of any mans prouoking,  
where lyes the slacknesse then? many a poore soule  
would downe, and ther's nobody will push em:  
Women are courted but nere foundly tri'd,  
As many walke in spurs that neuer ride.

*The Semplers shop.*

*Mist. Open.* Oh abominable.

*Gosh.* Nay more I tell you in priuate, he keeps a  
whore ith subburbs.

*Mist. Open.* O spittle dealing, I came to him a  
Gentlewoman borne. Ile shew you mine armes when  
you please sir.

*Gosh.* I had rather see your legs, and begin that  
way.

*Mist. Openworke.* Tis well knowne he tooke me  
from a Ladies seruice, where I was well beloued of  
the steward. I had my Lattine tongue, and a spice of  
the French before I came to him, and now doth he  
keepe a subberbian whoore vnder my nostrils.

*Goff.* There's waies enough to cry quite with him,  
harke in thine eare.

*Mist. Open.* Theres a friend worth a Million.

*Mol.* I'll try one speare against your chastity

*Mist. Tiltyard*

Though it proue too short by the burgh.

*Trap.* Masse here she is. *Enter Ralph Trapdore.*  
I'me bound already to serue her, tho it be but a  
fluttish trick. Blessè my hopefull yong Mistresse with  
long life and great limbs, send her the vpper hand of  
al balifes, and their hungry adherents.

*Mol.* How now, what art thou?

*Trap.* A poore ebbing Gentleman, that would  
gladly wait for the yong floud of your seruice.

*Mol.* My seruice ! what should moue you to offer  
your seruice to me sir ?

*Trap.* The loue I beare to your heroicke spirit and  
masculine womanhood.

*Mol.* So sir, put case we should retaine you to vs,  
what parts are there in you for a Gentlewomans  
seruice.

*Trap.* Of two kinds right Worshipfull : moueable,  
and immoueable : moueable to runne of arrants, and  
immoueable to stand when you haue occasion to  
vse me.

*Mol.* What strength haue you.

*Trap.* Strength Mistresse *Mol.* I haue gon vp into  
a steeple, and staid the great bell as 'thas beene  
ringing ; stopt a windmill going.

*Mol trips vp his heels he fals.* ✓

*Mol.* And neuer strucke downe your selfe.

*Trap.* Stood as vpright as I do at this present.

*Mol.* Come I pardon you for this, it shall bee no  
disgrace to you : I haue strucke vp the heeles of the  
high Germaines sizenow, — what not stand.

*Trap.* I am of that nature where I loue, I'll bee  
at my mistresse foot to do her seruice.

*Mol.* Why well said, but say your Mistresse should



receiue iniury, haue you the spirit of fighting in you, durst you second her.

*Trap.* Life I haue kept a bridge my felfe, and droue feuen at a time before me.

*Mol.* I.

*Trap.* But they were all Lincolneshire bullockes by my troth. aside.

*Mol.* Well, meete me in Graies-Inne fields, between three and foure this afternoone, and vpon better confideration weele retaine you.

*Trap.* I humbly thanke your good Mistrifhip, Ile crack your necke for this kindnesse.

*Exit Trapdore.*

*Mol meets Laxton.*

*Lax.* Remember three.

*Moll.* Nay if I faile you hange me.

*Lax.* Good wench Ifaith.

*then Openworke.*

*Moll.* Whole this.

*Maist. Open.* Tis I *Moll.*

*Moll.* Prithee tend thy shop and preuent baf-tards.

*Maist. Open.* Wele haue a pint of the fame wine ifaith *Mol.*

*The bel rings.*

*Goff.* Harke the bell rings, come Gentlemen.

*Jacke Dapper,* where fhals all munch.

*Iac. Dap.* I am for Parkers ordinary.

*Lax.* Hee's a good gueft to'm, hee deferues his boord,

He drawes all the Gentlemen in a terme time thither,

Weele be your followers *Jacke,* lead the way,

Looke you by my faith the foole has fetherd his nest well.

*Exeunt Gallants.*

*Enter Maister Gallipot, Maister Tiltyard, and seruants with water Spaniels and a ducke.*

*Maist. Tilt.* Come shut vp your shops, where's *Maister Openworke.*

*Mist. Gal.* Nay aske not me *Maister Tiltyard.*

*Maist. Tilt.* Wher's his water dog, puh—pist—hur—hur—pist.

*Maist. Gal.* Come wenches come, we're going all to Hogfden.

*Mist. Gal.* To Hogfden husband.

*Maist. Gal.* I to Hogfden pigsny.

*Mist. Gal.* I'me not ready husband.

*spits in the dogs mouth.*

*Maist. Gal.* Faith thats well—hum—pist—pist

Come Mistresse *Openworke* you are so long.

*Mist. Open.* I haue no ioy of my life *Maister Gallipot.*

*Maist. Gal.* Push, let your boy lead his water Spaniel along, and wee le show you the brauest sport at parlous pond, he trug, he trug, he trug, heres the best ducke in England, except my wife, he, he, he, fetch, fetch, fetch,

Come lets away

Of all the yeare this is the sportfulst day.

*Enter Sebastian solus.*

*Seb.* If a man haue a free will, where should the vse

More perfect shine then in his will to loue.

*Enter Sir Alexander and listens to him.*

All creatures haue their liberty in that,  
Tho else kept vnder seruile yoke and feare,  
The very bondslaue has his freedome there,  
Amongst a world of creatures voyc'd and silent.  
Must my desires weare fetters — yea are you

So neere, then I must breake with my hearts truth ;  
 Meete grieve at a backe way — well : why suppose  
 The two leaud tongues of slander or of truth  
 Pronounce *Mol* loathsome : if before my loue  
 Shee appeare faire, what iniury haue I,  
 I haue the thing I like † in all things else  
 Mine owne eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper,  
 Life what should aile it now ? I know that man  
 Nere truely loues, if he gainesayt he lyes,  
 That winks and marries with his fathers eyes.  
 Ile keepe myne owne wide open.

*Enter Mol and a porter with a viall on his backe.*

*Alex.* Here's braue wilfulness,  
 A made match, here she comes, they met a purpose.

*Por.* Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber  
 Mistresse *Mary*.

*Mol.* Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, some of these  
 porters beare so much for others, they haue no time to  
 carry wit for themselves.

*Por.* To your owne chamber Mistresse *Mary*.

*Moll.* Who'le heare an Asle speake : whither else  
 goodman pagent-bearer : the're people of the worst  
 memories.

*Exit Porter.*

*Seb.* Why 'twere too great a burthen loue, to haue  
 them carry things in their minds, and a' ther backs  
 together.

*Mol.* Pardon me sir, I thought not you so neere.

*Alex.* So, so, so.

*Seb.* I would be neerer to thee, and in that  
 fashion,  
 That makes the best part of all creatures honest.  
 No otherwife I wish it.

*Mol.* Sir I am so poore to requite you, you must  
 looke for nothing but thanks of me, I haue no  
 humor to marry, I loue to lye aboth sides ath bed  
 my selfe ; and againe ath' other side, a wife you know  
 ought to be obedient, but I feare me I am too head-

strong to obey, therefore Ile nere go about it, I loue you so well sir for your good will I'de be loath you should repent your bargaine after, and therefore weele nere come together at first, I haue the head now of my selfe, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden looses one head, and has a worfe ith place.

*Alex.* The most comfortablest answer from a Roaring Girle, that euer mine eares drunke in.

*Seb.* This were enough now to affright a foole for euer from thee, when tis the musicke that I loue thee for.

*Alex.* There's a boy spoyles all againe.

*Mol.* Beleeue it sir I am not of that disdainfull temper, but I could loue you faithfully.

*Alex.* A pox on you for that word. I like you not now, Yare a cunning roarer I see that already.

*Mol.* But sleepe vpon this once more sir, you may chance shift a minde to morrow, be not too hasty to wrong your selfe, neuer while you liue sir take a wife running, many haue run out at heeles that haue don't: you see sir I speake against my selfe, and if euery woman would deale with their suter so honestly, poore yonger brothers would not bee so often gul'd with old cofoning widdowes, that turne ore all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poore Gentleman worke hard for a pension, fare you well sir.

*Seb.* Nay prethee one word more.

*Alex.* How do I wrong this girle, she puts him of still.

*Moll.* Thinke vpon this in cold blood sir, you make as much hast as if you were a going vpon a sturghon voyage, take deliberation sir, neuer chuse a wife as if you were going to *Virginia*.

*Seb.* And so we parted, my too curfed fate.

*Alex.* She is but cunning, giues him longer time in't.

*Enter a Tailor.*

*Taylor.* Mistress *Mol*, Mistress *Mol*: so ho ho so ho.

*Mol.* There boy, there boy, what dost thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger.

*Taylor.* I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

*Alex.* Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a monster with two trinkets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must weare long coates like a foole.

*Mol.* What fidlings heere, would not the old patterne haue seru'd your turne.

*Taylor.* You change the fashion, you say you'll haue the great Dutch flop Mistress *Mary*.

*Mol.* Why sir I say so still.

*Taylor.* Your breeches then will take vp a yard more.

*Mol.* Well pray looke it be put in then.

*Taylor.* It shall stand round and full I warrant you.

*Mol.* Pray make em easy enough.

*Taylor.* I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat stiffe betweene the legges, Ile make these open enough I warrant you.

*Alex.* Heer's good geere towards, I haue brought vp my sonne to marry a Dutch flop, and a French dublet, a codpice daughter.

*Taylor.* So, I haue gone as farre as I can go.

*Mol.* Why then farewell.

*Taylor.* If you go presently to your chamber Mistress *Mary*, pray send me the measure of your thigh, by some honest body.

*Mol.* Well sir, Ile send it by a Porter presently.

*Exit Mol.*

*Taylor.* So you had neede, it is a lusty one, both of them would make any porters backe ake in England.

*Exit Taylor.*

*Seb.* I haue examined the best part of man,  
Reason and iudgement, and in loue they tell me,  
They leaue me vncontrould, he that is fwayd  
By an vnfeeling bloud, past heat of loue  
His spring time must needes erre, his watch nere goes  
right

That sets his dyall by a rusty clocke.

*Alex.* So, and which is that rusty clocke sir you.

*Seb.* The clocke at Ludgate sir, it nere goes true.

*Alex.* But thou goest falsly: not thy fathers cares  
Can keepe thee right, when that insensible worke,  
Obayes the workemans art, lets off the houre  
And stops againe when time is satisfied,  
But thou runst on, and iudgement, thy maine wheele,  
Beats by all stoppes, as if the worke would breake  
Begunne with long paines for a minutes ruine,  
Much like a suffering man brought vp with care.  
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer.

*Seb.* I tast you bitterer then I can deferue sir.

*Alex.* Who has bewitch thee sonne, what diuell or  
drug,

Hath wrought vpon the weaknesse of thy bloud,  
And betrayd all her hopes to ruinous folly?  
Oh wake from drowfy and enchanted shame,  
Wherein thy soule sits with a golden dreame  
Flatred and poysoned, I am old my sonne,  
Oh let me preuaile quickly, for I haue waightier busi-  
nesse of mine owne

Then to chide thee: I must not to my graue,  
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lyes  
Onely to sleepe, and neuer cares to rise,  
Let me dispatch in time, come no more neere her.

*Seb.* Not honestly, not in the way of marriage.

*Alex.* What sayst thou marriage, in what place,  
the Sessions house, and who shall giue the bride, pre-  
the, an inditement.

*Seb.* Sir now yee take part with the world to wrong  
her.

*Alex.* Why, wouldst thou faine marry to be pointed at,

Alas the numbers great, do not o're burden't,  
 Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,  
 Which all the country fixe their eyes vpon  
 As her thy folly doates on. If thou longst  
 To haue the story of thy infamous fortunes,  
 Serue for discourse in ordinaries and tauernes  
 Th'art in the way : or to confound thy name,  
 Keepe on, thou canst not misse it : or to strike  
 Thy wretched father to vntimely coldnesse,  
 Keepe the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.  
 Yet if no teares wrung from thy fathers eyes,  
 Nor fighes that flye in sparkles, from his sorrowes,  
 Had power to alter what is wilfull in thee,  
 Me thinks her very name should fright thee from her,  
 And neuer trouble me.

*Seb.* Why is the name of *Mol* so fatall fir.

*Alex.* Many one fir, where suspect is entred,  
 For seeke all *London* from one end to t'other,  
 More whoores of that name, then of any ten other.

*Seb.* Whats that to her ? let those blush for themselves.

Can any guilt in others condemne her ?  
 I've vowd to loue her : let all stormes oppose me,  
 That euer beate against the brest of man,  
 Nothing but deaths blacke tempest shall diuide vs.

*Alex.* Oh folly that can dote on nought but shame.

*Seb.* Put case a wanton itch runs through one name

More then another, is that name the worfe,  
 Where honesty sits posselt in't ? it should rather  
 Appeare more excellent, and deserue more praise.  
 When through soule mists a brightnesse it can raise.  
 Why there are of the diuels, honest Gentlemen,  
 And well descended, keepe an open house,  
 And some ath (good mans) that are arrant knaues.

He hates vnworthily, that by rote contemnes,  
For the name neither faues, nor yet condemnes,  
And for her honesty, I haue made such prooffe an't,  
In feuerall formes, so neerely watcht her waies,  
I will maintaine that strict, against an army,  
Excepting you my father : here's her worst,  
Sh'has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,  
But nothing else comes neere it : and oftentimes  
Through her apparell somewhat shames her birth,  
But she is loofe in nothing but in mirth,  
Would all *Mols* were no worfe.

*Alex.* This way I toyle in vaine and giue but ayme  
To infamy and ruine : he will fall,  
My blessing cannot stay him : all my ioyes  
Stand at the brinke of a deuouring fload  
And will be wilfully swallowed : wilfully,  
But why so vaine, let all these teares be lost,  
He pursue her to shame, and so al's crost.

*Exit Sir Alexander.*

*Seb.* Hee is gon with some strange purpose, whose  
effect

Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,  
To thinke I loue so blindly : I but feed  
His heart to this match, to draw on th'other.  
Wherein my ioy fits with a full with crownd,  
Onely his moode excepted which must change.  
By opposite pollicies, courtes indirect,  
Plaine dealing in this world takes no effect.  
This madde girle I'll acquaint with my intent,  
Get her assistance, make my fortunes knowne,  
Twixt louers hearts, shee's a fit instrument,  
And has the art to help them to their owne,  
By her aduise, for in that craft shee's wise,  
My loue and I may meete, spite of all spies.

*Exit Sebastian.*

*Enter Laxton in Graies-Inne fields with the  
Coachman.*

*Lax.* Coachman.



*Coach.* Heere fir.

*Lax.* There's a tetter more, prethee driue thy coach to the hither end of Marybone parke, a fit place for *Mol* to get in.

*Coach.* Marybone parke fir.

*Lax.* I, its in our way thou knowst.

*Coach.* It shall be done fir.

*Lax.* Coachman.

*Coach.* A non fir.

*Lax.* Are we fitted with good phrampell iades.

*Coach.* The best in Smithfield I warrant you fir.

*Lax.* May we safely take the vpper hand of any coacht veluet cappe or tuftaffety iacket, for they keepe a vilde swaggering in coaches now a daies, the hye waies are flopt with them.

*Coach.* My life for yours and baffle em to fir,—why they are the same iades beleue it fir, that haue drawne all your famous whores to *Ware*.

*Lax.* Nay then they know their businesse, they neede no more instructions.

*Coach.* The're so vfd to such iourneis fir, I neuer vse whip to em; for if they catch but the sent of a wench once, they runne like diuels.

*Exit Coachman with his whip.*

*Lax.* Fine *Cerberus*, that rogue will haue the start of a thousand ones, for whilst others trot a foot, heele ride prauncing to hell vpon a coach-horse.

Stay, tis now about the houre of her appointment, but yet I see her not, harke whats this, one, two,

*The clocke striks three.*

three by the clock at Sauoy, this is the houre, and Graies-Inne fields the place, shee swore she'd meete mee: ha yonders two Innes a Court-men with one wench, but thats not thee, they walke toward Illington out of my way, I see none yet drest like her, I must looke for a shag ruffe, a freeze ierken, a short sword, and a safeguard, or I get none: why *Mol*

prethee make haft, or the Coachman will curffe vs anon.

*Enter Mol like a man.*

*Mol.* Oh heeres my Gentleman : if they would keepe their daies as well with their Mercers as their houres with their harlots, no bankrout would giue feuen fcore pound for a feriants place, for would you know a catchpoole rightly deriued, the corruption of a Cittizen, is the generation of a seriant, how his eye hawkes for venery. Come are you ready fir.

*Lax.* Ready, for what fir.

*Mol.* Do you aske that now fir, why was this meeting pointed.

*Lax.* I thought you mislooke me fir,  
You seeme to be some yong barrister,  
I haue no suite in law—all my land's fold  
I praise heauen for't : t'has rid me of much trouble.

*Mol.* Then I must wake you fir, where stands the coach.

*Lax.* Whose this, *Mol* : honest *Mol*.

*Mol.* So young, and purblind, your an old wanton  
in your eyes I see that.

*Lax.* Th'art admirably suited for the three pigions  
at *Brainferd*, Ile sweare I knew thee not.

*Mol.* Ile sweare you did not : but you shall know  
me now.

*Lax.* No not here, we shall be spyde efaith, the  
coach is better, come.

*Mol.* Stay.

*Lax.* What wilt thou vntrusse a point *Mol*.

*She puts of her cloake and drawes.*

*Mol.* Yes, heere's the point that I vntrusse, 'thas  
but one tag, 'twill ferue tho to tye vp a rogues  
tongue.

*Lax.* How.

*Mol.\** There's the gold with which you hir'd your  
hackney, here's her pace,  
Shee racks hard, and perhaps your bones will feele  
it,

Ten angels of mine own, I've put to thine, win em, &  
weare em.

*Lax.* Hold *Moll*, Miftresse *Mary*.

*Mol.* Draw or Ile serue an execution on thee  
Shall lay thee vp till doomes day.

*Lax.* Draw vpon a woman, why what dost meane  
*Mol?*

*Mol.* To teach thy base thoughts manners; th'art  
one of those

That thinkes each woman thy fond flexible whore,  
If she but cast a liberall eye vpon thee,  
Turne backe her head, shees thine, or amongst com-  
pany,

By chance drinke first to thee: then shee's quite gon,  
There's no meanes to help her; nay for a need,  
Wilt sweare vnto thy credulous fellow lechers,  
That th'art more in fauour with a Lady at first  
fight

Then her monky all her life time,  
How many of our sex, by such as thou  
Haue their good thoughts paid with a blasted name  
That neuer deferued loosly or did trip  
In path of whooredome, beyond cup and lip.  
But for the staine of conscience and of foule,  
Better had women fall into the hands  
Of an act silent, then a bragging nothing,  
There's no mercy in't—what durst moue you sir,  
To thinke me whoorish? a name which Ide teare  
out

From the hye *Germaines* throat, if it lay ledger  
there

To dispatch priuy slanders against mee.

In thee I defye all men, their worst hates,  
And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,  
With which they intangle the poore spirits of fooles,

*Moll*

Distressed needlewomen and trade-fallne wiuers.  
 Fish that must needs bite, or themselues be bitten,  
 Such hungry things as these may soone be tooke  
 With a worme fastned on a golden hooke.  
 Those are the letchers food, his prey, he watches  
 For quarrelling wedlockes, and poore shifting sisters,  
 Tis the best fish he takes : but why good fisherman,  
 Am I thought meate for you, that neuer yet  
 Had angling rod cast towards me ? cause you'le say  
 I'me giuen to sport, I'me often mery, iest,  
 Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust ?  
 O shame take all her friends then : but how ere  
 Thou and the baser world censure my life,  
 Ile send 'em word by thee, and write so much  
 Vpon thy breast, cause thou shalt bear't in mind,  
 Tell them 'twere base to yeeld, where I haue con-  
 quer'd.

I scorne to prostitute my selfe to a man,  
 I that can prostitute a man to mee,  
 And so I greete thee.

*Lax.* Heare me.

*Mol.* Would the spirits of al my slanders, were  
 clapt in thine.

That I might vexe an army at one time.

*Lax.* I do repent me, hold. *They fight.*

*Mol.* You'l die the better Christian then.

*Lax.* I do confesse I haue wrong'd thee *Mol.*

*Mol.* Confession is but poore amends for wrong,  
 Vnlesse a rope would follow.

*Lax.* I aske thee pardon.

*Mol.* I'me your hir'd whoore sir.

*Lax.* I yeeld both purse and body.

*Mol.* Both are mine, and now at my disposing.

*Lax.* Spare my life.

*Mol.* I scorne to strike thee basely.

*Lax.* Spoke like a noble girle i'faith.

Heart I thinke I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of  
 a fencer. Sh'has wounded me gallantly, call you this  
 a lletcherous viage ? Here's bloud would haue seru'd

me this feuen yeare in broken heads and cut fingers,  
& it now runs all out together, pox athe three pigions,  
I would the coach were here now to carry mee to the  
Chirurgions. *Exit Laxton.*

*Mol.* If I could meete my enemies one by one  
thus,  
I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,  
And make 'em know, thee that has wit, and spirit,  
May scorne to liue beholding to her body for meate,  
Or for apparell like your common dame,  
That makes shame get her cloathes, to couer shame.  
Bafe is that minde, that kneels vnto her body,  
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife,  
My spirit shall be Mistrisse of this house,  
As long as I haue time in't. — — oh

*Enter Trapdore.*

Heere comes ~~my~~ man that would be : 'tis his houre.  
Faith a good well fet fellow, if his spirit  
Be answerable to his vmbles ; he walkes stiffe,  
But whether he will stand to't stify, there's the point ;  
Has a good calfe for't, and ye shall haue many a  
woman

Choofe him shee meanes to make her head, by his  
calfe ;

I do not know their trickes in't, faith he seemes  
A man without ; I'll try what he is within.

*Tray.* Shee told me Graies-Inne fields twixt three  
& foure,

Ile fit her Mistriship with a peece of seruice,  
I'me hir'd to rid the towne of one mad girle.

*Shee iustles him.*

What a pox ailes you fir ?

*Mol.* He beginnes like a Gentleman.

*Trap.* Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-  
sight :

Life he comes back againe. *She comes towards him.*

*Mol.* Was this spoke to me fir.

*Trap.* I cannot tell fir.

*Mol.* Go y'are a coxcombe.

*Trap.* Coxcombe.

*Mol.* Y'are a flaue.

*Trap.* I hope there's law for you fir.

*Mol.* Ye, do you see fir. *Turne his hat.*

*Trap.* Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what house your off.

*Mol.* One of the Temple fir. *Philips him.*

*Trap.* Masse so me thinkes.

*Mol.* And yet sometime I lye about chicke lane.

*Trap.* I like you the worse because you shift your lodging so often, Ile not meddle with you for that tricke fir.

*Mol.* A good shift, but it shall not serue your turne.

*Trap.* You'le giue me leaue to passe about my businesse fir.

*Mol.* Your businesse, Ile make you waite on mee before I ha done, and glad to serue me too.

*Trap.* How fir, serue you, not if there were no more men in England.

*Moll.* But if there no more women in England I hope you'd waite vpon your Mistresse then,

*Trap.* Mistresse.

*Mol.* Oh your a tri'd spirit at a push fir,

*Trap.* What would your Worship haue me do.

*Mol.* You a fighter.

*Trap.* No, I praise heauen, I had better grace & more maners.

*Mol.* As how I pray fir.

*Trap.* Life 'thad bene a beastly part of me to haue drawne my weapons vpon my Mistresse, all the world would a cry'd shame of me for that.

*Mol.* Why but you knew me not.

*Trap.* Do not say so Mistresse, I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had bene in your belly.

*Mol.* Well, we shall try you further, ith meane time wee giue you intertainement.

*Trap.* Thanke your good Mistreship.

*Handwritten:*  
Moll

*Mol.* How many suites haue you.

*Trap.* No more suites then backes Mistresse.

*Mol.* Well if you deferue, I cast of this, next weeke,  
And you may creepe into't.

*Trap.* Thanke your good Worship.

*Mol.* Come follow me to *S. Thomas Apostles*,  
He put a liuery cloake vpon your backe, the first thing  
I do.

*Trap.* I follow my deere Mistresse. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mistresse Gallipot as from supper, her husband  
after her.*

*Maiſt. Gal.* What *Pru*, Nay sweete *Prudence*.

*Mist. Gal.* What a pruing keepe you, I thinke the  
baby would haue a teate it kyes so, pray be not so  
fond of me, leaue your City humours, I'me vext  
at you to see how like a calfe you come bleating  
after me.

*Maiſt. Gal.* Nay hony *Pru* : how does your rising  
vp before all the table shew ? and flinging from my  
friends so vnciuilly, fye *Pru*, fye, come.

*Mist. Gal.* Then vp and ride ifaith.

*Maiſt. Gal.* Vp and ride, nay my pretty *Pru*, thats  
farre from my thought, ducke : why mouse, thy minde  
is nibbling at something, what ist, what lyes vpon thy  
Stomach ?

*Mist. Gal.* Such an asse as you : hoyda, y'are best  
turne midwife, or Physition : y'are a Poticary already,  
but I'me none of your drugs.

*Maiſt. Gal.* Thou art a sweete drug, sweetest *Pru*,  
and the more thou art pounded, the more pretious.

*Mist. Gal.* Muſt you be prying into a womans  
secrets : fay ye ?

*Maiſt. Gal.* Womans secrets.

*Mist. Gal.* What ? I cannot haue a qualme come  
vpon mee but your teeth waters, till your nose hang  
ouer it.

*Maiſt. Gal.* It is my loue deere wife.

*Mist. Gal.* Your loue? your loue is all words; giue mee deeds, I cannot abide a man thats too fond ouer me, so cookish; thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.

*Mist. Gal.* No *Pru*? why I hope I haue handled ——

*Mist. Gal.* Handle a fooles head of your owne,—  
fish—fish.

*Mist. Gal.* Ha, ha, tis such a waspe; it does mee good now to haue her sing me, little rogue.

*Mist. Gal.* Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide these aterne husbands: such cotqueanes, you ouerdoe your things, they become you scurily.

*Mist. Gal.* Vpon my life she breeds, heauen knowes how I haue straind my selfe to please her, night and day: I wonder why wee Cittizens should get children so fretfull and vntoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milch kine: shall I leaue thee my *Pru*.

*Mist. Gal.* Fye, fye, fye.

*Mist. Gal.* Thou shalt not bee vext no more, pretty kind rogue, take no cold sweete *Pru*.

*Exit Mist. Gallipot.*

*Mist. Gal.* As your wit has done: now Maister *Laxton* shew your head, what newes from you? would any husband suspect that a woman crying, Buy any scurui-graffe, should bring loue letters amongst her herbes to his wife, pretty tricke, fine conueyance? had ieaousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scuruy-graffe blinds them all;

*Laxton* with bayes

Crown I thy wit for this, it deserues praise.

This makes me affect thee more, this prooues thee wife,

Lacke what poore shift is loue forc't to deuise?

(Toth' point.)

She reads the letter.

*O Sweete Creature*——(a sweete beginning) *pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with*



*my presence; though Demophon was false to Phillis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cref-fida: tho Eneus made an asse of Dido, I will dye to thee ere I do so; o sweetest creature make much of me, for no man beneath the silver moone shall make more of a woman then I do of thee, furnish me therefore with thirty pounds, you must doe it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee, protesting not to dye in thy debt, but rather to live so, as hitherto I haue and will.*

*Thy true Laxton euer.*

Alas poore Gentleman, troth I pittie him,  
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?  
Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an o,  
I know his threes too well; my childbed linnen?  
Shall I pawne that for him? then if my marke  
Be knowne I am vndone; it may be thought  
My husband's bankrout: which way shall I turne?  
*Laxton*, what with my owne feares, and thy wants,  
I'me like a needle twixt two adamants.

*Enter Maister Gallipot hastily.*

*Maist. Gal.* Nay, nay, wife, the women are all vp,  
ha, how, reading a letters? I smel a goose, a couple of  
capons, and a gammon of bacon from her mother out  
of the country, I hold my life,—steale,—steale.

*Mist. Gal.* O befhrow your heart.

*Maist. Gal.* What letter's that? I'le see't.

*She teares the letter.*

*Mist. Gal.* Oh would thou had'st no eyes to see  
the downefall of me and thy selfe: I'me for euer, for  
euer I'me vndone.

*Maist. Gal.* What ailes my *Pru*? what paper's  
that thou tear'st?

*Mist. Gal.* Would I could teare  
My very heart in peeces: for my foule  
Lies on the racke of shame, that tortures me

*Patience & Henry*

*The Roaring Girle.*

179

Beyond a womans suffering.

*Maiſt. Gal.* What meanes this?

*Miſt.* Had you no other vengeance to throw  
downe,

But euen in heighth of all my ioyes?

*Maiſt. Gal.* Deere woman.

*Miſt. Gal.* When the full ſea of pleaſure and con-  
tent

Seem'd to flow ouer me.

*Maiſt. Gal.* As thou deſireſt to keepe mee out of  
bedlam, tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at  
nurſe ſalne ſicke, or dead?

*Miſt. Gal.* Oh no.

*Maiſt. Gal.* Heauens bleſſe me, are my barnes  
and houſes

Yonder at Hockly hole conſum'd with fire,

I can build more, ſweete *Pru.*

*Miſt. Gal.* Tis worſe, tis worſe.

*Maiſt. Gal.* My factor broke, or is the *Jonas*  
funcke.

*Miſt. Gal.* Would all we had were ſwallowed in  
the waues,

Rather then both ſhould be the ſcorne of ſlaues.

*Maiſt. Gal.* I'me at my wits end.

*Miſt. Gal.* Oh my deere husband,

Where once I thought my ſelfe a fixed ſtarre,

Plac't onely in the heauen of thine armes,

I feare now I ſhall proue a wanderer,

Oh *Laxton, Laxton*, is it then my fate

To be by thee orethrowne?

*Maiſt. Gal.* Defend me wiſedome,

From falling into frenzie, on my knees.

Sweete *Pru*, ſpeake, whats that *Laxton* who ſo heauy  
lyes on thy boſome.

*Miſt. Gal.* I ſhall fure run mad.

*Maiſt. Gal.* I ſhall run mad for company then:  
ſpeak to me,

I'me *Gallipot* thy husband, . . *Pru*,—why *Pru*.

Art ſicke in conſcience for ſome villanous deed

Thou wert about to act, didst meane to rob me,  
 Tush I forgiue thee, hast thou on my bed  
 Thrust my soft pillow vnder anothers head ?  
 Ile winke at all faults *Pru*, las thats no more,  
 Then what some neighbours neere thee, haue done  
 before,

Sweete hony *Pru*, whats that *Laxton* ?

*Mist. Gall.* Oh.

*Mist. Gall.* Out with him.

*Mist. Gall.* Oh hee's borne to be my vndoer,  
 This hand which thou calst thine, to him was giuen,  
 To him was I made sure ith sight of heauen.

*Mist. Gall.* I neuer heard this thunder.

*Mist. Gall.* Yes, yes, before

I was to thee contracted, to him I swore,  
 Since last I saw him twelue moneths three times told,  
 The Moone hath drawne through her light siluer  
 bow,

For ore the seas hee went, and it was said,  
 (But Rumor lyes) that he in France was dead.

But hee's aliue, oh hee's aliue, he sent,  
 That letter to me, which in rage I rent,  
 Swearing with oathes most damnably to haue me,  
 Or teare me from this bosome, oh heauens saue me.

*Mist. Gall.* My heart will breake,—sham'd and  
 vndone for euer.

*Mist. Gall.* So blacke a day (poore wretch) went ore  
 thee neuer.

*Mist. Gall.* If thou shouldst wrastle with him at the  
 law,

Th'art sure to fall, no odde slight, no preuention.  
 Ile tell him th'art with child.

*Mist. Gall.* Vmh.

*Mist. Gall.* Or giue out one of my men was tane  
 a bed with thee.

*Mist. Gall.* Vmh, vmh.

*Mist. Gall.* Before I loofe thee my deere *Pru*,  
 Ile driue it to that push.

*Mist. Gall.* Worfe, and worfe still,

*The Roaring Girle.*

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You embrace a mischief, to preuent an ill.

*Maiſt. Gal.* Ile buy thee of him, ſtop his mouth  
with Gold,

Think'ſt thou twill do.

*Maiſt. Gall.* Oh me, heauens grant it would,  
Yet now my fences are ſet more in tune,  
He writ, as I remember in his letter,  
That he in riding vp and downe had ſpent,  
(Ere hee could finde me) thirty pounds, ſend that,  
Stand not on thirty with him.

*Maiſt. Gal.* Forty *Pru.*  
Say thou the word tis done, wee venture liues  
For wealth, but muſt do more to keepe our wiues, ✓  
Thirty or forty *Pru.*

*Miſt. Gal.* Thirty good ſweete  
Of an ill bargaine lets ſaue what we can,  
Ile pay it him with my teares, he was a man  
When firſt I knew him of a meeke ſpirit,  
All goodneſſe is not yet dryd vp I hope.

*Maiſt. Gal.* He ſhall haue thirty pound, let that  
ſtop all :  
Loues ſweets taſt beſt, when we haue drunke downe  
Gall.

*Enter* Maiſter Tiltyard, *and his wife*, Maiſter Gof-  
hawke, *and* Miſtreſſe Openworke.

Gods ſo, our friends ; come, come, ſmoth your  
cheeke ;

After a ſtorme the face of heauen looks ſleeke.

*Maiſt. Tilt.* Did I not tell you theſe turtles were  
together ?

*Miſt. Tilt.* How doſt thou ſirra ? why ſiſter *Galli-  
pot* ?

*Miſt. Open.* Lord how ſhee's chang'd ?

*Gofh.* Is your wife ill ſir ?

*Maiſt. Gal.* Yes indeed la ſir, very ill, very ill,  
neuer worſe.

*Mist. Tilt.* How her head burnes, feele how her pulses work.

*Mist. Open.* Sister lie downe a little, that alwaies does mee good.

*Mist. Tilt.* In good sadnesse I finde best ease in that too,  
Has thee laid some hot thing to her Stomach?

*Mist. Gal.* No, but I will lay something anon.

*Mist. Tilt.* Come, come fooles, you trouble her, shal's goe Maister *Goshawke*?

*Gosh.* Yes sweete Maister *Tiltyard*, sirra *Rosamond* I hold my life *Gallipot* hath vext his wife.

*Mist. Open.* Shee has a horrible high colour indeed.

*Gosh.* Wee shall haue your face painted with the same red soone at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in a false alley; thou wilt not beleue me that his bowles run with a wrong byas.

*Mist. Open.* It cannot sinke into mee, that hee feedes vpon stale mutten abroad, hauing better and fresher at home.

*Gosh.* What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand at racke and manger?

*Mist. Open.* Ile saddle him in's kind, and spurre him till hee kicke againe.

*Gosh.* Shall thou and I ride our iourney then.

*Mist. Open.* Heere's my hand.

*Gosh.* No more; come Maister *Tiltyard*, shall we leape into the stirrops with our women, and amble home?

*Mist. Tilt.* Yes, yes, come wife.

*Mist. Tilt.* Introth sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

*Mist. Gal.* I hope I shall: farewell good sister: sweet Maister *Goshawke*.

*Mist. Gal.* Welcome brother, most kindlie welcome fir.

*Omnes.* Thanks fir for our good cheere,

*Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.*

*Maiſt. Gal.* It ſhall be ſo, becauſe a crafty knaue  
Shall not out reach me, nor walke by my dore  
With my wife arme in arme, as 'twere his whoore,  
I'll giue him a golden coxcombe, thirty pound :  
Tutſh *Pru*, what's thirty pound? ſweete ducke looke  
cheerely.

*Miſt. Gal.* Thou art worthy of my heart thou  
bui'ſt it deereſely.

*Enter Laxton muffled.*

*Lax.* Vds light the tide's againſt me, a pox of  
your Potticariſhp : oh for ſome gliſter to ſet him going ;  
'tis one of *Hercules* labours, to tread one of theſe  
Cittie hennes, becauſe their cockes are ſtil crowing  
ouer them ; there's no turning tale here, I muſt on.

*Miſt. Gal.* Oh, husband ſee he comes.

*Maiſt. Gal.* Let me deale with him.

*Lax.* Bleſſe you ſir.

*Maiſt. Gal.* Be you bleſt too ſir if you come in  
peace.

*Lax.* Hauē you any good pudding Tobacco ſir ?

*Miſt. Gal.* Oh picke no quarrels gentle ſir, my  
husband

Is not a man of weapon, as you are,  
He knowes all, I haue opned all before him, concern-  
ing you.

*Lax.* Zounes has ſhe ſhowne my letters.

*Miſt. Gal.* Suppoſe my caſe were yours, what would  
you do,

At ſuch a pinch, ſuch batteries, ſuch affaultes,  
Of father, mother, kinred, to diſſolue  
The knot you tyed, and to be bound to him ?  
How could you ſhift this ſtorme off ?

*Lax.* If I know hang me.

*Miſt. Gal.* Beſides a ſtory of your death was  
read  
Each minute to me.

*Lax.* What a pox means this ridling ?

*Maiſt. Gal.* Be wiſe fir, let not you and I be toſt  
On Lawiers pens ; they haue ſharpe nibs and draw  
Mens very heart bloud from them ; what need you fir  
To beate the drumme of my wiſes infamy,  
And call your friends together fir to prooue  
Your precontract, when ſh'has confeſt it ?

*Lax.* Vmh fir, . . . has ſhe confeſt it ?

*Maiſt. Gal.* Sh'has 'faith to me fir, vpon your letter  
ſending.

*Miſt. Gal.* I haue, I haue.

*Lax.* If I let this yron coole call me ſlaue,  
Do you heare, you dame *Prudence* ? think'ſt thou vile  
woman

I'lè take theſe blowes and winke ?

*Miſt. Gal.* Vpon my knees.

*Lax.* Out impudence.

*Maiſt. Gal.* Good fir.

*Lax.* You goatiſh ſlaues,  
No wilde foule to cut vp but mine ?

*Maiſt. Gal.* Alas fir,  
You make her fleſh to tremble, fright her not,  
She ſhall do reaſon, and what's fit.

*Lax.* I'lè haue thee, wert thou more common  
Then an hoſpitall, and more diſeaſed.—

*Maiſt. Gal.* But one word good fir.

*Lax.* So fir.

*Maiſt. Gal.* I married her, haue line with her, and  
got

Two children on her body, thinke but on that ;  
Haue you ſo beggarly an appetite  
When I vpon a dainty diſh haue fed  
To dine vpon my ſcraps, my leauings ? ha fir ?  
Do I come neere you now fir ?

*Lax.* Be Lady you touch me.

*Maiſt. Gal.* Would not you ſcorne to weare my  
cloathes fir ?

*Lax.* Right fir.

*Maist. Gal.* Then pray fir weare not her, for shee's  
a garment

So fitting for my body, I'me loath  
Another should put it on, you will vndoe both.  
Your letter (as shee said) complained you had spent  
In quest of her, some thirty pound, I'll pay it :  
Shall that fir stop this gap vp twixt you two ?

*Lax.* Well if I swallow this wrong, let her thanke  
you :

The mony being paid fir, I am gon :  
Farewell, oh women happy's hee trusts none.

*Mist. Gall.* Dispatch him hence sweete husband.

*Maist. Gall.* Yes deere wife : pray fir come in, ere  
Maister *Laxton* part

Thou shalt in wine drinke to him.

*Exit Maister Gallipot and his wife.*

*Mist. Gal.* With all my heart ; . . . how dost thou  
like my wit ?

*Lax.* Rarely, that wile

By which the Serpent did the first woman beguile,  
Did euer since, all womens bosomes fill ;

Y'are apple eaters all, deceiuers still. *Exit Laxton.*

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave : Sir Dauy Dap-  
per, Sir Adam Appleton, at one dore, and Trap-  
dore at another doore.*

*Alex.* Out with your tale Sir *Dauy*, to Sir *Adam*.  
A knaue is in mine eie deepe in my debt.

*Sir Da.* Nay : if hee be a knaue fir, hold him  
fast.

*Alex.* Speake softly, what egge is there hatching  
now.

*Trap.* A Ducks egge fir, a ducke that has eaten a  
frog, I haue crackt the shell, and some villany or other  
will peep out presently : the ducke that sits is the  
bouncing Rampe (that Roaring Girle my Mistresse)  
the drake that must tread is your sonne *Sebastian*.

*Alex.* Be quicke.



*Trap.* As the tongue of an oifler wench.

*Alex.* And see thy newes be true.

*Trap.* As a barbars euery fatterday night . . . mad  
*Mol.*

*Alex.* Ah.

*Trap.* Muft be let in without knocking at your  
backe gate.

*Alex.* So.

*Trap.* Your chamber will be made baudy.

*Alex.* Good.

*Trap.* Shee comes in a shirt of male.

*Alex.* How shirt of male?

*Trap.* Yes fir or a male shirt, that's to fay in mans  
apparell.

*Alex.* To my sonne.

*Trap.* Clofe to your sonne: your sonne and her  
Moone will be in coniunction, if all Alminacks lie not,  
her blacke faeguard is turned into a deepe floppe,  
the holes of her vpper body to button holes, her  
waftcoate to a dublet, her placket to the ancient feate  
of a codpice, and you shall take 'em both with standing  
collers.

*Alex.* Art fure of this?

*Trap.* As euery throng is fure of a pick-pocket, as  
fure as a whoore is of the clyents all *Michaelmas*  
Tearme, and of the pox after the Tearme.

*Alex.* The time of their tilting?

*Trap.* Three.

*Alex.* The day?

*Trap.* This.

*Alex.* Away ply it, watch her.

*Trap.* As the diuell doth for the death of a baud,  
I'll watch her, do you catch her.

*Alex.* Shee's fast: heere weaue thou the nets;  
harke.

*Trap.* They are made.

*Alex.* I told them thou didst owe mee money;  
hold it vp: maintain't.

*Trap.* Stifly; as a Puritan does contention,

Foxe I owe thee not the value of a halfepenny halter.

*Alex.* Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.  
Varlet I'll make thee looke through a grate.

*Trap.* Ile do't presently, through a Tauerne grate,  
drawer: pish. *Exit Trapdore.*

*Adam.* Has the knave vext you fir?

*Alex.* Askt him my mony,  
He sweares my sonne receiu'd it: oh that boy  
Will nere leaue heaping sorrowes on my heart,  
Till he has broke it quite.

*Adam.* Is he still wild?

*Alex.* As is a ruffian Beare.

*Adam.* But he has left  
His old haunt with that baggage.

*Alex.* Worse still and worse,  
He laies on me his shame, I on him my curse.

*S. Daury.* My sonne *Jacke Dapper* then shall run  
with him,  
All in one pasture.

*Adam.* Proues your sonne bad too fir?

*S. Daury.* As villany can make him: your *Sebastian*

Doates but on one drabb, mine on a thousand,  
A noyse of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whoore,  
A Mercer that will let him take vp more,  
Dyce, and a water spaniell with a Ducke: oh,  
Bring him a bed with these, when his purse gingles,  
Roaring boyes follow at's tale, fencers and ningles,  
(Beasts *Adam* nere gaue name to) these horse-leeches  
sucke

My sonne, he being drawne dry, they all liue on  
smoake.

*Alex.* Tobacco?

*S. Daury.* Right, but I haue in my braine  
A windmill going that shall grind to dust  
The follies of my sonne, and make him wise,  
Or a starke foole; pray lend me your aduise.

*Both.* That shall you good fir *Daury*.

*S. Dauy.* Heere's the sprindge  
I ha fet to catch this woodcocke in : an action  
In a false name (vnknowne to him) is entred  
I'th Counter to arrest *Jacke Dapper*.

*Both.* Ha, ha, he.

*S. Dauy.* Thinke you the Counter cannot breake  
him ?

*Adam.* Breake him ?

Yes and breake's heart too if he lie there long.

*S. Dauy.* I'll make him sing a Counter tenor  
fure.

*Adam.* No way to tame him like it, there hee shall  
learne

What mony is indeed, and how to spend it.

*S. Dauy.* Hee's bridled there.

*Alex.* I, yet knowes not how to mend it,  
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a yeare,  
Then one of the Counters does, men pay more deere  
There for there wit then any where ; a Counter  
Why 'tis an vniversity, who not sees ?  
As schollers there, so heere men take degrees,  
And follow the same studies (all alike.)  
Schollers learne first Logicke and Rhetoricke.  
So does a prisoner ; with fine honied speech  
At's first comming in he doth perfwade, beseech,  
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy ;  
To lie in a cleane chamber, in sheets not lowfy,  
But when he has no money, then does he try,  
By subtle Logicke, and quaint fopphistry,  
To make the keepers trust him.

*Adam.* Say they do.

*Alex.* Then hee's a graduate.

*S. Dauy.* Say they trust him not.

*Alex.* Then is he held a freshman and a sot  
And neuer shall commence, but being still bar'd  
Be expulst from the Maisters fide, to th' twopenny  
ward,  
Or else i'th hole, beg plac't.

*Adam.* When then I pray proceeds a prisoner.

*Alex.* When mony being the theame,  
He can dispute with his hard creditors hearts,  
And get out cleere, hee's then a Maister of Arts ;  
Sir *Dauy* fend your sonne to Woodstreet Colledge,  
A Gentleman can no where get more knowledge.

*S. Dauy.* There Gallants study hard.

*Alex.* True : to get mony.

*S. Dauy.* 'lies bith' heeles i'faith, thanks, thanks,  
I ha sent for a couple of beares shall paw him.

*Enter Seriant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.*

*Adam.* Who comes yonder ?

*S. Dauy.* They looke like puttocks, these should  
be they.

*Alex.* I know 'em, they are officers, fir wee'l leave  
you.

*S. Dauy.* My good knights.

Leaue me, you see I'me haunted now with spirits.

*Both.* Fare you well fir. *Exeunt Alex. and Adam*

*Curt.* This old muzzle chops should be he.

By the fellowes discription : Saue you fi .

*S. Dauy.* Come hither you mad varlets, did not  
my man tell you I watcht here for you.

*Curt.* One in a blew coate fir told vs, that in this  
place an old Gentleman would watch for vs, a thing  
contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for euery  
wicked member in a Citty.

*S. Dauy.* You'l watch then for ten thousand,  
what's thy name honesty ?

*Curt.* Seriant *Curtilax* I fir,

*S. Dauy.* An excellent name for a Seriant,

*Curtilax.*

Seriants indeed are weapons of the law,  
When prodigall ruffians farre in debt are growne,  
Should not you cut them ; Cittizens were orethrowne,  
Thou dwel'st hereby in Holborne *Curtilax.*

*Curt.* That's my circuit fir, I coniure most in that  
circle.

*S. Dauy.* And what yong toward welp is this ?

*Hang.* Of the same litter, his yeoman fir, my name's *Hanger*.

*S. Dauy.* Yeoman *Hanger*.

One paire of sheeres sure cut out both your coates,  
You haue two names most dangerous to mens throates,  
You two are villainous loades on Gentlemens backs,  
Deere ware, this *Hanger* and this *Curtilax*.

*Curt.* We are as other men are fir, I cannot see  
but hee who makes a show of honesty and religion, if  
his clawes can fasten to his liking, he drawes bloud ;  
all that liue in the world, are but great fish and little  
fish, and feede vpon one another, some eate vp whole  
men, a Seriant cares but for the shoulder of a man,  
they call vs knaues and cures, but many times hee  
that sets vs on, worries more lambes one yeare, then  
we do in feuen.

*S. Dauy.* Spoke like a noble *Cerberus*, is the  
action entred ?

*Hang.* His name is entred in the booke of vn-  
beleeuers.

*S. Dauy.* What booke's that ?

*Curt.* The booke where all prisoners names stand,  
and not one amongst forty, when he comes in,  
beleeuers to come out in hast.

*S. Da.* Be as dogged to him as your office allows  
you to be.

*Both.* Oh fir.

*S. Dauy.* You know the vnthrift *Iacke Dapper*.

*Curt.* I, I, fir, that Gull ? aswell as I know my  
yeoman.

*S. Dauy.* And you know his father too, *Sir Dauy  
Dapper* ?

*Curt.* As damn'd a vsurer as euer was among  
Iewes ; if hee were sure his fathers skinne would  
yeeld him any money, he would when hee dyes flea it  
off, and sell it to couer drummes for children at Bar-  
tholmew faire.

*S. Dauy.* What toades are these to spit poyson on

*The Roaring Girl.*

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a man to his face ? doe you see (my honest rascals ?) yonder gray-hound is the dog he hunts with, out of that Tauerne *Iacke Dapper* will fally fa, fa : giue the counter, on, fet vpon him.

*Both.* Wee'l charge him vppo' th backe fir.

*S. Dauy.* Take no baile, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, trauerse your ground.

*Both.* Braue fir.

*S. Dauy.* Cry arme, arme, arme.

*Both.* Thus fir.

*S. Dauy.* There boy, there boy, away : looke to your prey my trew English wolues, and so I vanish.

*Exit S. Dauy.*

*Curt.* Some warden of the Seriants begat this old fellow, vpon my life, stand clofe.

*Hang.* Shall the ambuscado lie in one place ?

*Curt.* No nooke thou yonder.

*Enter Mol and Trapdore.*

*Mol.* Ralph.

*Trap.* What sayes my braue Captaine male and female ?

*Mol.* This Holborne is such a wrangling streete.

*Trap.* That's because Lawiers walkes to and fro in't.

*Mol.* Heere's such iustling, as if euery one wee met were drunke and reel'd.

*Trap.* Stand Mistresse do you not smell carrion ?

*Mol.* Carryon ? no, yet I spy rauens.

*Trap.* Some poore winde-shaken gallant will anon fall into fore labour, and these men-midwiues must bring him to bed i'the counter, there all those that are great with child with debts, lie in.

*Mol.* Stand vp.

*Trap.* Like your new maypoll.

*Hang.* Whist, whew.

*Curt.* Hump, no.

*Mol.* Peeping ? it shall go hard huntfimen, but I'll

spoyle your game, they looke for all the world like two infected malt-men comming muffled vp in their cloakes in a frosty morning to London.

*Trap.* A course, Captaine ; a beare comes to the stake.

*Enter Iacke Dapper and Gul.*

*Mol.* It should bee so, for the dogges struggle to bee let loose.

*Hang.* Whew.

*Curt.* Hemp.

*Moll.* Harke *Trapdore*, follow your leader.

*Iacke Dap.* Gul.

*Gul.* Maister.

*Iacke Dap.* Did'st euer see such an asse as I am boy ?

*Gul.* No by my troth sir, to loose all your mony, yet haue false dice of your owne, why 'tis as I saw a great fellow vsed t'other day, he had a faire sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beate him with a cudgell.

*Both.* Honest Serieant fly, fie Maister *Dapper* you'l be arrested else.

*Iacke Dap.* Run *Gul* and draw.

*Gul.* Run Maister, *Gull* followes you.

*Exit Dapper and Gull.*

*Curt.* I know you well enough, you'r but a whore to hang vpon any man.

*Mol.* Whores then are like Serieants, so now hang you, draw rogue, but strike not : for a broken pate they'l keepe their beds, and recouer twenty markes damages.

*Curt.* You shall pay for this rescue, runne downe shoe-lane and meete him.

*Trap.* Shu, is this a rescue Gentlemen or no ?

*Mol.* Rescue ? a pox on 'em, *Trapdore* let's away, I'me glad I haue done perfect one good worke to day,

*Moll  
Hear*

*Good*

*The Roaring Girl.*

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If any Gentleman be in Scriueners bands,  
Send but for *Mol*, she'll baile him by these hands.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue solus.*

*Alex.* Vnhappy in the follies of a sonne,  
Led against iudgement, fence, obedience,  
And all the powers of nobleneffe and wit ;

*Enter Trapdore*

Oh wretched father, now *Trapdore* will she come ?

*Trap.* In mans apparell fir, I am in her heart now,  
And share in all her secrets.

*Alex.* Peace, peace, peace.  
Here take my Germane watch, hang't vp in sight,  
That I may see her hang in English for't.

*Trap.* I warrant you for that now, next Sessions  
rids her fir,  
This watch will bring her in better then a hundred  
constables.

*Alex.* Good *Trapdore* saist thou so, thou cheer'st  
my heart

After a storme of sorrow,—my gold chaine too,  
Here take a hundred markes in yellow linkes.

*Trap.* That will do well to bring the watch to  
light fir.  
And worth a thousand of your Headborowes lan-  
thornes.

*Alex.* Place that a' the Court cubbart, let it lie  
Full in the veiw of her theefe-whoorish eie.

*Trap.* Shee cannot misse it fir, I fee't so plaine  
That I could steal't my selfe.

*Alex.* Perhaps thou shalt too,  
That or something as weighty ; what shee leaues,  
Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,  
And all the weight vpon her backe I'll lay.

*Trap.* You cannot assure that fir.

*Alex.* No, what lets it ?



*Trap.* Being a stout girle, perhaps shee'l desire  
preffing,

Then all the weight must ly vpon her belly.

*Alex.* Belly or backe I care not so I'ue one.

*Trap.* You'r of my minde for that fir.

*Alex.* Hang vp my ruffe band with the diamond  
at it,

It may be shee'l like that best.

*Trap.* It's well for her, that shee must haue her  
choice, hee thinkes nothing too good for her, if you  
hold on this minde a little longer, it shall bee the first  
worke I doe to turne theefe my selfe; would do a  
man good to be hang'd when he is so wel pro-  
vided for.

*Alex.* So, well sayd; all hangs well, would shee  
hung so too,  
The fight would please me more, then all their  
glisters :

Oh that my mysteries to such streights should runne,  
That I must rob my selfe to blesse my sonne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sebastian, with Mary Fitz-Allard like a page,  
and Mol.* ✓

*Seb.* Thou hast done me a kind office, without  
touch  
Either of sinne or shame, our loues are honest.

*Mol.* I'de scorne to make such shift to bring you  
together else.

*Seb.* Now haue I time and opportunity  
Without all feare to bid thee welcome loue. *Kisse.*

*Mary.* Neuer with more desire and harder venture.

*Mol.* How strange this shewes one man to kisse  
another.

*Seb.* I'de kisse such men to chuse *Moll*,  
Me thinkes a womans lip tastes well in a dublet.

*Mol.* Many an old madam has the better fortune  
then,  
Whose breathes grew stale before the fashion came,

If that will help 'em, as you thinke 'twill do,  
They'l learne in time to plucke on the hofe too.

*Seb.* The older they waxe *Moll*, troth I speake  
feriously,

As some haue a conceit their drinke tafts better  
In an outlandish cup then in our owne,  
So me thinkes euery kisse she giues me now  
In this strange forme, is worth a paire of two,  
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eie  
Of all suspicion, this is my fathers chamber,  
Vpon which floore he neuer steps till night.  
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his comming,  
At mine owne chamber he still pries vnto me,  
My freedome is not there at mine owne finding,  
Still checkt and curb'd, here he shall misse his purpose.

*Mol.* And what's your businesse now, you haue your  
mind fir ;

At your great suite I promised you to come,  
I pittied her for names sake, that a *Moll*  
Should be so croft in loue, when there's so many,  
That owes nine layes a peece, and not so little :  
My taylor fitted her, how like you his worke ?

*Seb.* So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpose,  
But to thy wit and helpe we're chiefe in debt,  
And must liue still beholding.

*Mol.* Any honest pittie

I'me willing to bestow vpon poore Ring-doues.

*Seb.* I'll offer no worfe play.

*Mol.* Nay and you should fir,

I should draw first and prooue the quicker man.

*Seb.* Hold, there shall neede no weapon at this  
meeting,

But cause thou shalt not loofe thy fury idle,  
Heere take this viall, runne vpon the guts,  
And end thy quarrell finging.

*Mol.* Like a swan aboue bridge,

For looke you heer's the bridge, and heere am I.

*Seb.* Hold on sweete *Mol.*

*Mary.* I've heard her much commended fir, for

one that was nere taught.

*Mol.* I'me much beholding to 'em, well since you'l needes put vs together fir, Ile play my part as wel as I can : it shall nere be said I came into a Gentlemans chamber, and let his instrument hang by the walls.

*Seb.* Why well said *Mol* i'faith, it had bene a shame for that Gentleman then, that would haue let it hung still, and nere offred thee it.

*Mol.* There it should haue bene stil then for *Mol*, for though the world iudge impudently of mee, I nere came into that chamber yet, where I tooke downe the instrument my felfe.

*Seb.* Pish let 'em prate abroad, th' art heere where thou art knowne and lou'd, there be a thousand close dames that wil cal the viall an vnmanerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talke broadly of thee, when you shall haue them fit wider to a worfe quality.

*Mol.* Push, I euer fall a sleepe and thinke not of 'em fir, and thus I dreame.

*Seb.* Prithee let's heare thy dreame *Mol*.

*Mol.* *I dreame there is a Mistresse,  
And she layes out the money,      The song.  
Shee goes vnto her Sisters,  
Shee neuer comes at any.*

Enter Sir *Alexander* behind them

*Shee sayes shee went to'th Burse for patternes,  
You shall finde her at Saint Katherns,  
And comes home with neuer a penny.*

*Seb.* That's a free Mistresse 'faith.

*Alex.* I, I, I, like her that sings it, one of thine own choosing.

*Mol.* But shall I dreame againe ?

*Here comes a wench will braue ye,  
Her courage was so great,  
Shee lay with one o' the Navy,  
Her husband lying i' the Fleet.*

*The Roaring Girl.*

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*Yet oft with him she cauel'd,  
I wonder what shee ailes,  
Her husbands ship lay grauel'd,  
When her's could hoyse vp sailes.  
Yet shee beganne like all my foes,  
To call whoore first: for so do those,  
A pox of all false tayles.*

*Seb.* Marry amen say I.

*Alex.* So say I too.

*Mol.* Hang vp the viall now fir: all this while I was in a dreame, one shall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keepe my legges together; a watch, what's a clocke here.

*Alex.* Now, now, shee's trapt.

*Moll.* Betweene one and two; nay then I care not: a watch and a musitian are cosfen Germanes in one thing, they must both keepe time well, or there's no goodnesse in 'em, the one else deferues to be dasht against a wall, and tother to haue his braines knockt out with a fiddle case, what! a loose chaine and a dangling Diamond.

Here were a braue booty for an euening-theefe now, There's many a younger brother would be glad To looke twice in at a window for't, And wriggle in and oute like an eele in a sandbag, Oh if mens secret youthfull faults should iudge 'em, 'Twould be the general'st execution, That ere was seene in England; there would bee but few left to sing the ballets, there would be so much worke: most of our brokers would be chofen for hang-men, a good day for them: they might renew their wardrops of free cost then.

*Seb.* This is the roaring wench must do vs good.

*Mary.* No poyson fir but serues vs for some vse, Which is confirm'd in her.

*Seb.* Peace, peace,  
Foot I did here him fure, where ere he be.

*Mol.* Who did you heare?

*Seb.* My father,  
'Twas like a fight of his, I must be wary.

*Alex.* No wilt not be, am I alone so wretched  
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge for't.

*Seb.* Life, heere he comes,—fir I beseech you  
take it,

Your way of teaching does so much content me,  
I'll make it foure pound, here's forty shillings fir.  
I thinke I name it right : helpe me good *Mol*,  
Forty in hand.

*Mol.* Sir you shall pardon me,  
I haue more of the meanest scholler I can teach,  
This paises me more, then you haue offred yet.

*Seb.* At the next quarter  
When I receiue the meanes my father 'lowes me,  
You shall haue tother forty.

*Alex.* This were well now,  
Wer't to a man, whose forrowes had blind eies,  
But mine behold his follies and vntruthes,  
With two cleere glasses—how now?

*Seb.* Sir.

*Alex.* What's he there?

*Seb.* You'r come in good time fir, I'ue a suite to  
you,  
I'de craue your present kindnesse.

*Alex.* What is he there?

*Seb.* A Gentleman, a musitian fir, one of excellent  
fingring.

*Alex.* I, I thinke so, I wonder how they scapt her.

*Seb.* Has the most delicate stroake fir.

*Alex.* A stroake indeed, I feele it at my heart.

*Seb.* Puts downe all your famous musitians.

*Alex.* I, a whoore may put downe a hundred  
of 'em.

*Seb.* Forty shillings is the agrement fir betweene vs,  
Now fir, my present meanes, mounts but to halfe  
on't.

*Alex.* And he stands vpon the whole.

*Seb.* I indeed does he fir.

*The Roaring Girl.*

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*Alex.* And will doe still, hee'l nere be in other taile.

*Seb.* Therefore I'de stop his mouth fir, and I could.

*Alex.* Hum true, there is no other way indeed,  
His folly hardens, shame must needs succeed.  
Now fir I vnderstand you professe musique.

*Mol.* I am a poore seruant to that liberall science fir.

*Alex.* Where is it you teach ?

*Mol.* Right against Cliffords Inne.

*Alex.* Hum that's a fit place for it : you haue many schollers.

*Mol.* And some of worth, whom I may call my maisters.

*Alex.* I true, a company of whooremaisters ; you teach to sing too ?

*Mol.* Marry do I fir.

*Alex.* I thinke you'll finde an apt scholler of my sonne, especially for pricke-song. ✓

*Mol.* I haue much hope of him.

*Alex.* I am fory for't, I haue the lesse for that : you can play any leesson.

*Mol.* At first sight fir.

*Alex.* There's a thing called the witch, can you play that ?

*Mol.* I would be fory any one should mend me in't.

*Alex.* I, I beleeeue thee, thou hast so bewitcht my sonne,

No care will mend the worke that thou hast done,  
I haue bethought my selfe since my art failes,  
I'll make her pollicy the Art to trap her.  
Here are foure Angels markt with holes in them  
Fit for his crackt companions, gold he will giue her,  
These will I make induction to her ruine,  
And rid shame from my house, grieve from my heart.  
Here sonne, in what you take content and pleasure,  
Want shall not curbe you, pay the Gentleman  
His latter halfe in gold.

*Seb.* I thanke you fir.

*Alex.* Oh may the operation an't, end three,  
In her, life : shame, in him ; and grieve, in mee.

*Exit Alexander.*

*Seb.* Faith thou shalt haue 'em 'tis my fathers  
guift,  
Neuer was man beguild with better shift.

*Mol.* Hee that can take mee for a male rousitian,  
I cannot choose but make him my instrument,  
And play vpon him. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Mistrresse Gallipot, and Mistrresse Openworke.*

*Mi. Gal.* Is then that bird of yours (Maister Gof-  
hawke) so wild ?

*Mist. Open.* A Goshawke, a Puttocke ; all for prey,  
he angles for fish, but he loues flesh better.

*Mist. Gal.* Is't possible his smoth face should haue  
wrinkles in't, and we not see them ?

*Mist. Open.* Possible ? why haue not many hand-  
some legges in filke stockins villanous splay feete for  
all their great roses ?

*Mist. Gal.* Troth sirra thou saist true.

*Mist. Op.* Didst neuer see an archer (as tho' aft  
walkt by Bunhill) looke a squint when he drew his  
bow ?

*Mist. Gal.* Yes, when his arrowes haue flin'e toward  
Islington, his eyes haue shot cleane contrary towards  
Pimlico.

*Mist. Open.* For all the world so does Maister  
Goshawke double with me.

*Mist. Gal.* Oh fie vpon him, if he double once he's  
not for me.

*Mist. Open.* Because Goshawke goes in a shag-ruffe  
band, with a face flicking vp in't, which shoves like  
an agget set in a crampe ring, he thinkes I'me in loue  
with him.

*Mist. Gal.* 'Las I thinke he takes his marke amisse  
in thee.

*Mist. Open.* He has by often beating into me made mee beleuee that my husband kept a whore.

*Mist. Gal.* Very good.

*Mist. Open.* Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boate with a tilt ouer it, to the three pidgions at *Brainford*, and his puncke with him vnder his tilt.

*Mist. Gal.* That were wholefome.

*Mist. Open.* I beleue'd it, fell a swearing at him, curffing of harlots, made me ready to hoyfe vp faile, and be there as foone as hee.

*Mist. Gal.* So fo.

*Mist. Open.* And for that voyage *Goshawke* comes hither incontinently, but firra this water-spaniell diues after no ducke but me, his hope is hauing mee at *Brainford* to make mee cry quack.

*Mist. Gall.* Art fure of it?

*Mist. Open.* Sure of it? my poore innocent *Openworke* came in as I was poking my ruffe, presently hit I him i'the teeth with the three pidgions: he forswore all, I vp and opened all, and now stands he (in a shop hard by) like a musket on a rest, to hit *Goshawke* i' the eie, when he comes to fetch me to the boate.

*Mist. Gal.* Such another lame Gelding offered to carry mee through thicke and thinne, (*Laxton* firra) but I am ridd of him now.

*Mist. Open.* Happy is the woman can bee ridde of 'em all; 'las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly man for man.

*Mist. Gall.* Troth meere shallow things.

*Mist. Open.* Idle simple things, running heads, and yet let 'em run ouer vs neuer so fast, we shop-keepers (when all's done) are fure to haue 'em in our purfnetts at length, and when they are in, Lord what simple animalls they are.

*Mist. Open.* Then they hang the head.

*Mist. Gal.* Then they droupe.

*Mist. Open.* Then they write letters.

*Mist. Gal.* Then they cogge.



*Mist. Open.* Then deale they vnder hand with vs, aud wee must ingle with our husbands a bed, and wee must sweare they are our cofens, and able to do vs a pleasure at Court.

*Mist. Gal.* And yet when wee haue done our best, al's but put into a riuen dish, wee are but frumpt at and libell'd vpon.

*Mist. Open.* Oh if it were the good Lords wil, there were a law made, no Cittizen should trust any of 'em all.

*Enter Goshawke.*

*Mist. Gal.* Hush sirra, *Goshawke* flutters.

*Gosh.* How now, are you ready ?

*Mist. Open.* Nay are you ready ? a little thing you see makes vs ready.

*Gosh.* Vs ? why, must shee make one i'the voiage ?

*Mist. Open.* Oh by any meanes, doe I know how my husband will handle mee ?

*Gosh.* 'Foot, how shall I find water, to keepe these two mils going ? Well since you'l needs bee clapt vnder hatches, if I sayle not with you both till all split, hang mee vp at the maine yard, & duck mee ; it's but lickering them both foundly, & then you shall see their corke heeles flie vp high, like two swannes when their tayles are aboue water, and their long neckes vnder water, diuing to catch gudgions : come, come, oares stand ready, the tyde's with vs, on with those false faces, blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband, casting out his net to catch fresh *Salmon* at *Brainford*.

*Mist. Gal.* I beleeeue you'l eate of a coddess head of your owne dressing, before you reach halfe way thither.

*Gosh.* So, so, follow close, pin as you go.

*Enter Laxton muffled.*

*Lax.* Do you heare ?

*Mist. Gal.* Yes, I thanke my cares.  
*Lax.* I must haue a bout with your Potticariship.  
*Mist. Gal.* At what weapon?  
*Lax.* I must speake with you.  
*Mist. Gal.* No.  
*Lax.* No? you shall.  
*Mist. Gal.* Shall? away foust Sturgion, halfe fish,  
 halfe flesh.  
*Lax.* 'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'll cut your  
 tayle puf-cat for this.  
*Mist. Gal.* 'Las poore *Laxton*, I thinke thy tayle's  
 cut already: your worst;  
*Lax.* If I do not, — . . . . *Exit Laxton.*  
*Gosh.* Come, ha' you done?

*Enter Maister Openworke.*

Sfoote *Rosamond*, your husband.  
*Maist. Open.* How now? sweete Maist. *Goshawke*,  
 none more welcome,  
 I haue wanted your embracements: when friends  
 meete,  
 The musique of the spheares founds not more sweete,  
 Then does their conferenc: who is this? *Rosamond*:  
 Wife: how now sifter?  
*Gosh.* Silence if you loue mee,  
*Maist. Open.* Why maskt?  
*Mist. Open.* Does a maske grieue you sir?  
*Maist. Open.* It does.  
*Mist. Open.* Then y'are best get you a mumming.  
*Gosh.* S'foote you'll spoyle all.  
*Mist. Gall.* May not wee couer our bare faces with  
 maskes  
 As well as you couer your bald heads with hats?  
*Ma. Op.* No maskes, why, th'are theeues to  
 beauty, that rob eies  
 Of admiration in which true loue lies,  
 Why are maskes worne? why good? or why desired?  
 Vnlesse by their gay couers wits are fiered

*The Roaring Girle.*

To read the vild'ft lookes ; many bad faces,  
 (Becaufe rich gemmes are treafured vp in cafes)  
 Paffe by their priuiledge currant, but as caues  
 Dambe misers Gold, fo maskes are beauties graues,  
 Men nere meete women with fuch muffled eies,  
 But they curfe her, that firft did maskes deuife,  
 And sweare it was fome beldame. Come off with't.

*Mist. Open.* I will not.

*Mist. Open.* Good faces maskt are Iewels kept by  
 spirits.

Hide none but bad ones, for they poyfon mens fights,  
 Show then as shop-keepers do their broidred stuffe,  
 (By owle light) fine wares cannot be open enough,  
 Prithee (sweete Rose) come strike this fayle.

*Mist. Open.* Saile ?

*Mist. Op.* Ha ! yes wife strike saile, for stormes  
 are in thine eyes :

*Mist. Open.* Th'are here fir in my browes if any  
 rise.

*Mist. Open.* Ha browes ! (what sayes she friend)  
 pray tel me why

Your two flagges were aduaunst ; the Comedy,  
 Come what's the Comedy ?

*Mist. Open.* Westward hoe.

*Mist. Open.* How ?

*Mist. Open.* 'Tis Westward hoe shee saies.

*Gosh.* Are you both madde ?

*Mist. Open.* Is't Market day at *Brainejford*, and  
 your ware not sent vp yet ?

*Mist. Open.* What market day ! what ware ?

*Mist. Open.* A py with three pidgions in't, 'tis  
 drawne and staies your cutting vp.

*Gosh.* As you regard my credit.

*Mist. Open.* Art madde ?

*Mist. Open.* Yes letcherous goate ; Baboone.

*Mist. Open.* Baboone ! then tosse me in a blanc-  
 ket.

*Mist. Open.* Do I it well ?

*Mist. Gall.* Rarely.

*Goff.* Belike fir shee's not well ; best leaue her.

*Maiſt. Open.* No,

I'll ſtand the ſtorme now how fierce ſo ere it blow.

*Miſt. Open.* Did I for this looſe all my friends ?  
refuſe

Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made  
A ſtale to a common whore ?

*Maiſt. Open.* This does amaze mee.

*Miſt. Open.* Oh God, oh God, feede at reuerſion  
now !

A Strumpets leauing ?

*Maiſt. Open.* Roſamond.

*Goff.* I ſweate, wo'd I lay in cold harbour.

*Miſt. Open.* Thou haſt ſtruck ten thouſand daggers  
through my heart.

*Maiſt. Open.* Not I by heauen ſweete wife.

*Miſt. Open.* Go diuel go ; that which thou ſwear'ſt  
by, damnes thee.

*Goff.* S'heart will you vndo mee ?

*Miſt. Open.* Why ſtay you heere ? the ſtarre, by  
which you faile,

Shines yonder aboue *Chelſy* ; you looſe your ſhore  
If this moone light you : ſeeke out your light whore.

*Maiſt. Open.* Ha !

*Miſt. Gal.* Puſh ; your Weſterne pug.

*Goff.* Zounds now hell roares.

*Miſt. Open.* With whom you tilted in a paire of  
oares,

This very morning.

*Maiſt. Open.* Oares ?

*Miſt. Open.* At *Brainford* fir.

*Maiſt. Open.* Racke not my patience ; Maiſter  
*Goffhawke*, ſome ſlaue has buzzed this into her, has he  
not ? I run a tilt in *Brainford* with a woman ? 'tis a  
lie : What old baud tels thee this ? S'death 'tis a lie.

*Miſt. Open.* 'Tis one to thy face ſhall iuſtify all  
that I ſpeake.

*Maiſt. Open.* V'd foule do but name that rascal.

*Miſt. Open.* No fir I will not.

*Gosh.* Keepe thee there girle :—then !

*Mist. Open.* Sister know you this varlet ?

*Mist. Gall.* Yes.

*Maist. Open.* Swear true,

Is there a rogue so low damn'd ? a second *Judas* ? a common hangman ? cutting a mans throate ? does it to his face ? bite mee behinde my backe ? a cur dog ? fweare if you know this hell-hound.

*Mist. Gall.* In truth I do.

*Maist. Open.* His name ?

*Mist. Gall.* Not for the world ;

To haue you to stab him.

*Gosh.* Oh braue girles : worth Gold.

*Maist. Open.* A word honest maister *Goshawke*.

*Draw out his sword.*

*Gosh.* What do you meane fir ?

*Maist. Open.* Keepe off, and if the diuell can giue a name to this new fury, holla it through my eare, or wrap it vp in some hid character : I'll ride to *Oxford*, and watch out mine eies, but I'll heare the brazen head speak : or else shew me but one haire of his head or beard, that I may sample it ; if the fiend I meet (in myne owne house) I'll kill him :—the streete.

Or at the Church dore :—there—(cause he seekes to vnty

The knot God fastens) he deserues most to dy.

*Mist. Open.* My husband titles him.

*Maist. Open.* Maister *Goshawke*, pray fir

Swear to me, that you know him or know him not, Who makes me at *Brainford* to take vp a peticote besides my wiues.

*Gosh.* By heauen that man I know not.

*Mist. Open.* Come, come, you lie.

*Gosh.* Will you not haue all out ?

By heauen I know no man beneath the moone Should do you wrong, but if I had his name, I'de print it in text letters.

*Mist. Open.* Print thine owne then,  
Did'st not thou swear to me he kept his whoore ?

*Mist. Gal.* And that in sinfull *Brainford* they  
would commit

That which our lips did water at fir,—ha ?

*Mist. Open.* Thou spider, that haft wouen thy cunning web

In mine owne houle t' infnare me : haft not thou  
Suck't nourishment euen vnderneath this roofe,  
And turned it all to poyson ? spitting it,  
On thy friends face (my husband ?) he as t'were  
sleeping :

Onely to leaue him vgly to mine eies,  
That they might glance on thee.

*Mist. Gal.* Speake, are these lies ?

*Gosh.* Mine own shame me confounds :

*Mist. Open.* No more, hee's stung ;  
Who'd thinke that in one body there could dwell  
Deformitie and beauty, (heauen and hell)  
Goodnesse I see is but outside, wee all fet,  
In rings of Gold, stones that be counterfet :  
I thought you none.

*Gosh.* Pardon mee.

*Mist. Open.* Truth I doe.

This blemish growes in nature not in you,  
For mans creation sticke euen moles in scorne  
On fairest cheeks, wile nothing is perfect borne.

*Mist. Open.* I thought you had bene borne perfect.

*Mist. Open.* What's this whole world but a gilt  
rotten pill ?

For at the heart lies the old chore still.  
I'll tell you Maister *Goshawke*, I in your eie  
I haue seene wanton fire, and then to try  
The soundnesse of my iudgement, I told you  
I kept a whoore, made you beleue t'was true,  
Onely to feele how your pulse beat, but find,  
The world can hardly yeeld a perfect friend.  
Come, come, a tricke of youth, and 'tis forgiuen,  
This rub put by, our loue shall runne more euen.

*Mist. Open.* You'l deale vpon mens wiues no  
more ?

*Gosh.* No :—you teach me a trick for that.

*Mist. Open.* Troth do not, they'l o're-reach thee.

*Mai. Open.* Make my house yours fir still.

*Gosh.* No.

*Mai. Open.* I say you shall :

Seeing (thus besieg'd) it holds out, 'twill neuer fall.

*Enter Maister Gallipot, and Greenewit like a Somner,  
Laxton muffled a loofe off.*

*Omnes.* How now ?

*Mai. Gall.* With mee fir ?

*Greene.* You fir ? I haue gon snaffling vp and downe by your dore this houre to watch for you.

*Mist. Gall.* What's the matter husband ?

*Greene.* — I haue caught a cold in my head fir, by sitting vp late in the rose tauerne, but I hope you vnderstand my speech.

*Mai. Gal.* So fir.

*Greene.* I cite you by the name of *Hippocrates Gallipot*, and you by the name of *Prudence Gallipot*, to appeare vpon *Craftino*, doe you see, *Craftina sancti Dunstani* (this *Easter Tearme*) in Bow Church.

*Mai. Gal.* Where fir ? what saies he ?

*Greene.* Bow : Bow Church, to answere to a libel of precontract on the part and behalfe of the said *Prudence* and another ; y'are best fir take a copy of the citation, 'tis but tweluepence.

*Omnes.* A Citation ?

*Mai. Gal.* You pocky-nosed rascall, what slaue fees you to this ?

*Lax.* Slaue ? I ha nothing to do with you, doe you heare fir ?

*Gosh.* *Laxton* ist not ?—what fagary is this ?

*Mai. Gal.* Trust me I thought fir this storme long ago had bene full laid, when (if you be remembred) I paid you the last fiteene pound, besides the thirty you had first,—for then you fwore.

*Lax.* Tush, tush fir, oathes,

Truth yet I'me loth to vexe you, . . tell you what ;  
Make vp the mony I had an hundred pound,  
And take your belly full of her.

*Mais. Gal.* An hundred pound ?

*Mist. Gal.* What a 100 pound ? he gets none :  
what a 100 pound ?

*Mais. Gal.* Sweet *Pru* be calme, the Gentleman  
offers thus,

If I will make the monyes that are past  
A 100 pound, he will discharge all courts,  
And giue his bond neuer to vexe us more.

*Mist. Gal.* A 100 pound ? 'Las ; take fir but three-  
score,

Do you seeke my vndoing ?

*Lax.* I'll not bate one sixpence, . . . I'll mall  
you puffle for spitting.

*Mist. Gal.* Do thy worst,  
Will fourescore stop thy mouth ?

*Lax.* No.

*Mist. Gal.* Yare a slaue,  
Thou Cheate, I'll now teare mony from thy throat,  
Husband lay hold on yonder tauny-coate.

*Greene.* Nay Gentlemen, seeing your woemen are  
so hote, I must loofe my haire in their company  
I see.

*Mist. Ope.* His haire sheds off, and yet he speaks  
not so much in the nose as he did before.

*Gosh.* He has had the better Chirurgion, Maister  
*Greenewit*, is your wit so raw as to play no better a  
part then a Somners ?

*Mais. Gal.* I pray who playes a knacke to know an  
honest man in this company ?

*Mist. Gall.* Deere husband, pardon me, I did dis-  
semble,

Told thee I was his precontracted wife,  
When letters came from him for thirty pound,  
I had no shift but that.

*Mais. Gal.* A very cleane shift : but able to make  
mee lowfy, On.



*Mist. Gal.* Husband, I pluck'd (when he had tempted mee to thinke well of him) Get fethers from thy wings, to make him flie more lofty.

*Mist. Gall.* A' the top of you wife : on.

*Mist. Gal.* He hauing wasted them, comes now for more,

Vsing me as a ruffian doth his whore,  
Whose sinne keeps him in breath : by heauen I vow,  
Thy bed he neuer wrong'd, more then he does now.

*Mist. Gal.* My bed? ha, ha, like enough, a shop-boord will serue to haue a cuckolds coate cut out vpon : of that wee'l talke hereafter : y'are a villaine :

*Lax.* Heare mee but speake sir, you shall finde mee none.

*Omnes.* Pray sir, be patient and heare him.

*Mist. Gal.* I am muzzled for biting sir, vse me how you will.

*Lax.* The first howre that your wife was in my eye,

My selfe with other Gentlemen fitting by,  
(In your shop) tasting smoake, and speech being vsed,  
That men who haue fairest wiues are most abused,  
And hardly sapt the horne, your wife maintain'd  
That onely such spots in Citty dames were stain'd,  
Iustly, but by mens slanders : for her owne part,  
Shee vow'd that you had so much of her heart ;  
No man by all his wit, by any wile,  
Neuer so fine spunne, should your selfe beguile,  
Of what in her was yours.

*Mist. Gal.* Yet *Præ* 'tis well :

Play out your game at Irish sir : Who winnes ?

*Mist. Open.* The triall is when shee comes to bearing :

*Lax.* I scorn'd one woman, thus, should braue all men,

And (which more vext me) a shee-citizen.

Therefore I laid siege to her, out she held,

Gaue many a braue repulse, and me compell'd

With shame to sound retrait to my hot lust,  
Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,  
And that to tempt her modest eares, I swore  
Nere to prsume againe : she said, her eie  
Would euer giue me welcome honestly,  
And (since I was a Gentleman) if it runne low,  
Shee would my state relieue, not to o'rethrow  
Your owne and hers : did so ; then seeing I wrought  
Vpon her meekeneffe, mee she set at nought,  
And yet to try if I could turne that tide,  
You see what streame I stroue with, but sir I sweare  
By heauen, and by those hopes men lay vp there,  
I neither haue, nor had a base intent  
To wrong your bed, what's done, is meriment :  
Your Gold I pay backe with this interest,  
When I had most power to do't I wrong'd you least.

*Maist. Gal.* If this no gullery be sir,

*Omnes.* No, no, on my life.

*Maist. Gal.* Then sir I am beholden (not to you  
wife)

But Maister *Laxton* to your want of doing ill,  
Which it seemes you haue not Gentlemen,  
Tarry and dine here all.

*Maist. Open.* Brother, we haue a iest,  
As good as yours to furnish out a feast.

*Maist. Gal.* Wee'l crowne our table with it : wife  
brag no more  
Of holding out : who most brags is most whore.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter* Iacke Dapper, Moll, *Sir* Beautious Ganymed,  
and *Sir* Thomas Long.

*Iacke Dap.* But prethee Maister Captaine *Iacke* be  
plaine and perspicuous with mee ; was it your *Megge* of  
Westminsters courage, that rescued mee from the Poul-  
try puttockes indeed.

*Mol.* The valour of my wit I enfore you sir fetcht

*The Roaring Girl.*

you off branely, when you werre i'the forlorne hope among those desperates, Sir *Bewtious Ganymed* here, and sir *Thomas Long* heard that cuckoe (my man *Trapdore*) sing the note of your ranfome from captiuitie.

*Sir Bewt.* Vds so *Mol*, where's that *Trapdore*?

*Mol.* Hang'd I thinke by this time, a Iustice in this towne, (that speakes nothing but make a *Mittimus* a way with him to Newgate) vsed that rogue like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

*Omnes.* how, how?

*Mol.* Marry to lay traines of villany to blow vp my life; I smelt the powder, spy'd what linstocke gaue fire to shoote against the poore Captaine of the Gallifoyft. & away slid I my man, like a shouell-board shilling, hee stroutes vp and downe the suburbs I thinke: and eates vp whores: feedes vpon a bauds garbadg.

*T. Long.* Sirra *Iacke Dapper*.

*Iack. Dap.* What sai'st *Tom Long*?

*T. Long.* Thou hadst a sweet fac't boy haile fellow with thee to your little *Gull*: how is he spent?

*Iack. Dap.* Troth I whistled the poore little buzzard of a my fist, because when hee wayted vpon mee at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i' the teeth still, and said I lookt like a painted Aldermans tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a deaths head. Sirra *Iacke*, *Mol*.

*Mol.* What saies my little *Dapper*?

*Sir Bewt.* Come, come, walke and talke, walke and talke.

*Iack. Dap.* *Mol* and I'll be i' the midst.

*Mol.* These Knights shall haue squiers places belike then: well *Dapper* what say you?

*Iack. Dap.* Sirra Captaine mad *Mary*, the gull my owne father (*Dapper*) *Sir Daury* laid these London boote-halers the catch poles in ambush to fet vpon mee.

*Omnes.* Your father? away *Iacke*.

*Jack. Dap.* By the taffels of this handkercher 'tis true, and what was his warlicke stratageme thinke you ? hee thought becaufe a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowly prifon could make an affe of mee.

*Omnes.* A nafty plot.

*Jack. Dap.* I: as though a Counter, which is a parke, in which all the wilde beafts of the City run head by head could tame mee.

*Enter the Lord Noland.*

*Mol.* Yonder comes my Lord *Noland.*

*Omnes.* Saue you my Lord.

*L. Nol.* Well met Gentlemen all, good *Sir Bewtious Ganymed*, *Sir Thomas Long*? and how does Maifter *Dapper*?

*Jack. Dap.* Thankes my Lord.

*Mol.* No Tobacco my Lord?

*L. Nol.* No faith *Jack.*

*Jack. Dap.* My Lord *Noland* will you goe to Pimlico with vs? wee are making a boone voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes.

*L. Nol.* Heeres fuch a merry ging, I could find in my heart to faile to the worlds end with fuch company, come Gentlemen let's on.

*Jack. Dap.* Here's most amorous weather my Lord.

*Omnes.* Amorous weather. *They walke.*

*Iac. Dap.* Is not amorous a good word?

*Enter Trapdore like a poore Souldier with, a patch  
o're one eie, and Teare-Cat with him, all  
tatters.*

*Trap.* Shall we fet vpon the infantry, thefe troopes of foot? Zounds yonder comes *Mol* my whoorith Maifter and Miftrefle, wo'd I had her kidneys betweene my teeth.

*Teare-Cat.* I had rather haue a cow heele.

*Trap.* Zounds I am so patcht vp, she cannot discover me : wee'll on.

*T. Cat.* Alla corago then.

*Trap.* Good your Honours, and Worships, enlarge the eares of commiseration, and let the found of a hoarse military organ-pipe, penetrate your pittiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of siluer, as may giue a hard strawbed lodging to a couple of maim'd souldiers.

*Jacke Dap.* Where are you maim'd ?

*T. Cat.* In both our neather limbs.

*Mol.* Come, come, *Dapper*, lets giue 'em something, las poore men, what mony haue you ? by my troth I loue a souldier with my soule.

*Sir Bewt.* Stay, stay, where haue you seru'd ?

*T. Long.* In any part of the Low countries ?

*Trap.* Not in the Low countries, if it please your manhood, but in *Hungarie* against the *Turke* at the sledge of *Belgrad*.

*L. Nol.* Who seru'd there with you sirra ?

*Trap.* Many *Hungarians*, *Moldauians*, *Valachians*, and *Transiluanians*, with some *Sclauonians*, and retyring home sir, the *Venetian* Gallies tooke vs prisoners, yet free'd vs, and suffered vs to beg vp and downe the country.

*Jack. Dap.* You haue ambled all ouer *Italy* then.

*Trap.* Oh sir, from *Venice* to *Roma*, *Vecchio*, *Bononia*, *Romania*, *Bolonia*, *Modena*, *Piacenza*, and *Tus-cana*, with all her Cities, as *Pistoia*, *Valteria*, *Mountepulchena*, *Arrezzo*, with the *Siennois*, and diuerse others.

*Mol.* Meere rogues, put spurres to 'em once more.

*Jack. Dap.* Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speak'st English,  
What art thou ?

*T. Cat.* Ick mine Here. Ick bin den  
ruffling Teare-Cat,

**Den braue Soldado, Ick bin dorick all  
Butchlant.**

**Guerefen: Der Shellum das meere Ick  
Beata**

**Ick woert gaeb.**

**Ick slaag bin strokes on tom Cop.**

**Bastick Den hundred touzun Bluell  
halle,**

**Frollick mine Here.**

*Sir Bewt.* Here, here, let's be rid of their iob-  
bering.

*Moll.* Not a crossie, *Sir Bewtious*, you base rogues,  
I haue taken measure of you, better then a taylor can,  
and I'll fit you, as you (monster with one eie) haue  
fitted mee.

*Trap.* Your Worship will not abuse a souldier.

*Moll.* Souldier? thou deseru'st to bee hang'd vp  
by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession,  
souldier you skeldering varlet? hold, stand, there should  
be a trapdore hereabouts.

*Pull off his patch.*

*Trap.* The balles of these glasiors of mine (mine  
eyes) shall be shot vp and downe in any hot peece of  
seruice for my inuincible Mistresse.

*Iacke Dap.* I did not thinke there had bene such  
knauery in blacke patches as now I see.

*Mol.* Oh sir he hath bene brought vp in the Ile of  
dogges, and can both fawne like a Spaniell, and bite  
like a Mastiue, as hee finds occasion.

*L. Nol.* What are you sirra? a bird of this feather  
too.

*T. Cat.* A man beaten from the wars sir.

*T. Long.* I thinke so, for you neuer flood to fight.

*Iac. Dap.* What's thy name fellow souldier?

*T. Cat.* I am cal'd by those that haue seen my  
valour, *Tear-Cat.*

*Omnes.* Teare-Cat!

*Moll.* A meere whip-lacke, and that is in the Commonwealth of rogues, a flauie, that can talke of sea-fight, name all your chiefe Pirats, discouer more countries to you, then either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English euer found out, yet indeed all his seruice is by land, and that is to rob a Faire, or some such venturous exploit; *Teare-Cat*, foot sirra I haue your name now I remember me in my booke of horners, hornes for the thumbe, you know how.

*T. Cat.* No indeed Captaine *Mol* (for I know you by sight) I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer vpon the pad I confesse, and meeting with honest *Trapdore* here, whom you had cashiered from bearing armes, out at elbowes vnder your colours, I instructed him in the rudements of roguery, and by my map made him faile ouer any Country you can name, so that now he can maunder better then myfelfe.

*Lack. Dap.* So then *Trapdore* thou art turn'd fouldier now.

*Trap.* Alas sir, now there's no warres, 'tis the safest course of life I could take.

*Mol.* I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you sirra are an vp-right man.

*Trap.* As any walkes the hygh way I assure you.

*Mol.* And *Teare-Cat* what are you? a wilde rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

*T. Cat.* Brother to this vp-right man, flesh and blood, ruffling *Teare-Cat* is my name, and a ruffler is my stile, my title, my profession.

*Mol.* Sirra where's your Doxy, halt not with mee.

*Omnes.* Doxy *Mol*, what's that?

*Mol.* His wench.

*Trap.* My doxy I haue by the *Salomon* a doxy, that carries a kitchin mort in her flat at her backe, besides my dell and my dainty wilde del, with all whom I'll tumble this next darkmans in the strommel,

and drinke ben baufe, and eate a fat grunting cheate,  
a cackling cheate, and a quacking cheate.

*Jack. Dap.* Here's old cheating.

*Trap.* My doxy staves for me in a boufing ken,  
braue Captaine.

*Mol.* Hee sayes his wench staies for him in an ale-  
houfe : you are no pure rogues.

*T. Cat.* Pure rogues ? no, wee scorne to be pure  
rogues, but if you come to our lib ken, or our stalling  
ken, you shall finde neither him nor mee, a quire  
cuffin.

*Mol.* So, fir, no churle of you.

*T. Cat.* No, but a ben caue, a braue caue, a gentry  
cuffin.

*L. Nol.* Call you this canting ?

*Jack. Dap.* Zounds, I'll giue a schoolemaister halfe  
a crowne a week, and teach mee this pedlers French.

*Trap.* Do but strowle fir, halfe a haruest with vs  
fir, and you shall gabble your belly-full.

*Mol.* Come you rogue cant with me.

*T. Long.* Well sayd *Mol*, cant with her firra, and  
you shall haue mony, else not a penny.

*Trap.* I'll haue a bout if she please.

*Mol.* Come on firra.

*Trap.* Ben mort, shall you and I heaue a booth,  
mill a ken or nip a bung, and then wee'l couch a  
hogthead vnder the Ruffemans, and there you shall  
wap with me, & Ile niggle with you.

*Mol.* Out you damn'd impudent rascal.

*Trap.* Cut benar whiddes, and hold your fables  
and your stampes.

*L. Nol.* Nay, nay, *Mol*, why art thou angry ? what  
was his gibberish ?

*Mol.* Marry this my Lord sayes hee ; Ben mort  
(good wench) shal you and I heaue a booth, mill a  
ken, or nip a bung ? shall you and I rob a house, or  
cut a purse ?

*Omnes.* Very Good.



*Mol.* And then wee'l couch a hoghead vnder the  
Ruffemans :

And then wee'l lie vnder a hedge.

*Trap.* That was my desire Capitaine, as 'tis fit a  
souldier should lie.

*Mol.* And there you shall wap with mee, and I'll  
niggle with you, and that's all.

*Sir Bewt.* Nay, nay *Mol* what's that wap?

*Jack. Dap.* Nay teach mee what nigging is, I'de  
faine bee nigging.

*Mol.* Wapping and nigging is all one, the rogue  
my man can tell you.

*Trap.* 'Tis fadoodling : if it please you.

*Sir Bewt.* This is excellent, one fit more good *Moll*.

*Mol.* Come you rogue sing with me.

A gage of ben Rom-boufe  
In a boufing ken of Rom-vile.

*T. Cat.* Is Benar then a Caster,  
Pecke, pennam, lay or popler,  
Which we mill in deuse a vile.  
Oh I wud lib all the lightmans. *The song.*  
Oh I woud lib all the darkemans,  
By the follamon vnder the Ruffemans.  
By the follamon in the Hartmans.

*T. Cat.* And scoure the Quire cramp ring,  
And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,  
So my boufy nab might skew rome boufe  
well

Auast to the pad, let vs bing,  
Auast to the pad, let vs bing.

*Omnes.* Fine knaues i'faith.

*Jack Dap.* The grating of ten new cart-wheels,  
and the grunting of fiae hundred hogs comming from  
Rumford market, cannot make a worfe noyse then  
this canting language does in my eares ; pray my  
Lord *Noland*, let's giue these souldiers their pay.

*Sir Bewt.* Agreed, and let them march.

*The Roaring Girl.*

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*L. Nor.* Heere *Mol.*

*Mol.* Now I see that you are stal'd to the rogue, and are not ashamed of your professions, looke you : my Lord *Noland* heere and these Gentlemen, bestowes vpon you two, two boordes and a halfe, that's two shillings sixe pence.

*Trap.* Thankes to your Lordship.

*T. Cat.* Thankes heroicall Captaine.

*Mol.* Away.

*Trap.* Wee shall cut ben whiddes of your Maisters and Mistreship, wherefoeuer we come.

*Moll.* You'l maintaine firra the old Iustices plot to his face.

*Trap.* Else trine me on the cheats : hang me.

*Mol.* Be sure you meete mee there.

*Trap.* Without any more maundring I'll doo't, follow braue *Tear-Cat.*

*T. Cat.* *I præsequor*, let us go mouse.

*Exeunt they two manet the rog.*

*L. Nol.* *Mol* what was in that canting song ?

*Mol.* Troth my Lord, onely a praise of good drinke, the onely milke which these wilde beasts loue to sucke, and thus it was :

A<sup>n</sup>rich cup of wine, oh it is iuyce Diuine,  
More wholefome for the head, then meate, drinke, or bread,

To fill my drunken pate, with that, I'de sit vp late,  
By the heeles wou'd I lie, vnder a lowly hedge die,  
Let a slaue haue a pull at my whore, so I be full  
Of that precious liquor ; And a parcell of such stufte  
my Lord

Not worth the opening.

*Enter a Cutpurse very gallant, with foure or fve men after him, one with a wand.*

*L. Nol.* What gallant comes yonder ?

*T. Long.* Masse I thinke I know him, 'tis one of Cumberland.

1. *Cut.* Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of Gallants, and strike?

2. *Cut.* 'Tis a question whether there bee any filuer shels amongst them, for all their fatten out-fides.

*Omnes.* Let's try!

*Mol.* Pox on him, a gallant! shaddow mee, I know him: 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed; if hee swimme neere to the shore of any of your pockets, looke to your purses.

*Omnes.* Is't possible?

*Mol.* This braue fellow is no better then a foyst.

*Omnes.* Foyst, what's that?

*Mol.* A diuer with two fingers, a picke-pocket; all his traine study the figging law, that's to say, cutting of purses and foysting; one of them is a nip, I tooke him once i' the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there's a cloyer, or snap, that dogges any new brother in that trade, and snappes will haue halfe in any booty; Hee with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man i' the streetes, whil't shels are drawne by an other, and then with his blacke coniuring rod in his hand, he by the nimbleness of his eye and iugling sticke, will in cheaping a peece of plate at a goldsmithes stall, make foure or fiae ringes mount from the top of his *caduceus*, and as if it were at leape-frog, they skip into his hand presently.

2. *Cut.* Zounds wee are smoakt.

*Omnes.* Ha!

2. *Cut.* Wee are boyl'd, pox on her; see *Moll* the roaring drabbe.

1. *Cut.* All the diseases of sixteene hospitals boyle her: away.

*Mol.* Blessè you sir.

1. *Cut.* And you good sir.

*Mol.* Do'st not ken mee man?

1. *Cut.* No trust mee sir.

*Mol.* Heart, there's a Knight to whom I'm bound for many fauours, lost his purse at the last new play

i' the Swanne, seuen Angels in't, make it good you'r best ; do you see ? no more.

1. *Cut.* A Sinagogue shall be cal'd Mistrresse *Mary*, disgrace mee not · *pacus palabros*, I will coniure for you, farewell :

*Mol.* Did not I tell you my Lord ?

*L. Nol.* I wonder how thou cam'st to the knowledge of these nasty villaines.

*T. Long.* And why doe the foule mouthes of the world call thee *Mol* cutpurse ? a name, me thinkes, damn'd and odious.

*Mol.* Dare any step forth to my face and say,  
I haue tane thee doing so *Mol* ? I must confesse,  
In younger dayes, when I was apt to stray,  
I haue sat amongst such adders ; seene their stings,  
As any here might, and in full play-houses  
Watcht their quicke-diuing hands, to bring to shame  
Such rogues, and in that streame met an ill name :  
When next my Lord you spie any one of those,  
So hee bee in his Art a scholler, question him,  
Tempt him with gold to open the large booke  
Of his clofe villanies : and you your selfe shall cant  
Better then poore *Mol* can, and know more lawes  
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foyfts, puggards, curbers,  
Withall the diuels blacke guard, then it is fit  
Should be discouered to a noble wit.  
I know they haue their orders, offices,  
Circuits and circles, vnto which they are bound,  
To raise their owne damnation in.

*Jack Dap.* How do'st thou know it ?

*Moll.* As you do, I shew it you, they to me show it.

Suppose my Lord you were in *Venice*.

*L. Nol.* Well.

*Mol.* If some Italian pander there would tell  
All the clofe trickes of curtizans ; would not you  
Hearken to such a fellow ?

*L. Nol.* Yes.

*Mol.* And here,

Being come from *Venice*, to a friend most deare  
 That were to trauell thither, you would proclaime  
 Your knowledge in those villanies, to faue  
 Your friend from their quicke danger : must you haue  
 A blacke ill name, because ill things you know,  
 Good troth my Lord, I am made *Mol* cut-purse fo.  
 How many are whores, in small ruffes and still lookes ?  
 How many chaff, whose names fill flanders bookes ?  
 Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their  
 soornes

Cal so, we should not walke for goring hornes,  
 Perhaps for my madde going some reprove mee,  
 I please my selfe, and care not else who loues mee.

*Omnes.* A braue minde *Mol* i'faith.

*T. Long.* Come my Lord, shal's to the Ordinary ?

*L. Nol.* I, 'tis noone sure.

*Mol.* Good my Lord, let not my name condemne  
 me to you or to the world : A fencer I hope may be  
 cal'd a coward, is he so for that ? If all that haue ill  
 names in London, were to be whipt, and to pay but  
 tweluepence a peece to the beadle, I would rather  
 haue his office, then a Constables.

*Jack. Dap.* So would I Captaine *Mol*! 'twere a  
 sweete tickling office i'faith. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Goshawke and  
 Greenewit, and others.*

*Alex.* My sonne marry a theefe, that impudent  
 girle,

Whom all the world sticke their worst eyes vpon ?

*Greene.* How will your care preuent it ?

*Go'h.* 'Tis impossible.

They marry close, thei'r gone, but none knows whe-  
 ther.

*Alex.* Oh Gentlemen, when ha's a fathers heart-  
 strings

*Enter a seruant.*

Held out so long from breaking : now what newes sir ?

*Servant.* They were met vppoth the water an houre  
since, fir.

Putting in towards the Sluce.

*Alex.* The Sluce ? come Gentlemen,  
'Tis *Lambith* workes against vs.

*Greene.* And that *Lambith*, ioynes more mad  
matches, then your fixe wet townes, twixt that and  
*Windfor-bridge*, where fares lye foaking.

*Alex.* Delay no time sweete Gentlemen : to Blacke  
Fryars,  
Wee'l take a paire of Oares and make after 'em.

*Enter Trapdore.*

*Trap.* Your sonne, and that bold masculine rampe  
my mistresse,  
Are landed now at Tower.

*Alex.* Hoyda, at Tower ?

*Trap.* I heard it now reported.

*Alex.* Which way Gentlemen shall I bestow my  
care ?

I'me drawne in peeces betwixt deceit and shame.

*Enter fir Fits-Allard.*

*Fits-Alla.* Sir *Alexander*.  
You'r well met, and most rightly serued,  
My daughter was a sorne to you.

*Alex.* Say not so fir.

*Fits.All.* A very abiect, shee poore Gentlewoman,  
Your house had bene dishonoured. Giue you  
ioy fir,

Of your sons *Gaskoyne-Bride*, you'l be a Grandfather  
shortly

To a fine crew of roaring sonnes and daughters,  
'Twill helpe to stocke the suburbs passing well fir,

*Alex.* O play not with the miseries of my heart,  
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vent, or left  
Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,

And scornefull aire let in : rather let pitty  
And aduise charitably helpe to refresh 'em.

*Fitz-All.* Who'd place his charity so vnworthily.  
Like one that giues almes to a cursing beggar,  
Had I but found one sparke of goodnesse in you  
Toward my deseruing child, which then grew fond  
Of your sonnes vertues, I had eased you now.  
But I perceiue both fire of youth and goodnesse,  
Are rak'd vp in the ashes of your age,  
Else no such shame should haue come neere your  
house,  
Nor such ignoble sorrowe touch your heart.

*Alex.* If not for worth, for pitties sake assist mee.

*Greene.* You vrge a thing past sense, how can he  
helpe you ?

All his assistance is as fraile as ours,  
Full as vncertaine, where's the place that holds 'em ?  
One brings vs water-newes ; then comes an other  
With a full charg'd mouth, like a culuerins voyce,  
And he reports the Tower ; whose founds are truest ?

*Gosk.* In vaine you flatter him sir *Alexander*.

*Fitz-All.* I flatter him, Gentlemen you wrong mee  
grossly.

*Green.* Hee doe's it well i'faith.

*Fitz-All.* Both newes are false,  
Of Tower or water : they tooke no such way yet.

*Alex.* Oh strange : heare you this Gentlemen, yet  
more plundges ?

*Fitz-Alla.* Th'are neerer then you thinke for yet  
more close, then if they were further off.

*Alex.* How am I lost in these distractions ?

*Fitz-Alla.* For your speeches Gentlemen,  
In taxing me for rashnesse ; fore you all,  
I will engage my state to halfe his wealth,  
Nay to his sonnes reuenues, which are lesse,  
And yet nothing at all, till they come from him ;  
That I could (if my will sticke to my power)  
Preuent this mariage yet, nay banish her  
For euer from his thoughts, much more his armes.

*Alex.* Slacke not this goodnesse, though you heap  
vpon me

Mountaines of malice and reuenge hereafter :  
I'de willingly resigne vp halfe my state to him,  
So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.

*Greene.* Hee talkes impossibilities, and you beleuee  
'em.

*Fitz-Alla.* I talke no more, then I know how to  
finish,

My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me,  
The poore young Gentleman I loue and pittie :  
And to keepe shame from him, (because the spring  
Of his affection was my daughters first,  
Till his frowne blasted all,) do but estate him  
In those possessions, which your loue and care  
Once pointed out for him, that he may haue roome,  
To entertaine fortunes of noble birth,  
Where now his desperate wants casts him vpon her :  
And if I do not for his owne sake chiefly,  
Rid him of this disease, that now growes on him,  
I'll forfeit my whole state, before these Gentlemen.

*Greene.* Troth but you shall not vndertake such  
matches,

Wee'l perswade so much with you.

*Alex.* Heere's my ring,  
He will beleuee this token : fore these Gentlemen,  
I will confirme it fully : all those lands,  
My first loue lotted him, he shall straight possesse  
In that refusall.

*Fitz-All.* If I change it not, change mee into a  
beggar.

*Greene.* Are you mad fir ?

*Fitz-All.* 'Tis done.

*Gosk.* Will you vndoe your selfe by doing,  
And shewe a prodigall tricke in your old daies ?

*Alex.* 'Tis a match Gentlemen.

*Fitz-All.* I, I, fir I.

I aske no fauour ; trust to you for none,



My hope rests in the goodnesse of your son.

*Exit Fitz-Allard.*

*Greene.* Hee holds it vp well yet.

*Goff.* Of an old knight i'faith.

*Alex.* Curst be the time, I laid his first loue barren,

Wilfully barren, that before this houre

Had sprung forth fruites, of comfort and of honour ;

He lou'd a vertuous Gentlewoman.

*Enter Moll.*

*Goff.* Life, heere's *Mol.*

*Green.* *Iack.*

*Goff.* How dost thou *Iacke* ?

*Mol.* How dost thou Gallant ?

*Alex.* Impudence, where's my sonne ?

*Mol.* Weakenesse, go looke him.

*Alex.* Is this your wedding gowne ?

*Mol.* The man talks monthly :

Hot broth and a darke chamber for the knight,

I see hee'l be starke mad at our next meeting.

*Exit Moll.*

*Goff.* Why sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,

No Priest will marry her, sir, for a woman,

Whiles that shape's on, and it was neuer knowne,

Two men were married and conioyn'd in one :

Your sonne hath made some shift to loue another.

*Alex.* What ere' she be, she has my blessing with her,

May they be rich, and fruitfull, and receiue

Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them,

Ha's pleas'd me now, marrying not this,

Through a whole world he could not chuse amisse.

*Green.* Glad y'are so penitent, for your former sinne sir.

*Goff.* Say he should take a wench with her smocke-dowry,

No portion with her, but her lips and armes ?

*Alex.* Why ? who thriue better fir ? they haue most blessing,

Though other haue more wealth, and least repent,  
Many that want most, know the most content.

*Greene.* Say he should marry a kind youthfull sinner.

*Alex.* Age will quench that, any offence but theft  
and drunkenness,

Nothing but death can wipe away.

There finnes are greene, euen when there heads are  
gray,

Nay I dispaire not now, my heart's cheer'd Gentle-  
men,

No face can come vnfortunately to me,

Now fir, your newes ?

*Enter a seruant.*

*Servant.* Your sonne with his faire Bride is neere  
at hand.

*Alex.* Faire may their fortunes be.

*Green.* Now you'r resolu'd fir, it was neuer she.

*Alex.* I finde it in the musicke of my heart.

*Enter Mol maskt, in Sebastians hand, and Fitz-  
Allard.*

See where they come.

*Go/sh.* A proper lusty prefence fir.

*Alex.* Now has he pleas'd me right, I alwaies coun-  
feld him

To choose a goodly personable creature,  
Iust of her pitch was my first wife his mother.

*Seb.* Before I dare discouer my offence,  
I kneele for pardon.

*Alex.* My heart gaue it thee, before thy tongue  
could aske it,

Rise, thou hast rais'd my ioy to greater height

Then to that seat where griefe delected it,  
Both welcome to my loue, and care for euer,  
Hide not mine happinesse too long, al's pardoned,  
Here are our friends, salute her, Gentlemen.

*They vnmaske her.*

*Omnes.* Heart, who this *Mol*?

*Alex.* O my reuiuing shame, is't I must liue,  
To be stricke blind, be it the worke of sorrow,  
Before age take't in hand.

*Fits-All.* Darkenesse and death.  
Haue you deceau'd mee thus? did I engage  
My whole estate for this.

*Alex.* You askt no fauour,  
And you shall finde as little, since my comforts,  
Play false with me, I'll be as cruell to thee  
As griefe to fathers hearts.

*Mol.* Why what's the matter with you?  
Lesse too much joy, should make your age forgetfull,  
Are you too well, too happy?

*Alex.* With a vengeance.

*Mol.* Me thinkes you should be proud of such a  
daughter,  
As good a man, as your sonne.

*Alex.* O monstrous impudence.

*Mol.* You had no note before, an vnmarkt Knight,  
Now all the towne will take regard on you,  
And all your enemies feare you for my sake,  
You may passe where you list, through crowdes most  
thicke,

And come of brauely with your purse vnapickt,  
You do not know the benefits I bring with mee,  
No cheate dares worke vpon you, with thumbe or  
knife,

While y<sup>e</sup> haue a roaring girl to your sonnes wife.

*Alex.* A diuell rampant.

*Fits-Alla.* Haue you so much charity,

Yet to release mee of my last rash bargaine ?  
And I'll giue in your pledge.

*Alex.* No fir, I stand to't, I'll worke vpon aduantage,  
As all mischiefes do vpon mee.

*Fitz-All.* Content, beare witnesse all then,  
His are the lands, and so contention ends.  
Here comes your sonnes Bride, twixt two noble  
friends.

*Enter the Lord Noland, and Six Bewtious Gany-  
med, with Mary Fitz-Allard betwene them, the  
Citizens and their wiues with them.*

*Mol.* Now are you gull'd as you would be, thanke  
me for't,  
I'de a fore-finger in't.

*Seb.* Forgiue mee father,  
Though there before your eyes my sorrow fain'd,  
This still was shee, for whom true loue complain'd.

*Alex.* Blessings eternall, and the ioyes of Angels,  
Beginne your peace heere, to be sign'd in heauen,  
How short my sleepe of sorrow seemes now to me,  
To this eternity of boundlesse comforts,  
That finds no want but vtterance, and expression.  
My Lord your office heere appeares so honourably :  
So full of ancient goodnesse, grace, and worthinesse,  
I neuer tooke more ioy in sight of man,  
Then in your comfortable prefence now.

*L. Nol.* Nor I more delight in doing grace to  
vertue,  
Then in this worthy Gentlewoman, your sonnes Bride,  
Noble *Fitz-Allards* daughter, to whose honour  
And modest fame, I am a seruant vow'd,  
So is this Knight.

*Alex.* Your loues make my ioyes proud,  
Bring forth those deeds of land, my care layd ready,  
And which, old knight, thy noblenesse may challenge,  
Ioyn'd with thy daughters vertues, whom I prise now,

As deere as that flesh, I call myne owne.  
 Forgiue me worthy Gentlewoman, 'twas my blindness.  
 When I reiected thee, I saw thee not,  
 Sorrow and wilfull rashnesse grew like filmes  
 Ouer the eyes of iudgement, now so cleere  
 I see the brightnesse of thy worth appeare.

*Mary.* Duty and loue may I deserue in those,  
 And all my wishes haue a perfect close.

*Alex.* That tongue can neuer erre, the sound's so  
 sweete,

Here honest sonne, receiue into thy hands,  
 The keyes of wealth, possession of those lands,  
 Which my first care prouided, thei'r thine owne,  
 Heauen giue thee a blessing with 'em, the best ioyes,  
 That can in worldly shapcs to man betide,  
 Are fertill lands, and a faire fruitfull Bride,  
 Of which I hope thou'rt sped.

*Seb.* I hope so too fir.

*Mol.* Father and sonne, I ha' done you simple  
 seruice here.

*Seb.* For which thou shalt not part *Moll* vnre-  
 quited.

*Alex.* Thou art a madd girle, and yet I cannot  
 now condemne thee.

*Mol.* Condemne mee? troth and you should fir,  
 I'de make you seeke out one to hang in my roome,  
 I'de giue you the flip at Gallowes, and cozen the  
 people.

Heard you this iest my Lord?

*L. Nol.* What is it *Iacke*?

*Mol.* He was in feare his sonne would marry  
 mee,

But neuer dreamt that I would nere agree.

*L. Nol.* Why? thou had'st a suiter once *Iacke*,  
 when wilt marry?

*Mol.* Who I my Lord, I'le tell you when ifaith,  
 When you shall heare,  
 Gallants voyd from Sericants feare,  
 Honefty and truth vnflandred,

Woman man'd, but neuer pandred,  
Cheates booted, but not coacht,  
Vessels older e're they'r broacht.  
If my minde be then not varied,  
Next day following, I'll be married.

*L. Nol.* This sounds like domes-day.

*Mol.* Then were marriage best,  
For if I should repent, I were soone at rest.

*Alex.* Introth tho' art a good wench, I'me sorry  
now,  
The opinion was so hard, I conceiu'd of thee.  
Some wrongs I'ue done thee.

*Enter Trapdore.*

*Trap.* Is the winde there now?  
'Tis time for mee to kneele and confesse first,  
For feare it come too late, and my braines feele it,  
Vpon my pawes, I aske you pardon mistresse.

*Mol.* Pardon? for what fir? what ha's your rogue-  
ship done now?

*Trap.* I haue bene from time to time hir'd to con-  
found you, by this old Gentleman.

*Mol.* How?

*Trap.* Pray forgiue him,  
But may I counsell you, you should neuer doo't.  
Many a snare to entrapp your Worships life,  
Haue I laid priuily, chaines, watches, Iewels,  
And when hee saw nothing could mount you vp,  
Foure hollow-hearted Angels he then gaue you,  
By which he meant to trap you, I to saue you.

*Alex.* To all which shame and grieffe in me cry  
guilty,  
Forgiue mee now, I cast the worlds eyes from mee,  
And looke vpon thee freely with mine owne:  
I see the most of many wrongs before thee,  
Cast from the iawes of enuy and her people,  
And nothing foule but that, Il'e neuer more  
Condemne by common voyce, for that's the whore,

That deceiues mans opinion ; mockes his trust, -  
Cozens his loue, and makes his heart vniust.

*Mol.* Here be the Angels Gentlemen, they were  
giuen me

As a Musitian, I purfue no pittie,  
Follow the law, and you can cucke mee, spare not  
Hang vp my vyall by me, and I care not.

*Alex.* So farre I'me sorry, I'le thrice double 'em  
To make thy wrongs amends,  
Come worthy friends my honourable Lord,  
Sir *Bewtous Ganymed*, and Noble *Fitz-Allard*,  
And you kind Gentlewoman, whose sparkling pre-  
fence,

Are glories fet in mariage, beames of society,  
For all your loues giue luster to my ioyes,  
The happineffe of this day shall be remembred,  
At the returne of euery smiling spring :  
In my time now 'tis borne, and may no sadnesse  
Sit on the browes of men vpon that day,  
But as I am, so all goe pleas'd away.

---



*Epilogus.*

**A** Painter hauing drawne with curious Art  
 The picture of a woman (euery part,  
 Limb'd to the life) hung out the peece to sell :  
 People (who pafs'd along) veiwing it well,  
 Gaue feuerall verdicts on it : some dispraised  
 The haire, some sayd the brows too high were  
 raised,  
 Some hit her o're the lippes, mislik'd their colour,  
 Some wist her nose were shorter ; some, the eyes  
 fuller,  
 Others sayd roses on her cheekes should grow,  
 Swearing they lookt too pale, others cry'd no,  
 The workeman still as fault was found, did mend  
 it,  
 In hope to please all ; (but this worke being ended)  
 And hung open at stall, it was so vile,  
 So monstrous and so vgly all men did smile  
 At the poore Painters folly. Such wee doubt  
 Is this our Comedy. Some perhaps do floute  
 The plot, saying ; 'tis too thinne, too weake, too  
 meane,  
 Some for the perfon will reuile the Scene.  
 And wonder, that a creature of her being  
 Should bee the subiect of a Poet, seeing  
 In the worlds eie, none weighes so light : others  
 looke  
 For all those base trickes publish'd in a booke,



*Epilogus.*

(Foule as his braines they flow'd from) or Cut-  
purse,  
Of Nips and Foyfts, nastie, obſcœne diſcourſes,  
As full of lies, as emptie of worth or wit,  
For any honeſt eare or eye vnfit.  
And thus,  
If we to euery braine (that's humerous)  
Should faſhion Sceanes, we (with the Painter)  
ſhall  
In ſtriuing to pleaſe all, pleaſe none at all.  
Yet for ſuch faults, as either the writers wit,  
Or negligence of the Actors do commit,  
Both craue your pardons : if what both haue  
done,  
Cannot full pay your expectation,  
The *Roring Girle* her ſelfe ſome few dayes hence,  
Shall on this Stage, giue larger recompence.  
Which Mirth that you may ſhare in, her ſelfe does  
woe you,  
And craues this ſigne, your hands to becken her  
to you.

FINIS.

*Troia-Nova Triumphans.*

# London Triumphant,

OR,

The Solemne, Magnificent, and Memorable Receiving of that worthy Gentleman, Sir JOHN SWINERTON Knight, into the City of LONDON, after his Returne from taking the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the Morrow next after Simon and Iudes day, being the 29. of October. 1612.

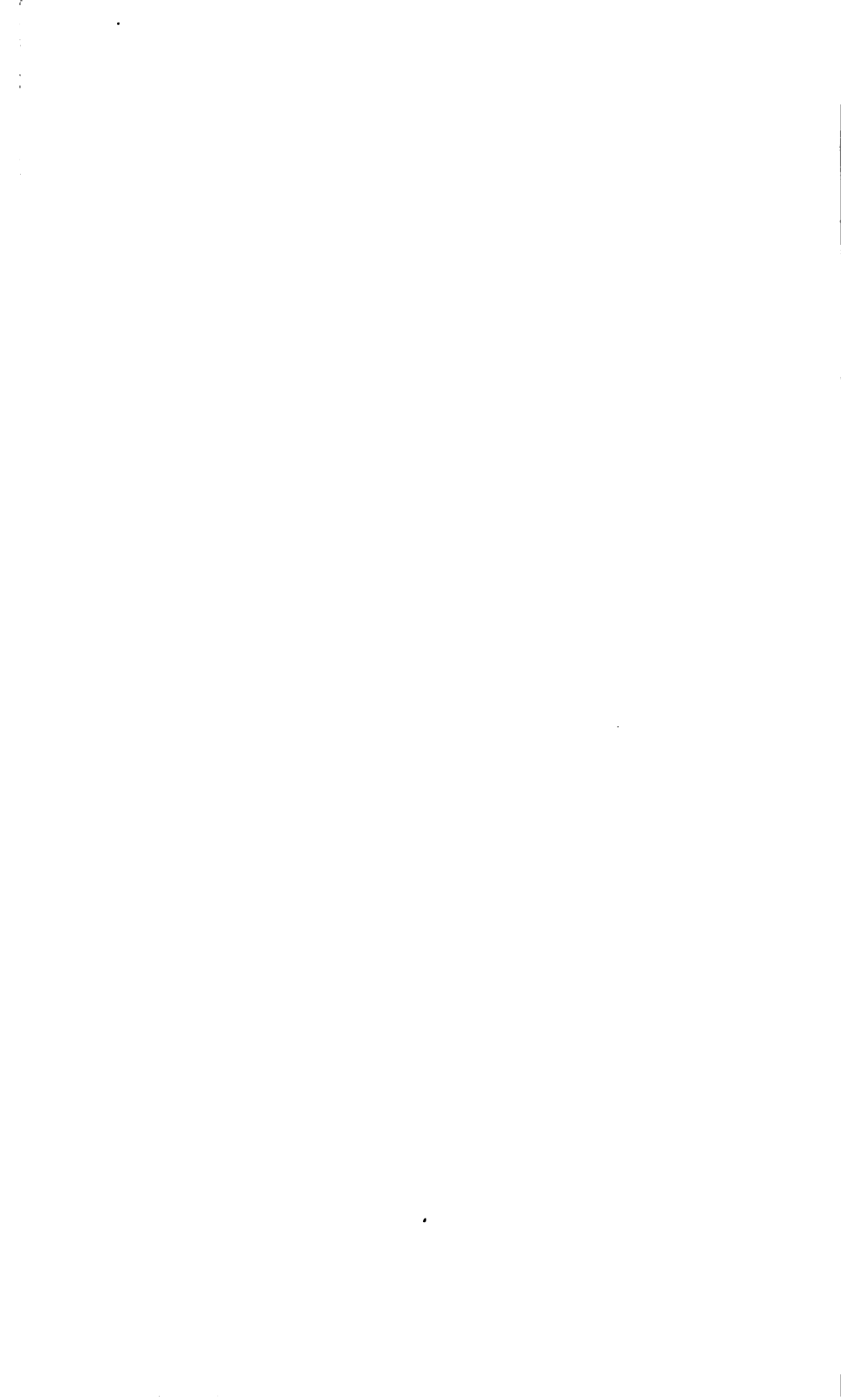
All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots of Triumph, with other Deuices, (both on the Water and Land) here fully exprest.

By Thomas Dekker.



LONDON,

Printed for Nicholas Okes, and are to be sold by John Wright dwelling at Christ Church-gate. 1612.





To the Deferuer of all those Honors,  
*Which the Customary Rites of this Day,*  
And the generall Loue of this City bestow vpon  
him, Sir Iohn Swinerton, Knight, Lord  
Maior of the renowned City  
of London.

---

**H**onor (*this day*) takes you by the Hand, and  
giues you welcomes into your New Office of  
Pretorship. A Dignity worthie the Cities  
bestowing, and most worthy your Re-  
ceiuing. You haue it with the Harts of many people,  
Voices, and Held-up hands: they know it is a Roabe  
fit for you, and therefore haue clothed you in it. May  
the Last-day of your wearing the same, yeeld to your  
Selfe as much Ioy, as to Others does this First-day of  
your putting it on. I swimme (for my owne part) not  
only in the Maine Full-sea of the General praise and  
Hopes of you. But powre out also (for my particular)  
such a streame as my Prayers can render, for a successe  
answerable to the On-set: for it is no Field, unlesse it  
be Crowned with victory.

I present (Sir) vnto you, these labours of my Pen, as  
the first and newest Congratulatory Offerings tendred  
into your hands, which albeit I should not (of my selfe)  
deserue to see accepted, I know notwithstanding you will

### THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

*giue to them a generous and gratefull entertainement, in regard of that Noble Fellowship and Society, (of which you Yesterday were a Brother, and This Day a Father) who most freely haue bestowed these their Loues vpon you. The Colours of this Peece are mine owne; the Cost theirs: to which nothing was wanting, that could be had, and every thing had that was required. To their Lasting memory I set downe This; And to your Noble Disposition, this I Dedicate. My wishes being (as euer they haue bene) to meete with any Obiect, whose reflexion may present to your Eyes, that Loue and Duty, In which*

I stand Bounden

To your Lordship.

*Thomas Dekker.*



## *Troia Noua Triumphans.*

London Triumphant.

---

**T***Ryumphes*, are the most choice and daintiest fruit that spring from *Peace* and *Abundance*; *Loue* begets them; and *Much Cost* brings them forth. *Expectation* feeds vpon them, but seldome to a surfeite, for when she is most full, her longing wants something to be satisfied. So inticing a shape they carry, that *Princes* themselues take pleasure to behold them; they with delight; common people with admiration. They are now and then the *Rich* and *Glorious Fires* of *Bounty*, *State*, and *Magnificence*, giuing light and beauty to the *Courts* of *Kings*: And now and then, it is but a debt payd to *Time* and *Custom*: and out of that dept come *These*. *Ryot* hauing no hand in laying out the *Expences*, and yet no hand in plucking backe what is held decent to be bestowed. A *sumptuous Thriftinesse* in these *Ciuil Ceremonies* managing *All*. For it were not laudable, in a *City* (so rarely gouerned and tempered) superfluously to exceed; As contrariwise it is much honor to her (when the *Day of spending* comes) not to be *sparing* in any thing. For the *Chaires* of *Magistrates* ought to be adorned, and to shine like the Chariot which carries the *Sunne*; And *Beames* (if it were possible) must be thought to be shot from the *One* as from the *Other*: As well to dazle and amaze the common *Eye*, as to

make it learne that there is some *Excellent*, and *Extraordinary Arme* from heauen thrust downe to exalt a *Superior man*, that thereby the *Gazer* may be drawne to more obedience and admiration.

In a happy houre therefore did your Lordship take vpon you this inseperable burden (of *Honor and Cares*) because your selfe being *Generous* of mind, haue met with men, and with a *Company* equall to your selfe in *Spirit*. And vpon as fortunate a *Tree* haue they ingrafted their *Bounty*; the fruites whereof shoot forth and ripen, are gathered, and taste sweetly, in the mouthes not onely of this *City*, but also of our best-to-be-beloued friends, the *Noblest strangers*. Vpon whom, though none but our *Soueraigne King* can bestow *Royall welcomes*; yet shall it be a *Memoriall* of an *Exemplary Loue and Duty* (in those who are at the *Cost* of these *Triumphs*) to haue added some *Heightning* more to them then was intended at first, of purpose to do honor to their Prince and Countrey. And I make no doubt, but *many worthy Companies* in this City could gladly be content to be partners in the *Disbursements*, so they might be sharers in the *Glory*. For to haue bene leaden-winged now, what infamy could be greater † When all the streames of *Nobility* and *Gentry*, run with the *Tide* hither. When all *Eares* lye listning for no newes but of *Feasts* and *Triumphs*: All *Eyes* still open to behold them: And all harts and hands to applaud them: When the heape of our *Soueraignes Kingdomes*, are drawne in *Little*: and to be seene within the *Wall*es of this *City*. Then to haue tied *Bounty* in too straight a girdle: *Proh scelus infandum!* No; she hath worne her garments loose, her lippes haue bene free in *Welcomes*, her purse open, and her hands liberall. If you thinke I set a flattering glasse before you, do but so much as lanch into the *Riuer*, and there the *Thames* it selfe shall shew you *all the Honors*, which this day hath bestowed vpon her: And that done, step againe vpon the *Land*, and *Fame* will with her owne *Trumpet* proclaime

what I speake ; And her I hope you cannot deny to beleue, hauing at least twenty thousand eyes about her, to witnesse whether she be a *Truc-tong'd Fame* or a *Lying*.

By this time the Lord Maior hath taken his oath, is seated in his barge againe ; a lowd thundring peale of *Chambers* giue him a *Fare-well* as he passesby. And see ! how quickly we are in ken of land, as suddenly therefore let vs leap on shore, and there obserue what honorable entertainment the Citty affords to their new *Prætor*, and what ioyfull salutations to her noble *Visitants*.

*The first Triumph on the Land.*

THE Lord Maior, and *Companyes* being landed, the first *Deuice* which is presented to him on the shore, stands ready to receiue him at the end of *Pauls-Chayne*, (on the south side the Church) and this it is.

A *Sea-Chariot* artificially made, proper for a God of the sea to fit in ; shippes dancing round about it, with *Dolphins* and other great *Fishes* playing or lying at the foot of the same, is drawne by two *Sea-horses*.

*Neptune.*

In this Chariot sits *Neptune*, his head circled with a *Coronet* of siluer *Scollup-shells*, stucke with branches of Corall, and hung thicke with ropes of pearle ; because such things as these are the treasures of the *Deepe*, and are found in the shells of fishes. In his hand he holds a siluer *Trident*, or *Three-forked Mace*, by which some Writers will haue signified the three *Naturall qualities* proper to *Waters* ; as those of fountaines to bee of a delitious taste, and Christalline colour : those of the Sea to bee saltish and unpleasant, and the colour fullen, and greenish : And lastly, those of standing Lakes, neither sweet nor bitter, nor



cleere, nor cloudy, butal together vnwholesome for the taste, and loathsome to the eye. His roabe and mantle with other ornaments are correspondent to the quality of his person; Buskins of pearle and cockle-shells being worne vpon his legges. At the lower part of this Chariot sit *Mer-maids*, who for their excellency in beauty, aboue any other creatures belonging to the sea, are preferred to bee still in the eye of *Neptune*.

At *Neptunes* foot sits *Luna* (the *Moone*) who beeing gouernesse of the sea, and all petty Flouds, as from whose influence they receiue their ebbings and flowings, challenges to herselfe this honour, to haue rule and command of those Horses that draw the Chariot, and therefore she holds their reynes in her hands.

She is atired in light roabes fitting her state and condition, with a siluer *Crescent* on her head, expressing both her power and property.

The whole Chariot figuring in it selfe that vast compasse which the sea makes about the body of the earth: whose *Globicall Rotundity* is *Hieroglically* represented by the wheele of the Chariot.

Before this *Chariot* ride foure *Trytons*, who are feyned by poets to bee Trumpeters to *Neptune*, and for that cause make way before him, holding strange Trumpets in their hands, which they sound as they passe along, their habits being Antike, and Sea-like, and sitting vpon foure seuerall fishes, *vis.* two *Dolphins*, and two *Mer-maids*, which are not (after the old procreation), begotten of painted cloath, and browne paper, but are liuing beasts, so queintly disguised like the natural fishes, of purpose to auoyd the trouble and pestering of Porters, who with much noyse and little comelinesse are euery yeare most vnnecessarily employed.

The time being ripe when the scope of this *Deuise* is to be deliuered, *Neptunes* breath goeth forth in these following *Speeches*.

*Neptunes Speeches.*

*Whence breaks this warlike thunder of lowd drummes,  
(Clarions and Trumpets) whose shrill echo comes  
Up to our Watery Court, and calles from thence  
Vs and our Trytons? As if violence  
Weere to our Siluer-footed Sister done  
(Of Flouds the Queene) bright Thamesis, who does  
runne*

*Twice euery day to our bosome, and there hides      Ebbe  
\*Her wealth, whose Streame in liquid Christall      &  
glides      Flow.*

*Guarded with troopes of Swannes? what does beget  
These Thronges? this Confluence? why do voyces  
beate*

*The Ayre with acclamations of applause,  
Good wishes, Loue, and Praises? what is't drawes  
All Faces this way? This way Rumor flies,  
Clapping her infinite wings, whose noyse the Skyes  
From earth receiue, with Muficall rebounding,  
And strike the Seas with repercussive sounding.  
Oh! now I see the cause: vanish vaine feares,  
\*Ifis no danger feeles: for her head weares      Thamesis.  
Crowns of Rich Triumphes, which This day puts on,  
And in Thy Honor all these Rites are done.*

*Whose Name when Neptune heard, 'twas a strange  
Spell,*

*Thus farre-up into th' Land to make him swell  
Beyond his Bownds, and with his Sea-troops wait  
Thy wish't arriuall to congratulate.*

*Goe therefore on, goe boldly: thou must saile  
In rough Seas (now) of Rule: and euery Gale  
Will not perhaps befriend thee: But (how blacke  
So ere the Skyes looke) dread not Thou a Wracke,  
For when Integrity and Innocence sit  
Steering the Helme, no Rocke the Ship can split.  
Nor care the Whales (neuer so great) their lawes  
Should stretch to swallow thee: Euery good mans  
cause*

Is in all stormes his Pilot : He that's found  
 To himselfe (in Conscience) nere can run a-ground.  
*Which that thou mayst do, neuer looke on't still :*  
*For (Spite of Fowle gusts) calmer Windes shall fill*  
*Thy Sayles at last And see! they home have brought*  
*A Ship which Bacchus (God of Wines) hath fraught*  
*With richest Iuice of Grapes, which thy Friends shall*  
*Drinke off in Healths to this Great Festiuall.*  
*If any at Thy Happinesse repine*  
*They gnaw but their Owne hearts, and touch not*  
 Thine.

*Let Bats and Skreech-Owles murmur at bright Day,*  
*Whiles Prayers of Good-men Guid Thee on the way.*  
*Sound, old Oceanus Trumpeters, and lead on.*

The *Trytons* then fownding, according to his command, *Neptune* in his *Chariot* passeth along before the *Lord Maior*. The foure *Windes* (habilimented to their quality, and hauing both *Faces* and *Limbes* proportionable to their blustering and boisterous condition) driue forward that *Ship* of which *Neptune* spake. And this concludes this first *Triumph* on the Land.

These two Shewes passe on vntill they come into *Pauls-Church-yard*, where standes another *Chariot*; the former *Chariot* of *Neptune*, with the *Ship*, beeing conveyd into *Cheap-side*, this other then takes the place; And this is the *Deuice*.

#### *The second Land-Triumph.*

It is the *Throne* of *Vertue*, gloriously adorned & beautified with all things that are fit to expresse the *Seat* of so noble and diuine a *Person*.

Vpon the height, and most eminent place (as worthiest to be exalted) sits *Arde* (*Vertue*) herselfe; her temples shining with a *Diadem* of starres, to shew that her *Descent* is onely from heauen: her robes are rich, her mantle white (figuring *Innocency*) and pow-

dred with starres of gold, as an *Embleme* that she puts vpon *Men*, the garments of eternity.

Beneath *Her*, in distinct places, sit the *Seauen liberall Sciences*, viz. *Grammer*, *Rhetoricke*, *Logicke*, *Musicke*, *Arithmetike*, *Geometry*, *Astronomy*.

Hauing those roomes allotted them, as being *Mothers* to all *Trades*, *Professions*, *Mysteries* and *Societies*, and the readiest guide to *Vertue*. Their habits are *Light Roabes*, and *Loose* (for *Knowledge* should be free.) On their heads they weare garlands of *Roses*, mixt with other flowers, whose sweet *Smels* are arguments of their cleere and vnspotted thoughts, not corrupted with uice. Euery one carrying in her hand, a *Symbole*, or *Badge* of that *Learning* which she professeth.

At the backe of this *Chariot* sit foure *Cupids*, to signifie that vertue is most honored when she is followed by *Loue*.

This *Throne*, or *Chariot*, is drawne by foure *Horses*, vpon the two formost ride *Time* and *Mercury*: the first, the *Begetter* and *Bringer forth* of all things in the world, the second, the *God* of *Wisedome* and *Eloquence*. On the other two *Horses* ride *Desire* and *Industry*; it beeing intimated hereby, that *Tyme* giues wings to *Wisedome*, and sharpens it, *Wisedome* sets *Desire* a burning, to attaine to *Vertue*, and that *Burning Desire* begets *Industry* (earnestly to pursue her.) And all these (together) make men in *Loue* with *Arts*, *Trades*, *Sciences*, and *Knowledge*, which are the onely staires and ascensions to the *Throne of Vertue*, and the onely glory and vpholdings of *Cities*. *Time* hath his wings, *Glaspe*, and *Sythe*, which cuts downe *All*.

*Mercury* hath his *Caduceus*, or *Charming Rod*, his fethered *Hat*, his *Wings*, and other properties fitting his condition, *Desire* carries a burning heart in her hand.

*Industry* is in the shape of an old *Country-man*, bearing on his shoulder a *Spade*, as the *Embleme* of *Labour*.

Before this *Chariot*, or *Throne* (as *Guardians* and

*Proteſſors to Vertue, to Arts, and to the reſt ; and as Aſſiſtants to Him who is Chiefe within the City for that yeare) are mounted vpon horſebacke twelue Perſons (two by two) repreſenting the twelue ſuperior Companies, euery one carrying vpon his left arme a faire Shield with the armes in it of one of the twelue Companies, and in his right hand a launce with a light ſtreamer or pendant on the top of it, and euery horſe led and attended by a Footman.*

The Lord Maior beeing approached to this Throne, Vertue thus ſalutes him.

*The Speech of ARETE (Vertue).*

**H**Aile (*worthy Pretor*) ſtay, and do Me grace,  
 (*Who ſtill haue cald thee Patron*) In this place  
*To take from me heap'd welcomes, who combine*  
*Theſe peoples hearts in one, to make them thine.*  
*Bright Vertues name thou know'ſt and heau'nly birth,*  
*And therefore (ſpying thee) downe ſhe leapt to earth*  
*Whence vicious men had driuen her : On her throne*  
*The Liberall Arts waite : from whoſe breſts do runne*  
*The milke of Knowledge : on which, Sciences feed,*  
*Trades and Profeſſions : And by Them, the ſeed*  
*Of Ciuill, Popular Gouernment, is ſowne ;*  
*Which ſpringing vp, loe ! to what heighth tis growne*  
*In Thee and \*Theſe is ſcene. And (to maintaine*

The Aldermen.

*This Greatneſſe) Twelue ſtrong Pillars it ſuſtaine ;*  
*Vpon whoſe Capitals, \*Twelue Societies ſtand,*

The twelue Companies.

*Graue and well-ordred) bearing chiefe Command*  
*Within this City, and (with Loue) thus reare*  
*Thy fame, in free election, for this yeare.*  
*All arm'd, to knit their Nerues (in One) with Thine,*  
*To guard this new Troy : And, (that She may ſhine*  
*In Thee, as Thou in Her) no Miſers kay*  
*Has bard the Gold vp ; Light flies from the Day*  
*Not of more free gift, than from them their Coſt :*  
*For whats now ſpar'd, that only they count Loſt.*

*As then their Ioynd-hands lift Thee to thy Seate.  
(Changing thereby thy Name for one More \*Great),*

Lord Maior.

*And as this City, with her Loud, Full Voice,  
(Drowning all spite that murmures at the Choice,  
If at least such there be) does Thee preferre,  
So art thou bound to loue, both Them and Her.  
For know, thou art not like a Pinnacle, plac'd  
Onely to stand aloft, and to be grac'd  
With wondring eyes, or to haue caps and knees  
Heape worship on thee: for that Man does leeze  
Himselfe and his Renowne, whose growth being Hye  
In the weale publicke like the Cypres tree)  
Is neither good to Build-with, nor beare Fruit;  
Thou must be now, Stirring, and Resolute.  
To be what thou art Sworne, (a waking Eye)  
Afarre off (like a Beacon) to descry  
What stormes are coming, and (being come) must then  
Shelter with spread armes, the poor'st Citizen.  
Sit Plenty at thy Table, at thy Gate  
Bounty, and Hospitality: hee's most Ingrate  
Into whose lap the Publick-weale hauing power'd  
Her Golden shewers, from Her his wealth should hoord.  
Be like those Antient Spirits, that (long ago)  
Could thinke no Good deed sooner than twas Don;  
Others to pleasure. Hold it Thou more Glory,  
Than to be pleas'd Thy Selfe. And be not sory  
If Any strue (in best things) to exceed thee,  
But glad, to helpe thy Wrongers, if they need thee.  
Nor feare the slings of Envy, nor the Threates  
Of her inuenom'd Arrowes, which at the Seates  
Of those Who Best Rule euermore are shot,  
But the Aire blowes off their fethers, and they hit not,  
Come therefore on, nor dread her, nor her Sprites,  
The poyson she spils vp, on her owne Head lights.  
On, on, away.*

This Chariot or Throne of Vertue is then set forward, and followes that of *Neptune*, this taking place

iust before the Lord Maior : And this concludes the second Triumphant shew.

*The third Deuice.*

**T**He Third Deuice is a Forlorne Castle, built close to the little Conduit in Cheap-side, by which, as the Throne of *Vertue* comes neerer and neerer, there appeare aboue (on the battlements) *Enuy*, as chiefe Commandresse of that infernall Place, and euery part of it guarded with persons representing all those that are fellowes and followers of *Enuy*: as *Ignorance*, *Sloth*, *Oppression*, *Disdaine*, &c. *Enuy* herselfe being attired like a *Fury*, her haire full of snakes, her countenance pallid, meagre and leane, her body naked, in her hand a knot of snakes, crawling and writhen about her arme.

The rest of her litter are in as vgly shapes as the dam, euery one of them beeing arm'd with black bowes, & arrows ready to bee shot at *Vertue*. At the gates of this Fort of Furies, stand *Ryot* and *Calumny*, in the shapes of Gyants, with clubs, who offer to keep back the Chariot of *Vertue*, and to stop her passage. All the rest likewise on the battlements offering to discharge their blacke Artillery at her: but she onely holding vp her bright shield, dazzles them, and confounds them; they all on a sudden shrinking in their heads, vntill the Chariot be past, and then all of them appearing againe: their arrowes, which they shoote vp into the aire, breake there out in fire-works, as hauing no power to do wrong to so sacred a Deity as *Vertue*.

This caue of Monsters stands fixed to the Conduit, in which *Enuie* onely breathes out her poyson to this purpose.

*The speech of Enuy.*

*Enuy.*

**A**DDers shoote, hyffe speckled snakes;  
Sloth craule up, see *Oppression* wakes;  
(Baine to learning.) *Ignorance*,

Shake thy Affes eares, *Difdaine*, aduance  
Thy head *Luciferan* : *Ryot* split  
Thy ribbes with curfes : *Calumny* spit  
Thy rancke-rotten gall vp. See, See, See,  
That witch, whose bottomlefse Sorcery  
Makes fooles runne mad for her, that Hag  
For whom your Dam pines, hangs out her flag  
Our Den to ramfacke : *Vertue*, that whoore ;  
See, fee, how braue fhee's, I am poore.

*Vertue.* On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are fo bright,  
They dazzle *Enuy*, on : the Hag's put to flight.

*Enuy.* Snakes, from your virulent spawn ingender  
Dragons, that may peece-meale rend her :  
Adders, shoote your stings like quils  
Of Porcupines (Stiffe) ; hot Aetnean hils,  
Vomit fulphure to confound her,  
Fiends and Furies (that dwell vnder)  
Lift hell gates from their hindges : come  
You cloven-footed broode of Barrathrum,  
Stop, stay her, fright her with your shreekes,  
And put fresh bloud in *Enuies* cheekes.

*Vertue.* On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are fo bright,  
They dazle *Enuy* : the Hag's put to flight.

*Omnes.* Shoote, shoote, &c. *All that are with Enuy.*

Either during this speech, or else when it is done,  
certain Rockets flye vp into the aire ; the Throne of  
*Vertue* passing on still, neuer staying, but speaking still  
thofe her two laft lines, albeit, fhee bee out of the  
hearing of *Enuy* : and the other of *Enuies* Faction  
crying still, shoote, shoote, but feeing they preuaile not,  
all retire in, and are not feene till the Throne comes  
backe againe.

And this concludes this Triumphant affault of *Enuy* :  
her conquest is to come.

*The fourth Deuice.*

**T**His Throne of *Vertue* paffeth along vntill it comes  
to the Crosse in *Cheape*, where the presentation of



another Triumph attends to welcome the *Lord Maior* in his passage ; the Chariot of *Vertue* is drawne then along, this other that followes taking her place, the Deuice bearing this Argument.

*Vertue* hauing by helpe of her followers, conducted the *Lord Maior* safely, euen, as it were, through the iawes of *Enuy* and all her Monsters: the next, and highest honour shee can bring him to, is to make him arise at the house of *Fame*, and that is this Pageant. In the vpper seat sits *Fame* crowned in rich attire, a Trumpet in her hand, &c. In other feuerall places sit Kings, Princes, and Noble persons, who haue bene free of the *Marchant-tailors*: A per-ticular roome being referued for one that represents the person of *Henry* the now *Prince of Wales*.

The onely speaker heere is *Fame* herselfe, whose wordes found out these glad welcomes.

*The speech of Fame.*

WElcome to *Fames* high Temple: here fix fast  
 Thy footing; for the wayes which thou hast past  
 Will be forgot and worne out; and no Tract  
 Of steps obseru'd, but what thou *now* shalt Act.  
 The booke is shut of thy precedent deedes,  
 And *Fame* vnclaspes another, where shee reads  
 (Aloud) the Chronickle of a dangerous yeare,  
 For Each Eye will looke through thee, and Each Eare  
 Way-lay thy wordes and workes. Th' hast yet but  
 gon  
 About a Pyramid's foote; the top's not won,  
 That's glasse; who slides there, fals, and once falne  
 downe,  
 Neuer more rises: no art cures renowne,  
 The wound being sent to th' heart. 'Tis kept from  
 thence  
 By a strong armor, *Vertues* influence;  
 She guides thee, follow her. In this Court of *Fame*  
 None else but *Vertue* can enrole thy name.

Erect thou then a serious eye, and looke  
What worthies fill vp *Fames* voluminous booke,  
That now (thine owne name read there) none may  
blot

Thy leafe with foule inke, nor thy margent quate  
With any act of thine, which may disgrace  
This Cittie's choice, thy felfe, or this thy place :  
Or that which may dishonour the high Merits  
Of thy renown'd society : roiall spirits  
Of Princes holding it a grace to weare  
That crimfon badge, which these about them beare,  
Yea, Kings themfelues 'mongft you haue fellowes  
bene,

Stil'd by the name of a free-citizen :  
For inftance, fee, feuen Englifh Kings there plac'd,  
Cloth'd in your liuery, the firft feat being grac'd  
By fecond *Richard* : next him \**Bullingbrooke* :

*Henry* the 4.

Then that Fift (thundring) *Henry*, who all France  
fhook :

By him, his fonne (fixth *Henry*) by his fide  
Fourth *Edward*, who the *Rofes* did diuide :  
*Richard the third* next him : and then that King  
Who made both *Rofes* in one branch to fpring :  
A fprig of which branch (higheft now but one)  
Is *Henry Prince of Wales*, followed by none :  
Who of this brotherhood, laft and beft fteps forth,  
Honouring your Hall : to heighten more your worth.  
I can a register fhew of feunteene more  
(Princes and Dukes all) : entomb'd long before,  
Yet kept aliue by Fame ; Earles thirty-one,  
And Barons fixty-fix that path haue gone :  
Of Vifcounts onely one your order tooke :  
Turne ouer one leafe more in our vaf booke,  
And you may reade the names of prelates there,  
Of which one Arch-bifhop your cloth did weare.  
And Bifhops twenty-foure : of Abbots feuen  
As many Priors, to make the number euen :  
Of forty Church-men, I one fub-prior adde,

You from all these, these from you honour had.  
 Women of high blood likewise laid aside  
 Their greater state so to be dignified :  
 Of which a *Queene* the first was, then a paire  
 Of Dukes' wiues : and, to leaue the roll more faire,  
 Fiue Countesses and two Ladies are the last,  
 Whose birth and beauties haue your order grac'd.  
 But I too long spin out this thrid of gold ;  
 Here breakes it off. Fame hath them all en-rol'd  
 On a large file (with Others), And their story  
 The world shall reade, to adde vnto thy glory,  
 Which I am loath to darken : thousand eyes  
 Yet aking till they enjoy thee : win then that prize  
 Which Vertue holds vp for thee, And (that done),  
 Fame shall the end crowne, as she hath begun.  
 Set forward.

Those Princes and Dukes (besides Kings nominated before) are these.

John Duke of Lancaster.	{	In the time of Richard the Second.
Edmund Duke of Yorke.		
The Duke of Gloster.		
The Duke of Surrey.	{	In the time of Henry the Fifth.
Humfry Duke of Gloster.		
Richard Duke of Yorke.		
George D. of Clarence.	{	In the time of Edward the Fourth.
Duke of Suffolke.		
Iohn D. of Norfolke.		
George D. of Bedford.	{	In the time of Richard the Third.

Edward D. of Buckingham, In the time of Henry the 7. with others, whose Rol is too long here to be opened.

The Queene spoken of, was Anne, wife to Richard the 2. Dukes wiues these, viz :—

The Dutchesse of Gloster. In the time of Richard the 2.

Elionor Dutchesse of Gloster. In the time of H. the 5.

Now for Prelates I reckon onely these,  
The Prior of Saint Bartholmewes.  
And his Sub-Prior.  
The Prior of Elſinge-spittle.  
Thomas Arundell, Arch-bishop of Canterbury.  
Henry Bewfort, Bishop of Winton.  
The Abbot of Barmondſey.  
The Abbot of Towrchill.  
Philip Morgan, Bishop of Worſter.  
The Abbot of Tower-hill.  
The Prior of Saint Mary Ouery.  
The Prior of Saint Trinity in Cree-Church.  
The Abbot and Prior of Weſtmiſter.  
Kemp Bishop of London.  
W. Wainfleete, B. of Wincheſter.  
George Neuill, Bishop of Wincheſter, and Chauncelor  
of England.  
Iohn May, Abbot of Chertſay.  
Laurence, Bishop of Durham.  
Iohn Ruſſell, Bishop of Rocheſter.

If I ſhould lengthen this number, it were but to trouble you with a large index of names onely, which I am loath to do, knowing your expectation is to be otherwiſe feaſted.

The ſpeech of *Fame* therefore being ended, as 'tis ſet downe before, this Temple of her's takes place next before the *Lord Maior*, thoſe of *Neptune* and *Vertue* marching in precedent order. And as this Temple is carryed along, a ſong is heard, the muſicke being quaintly conueyed in a priuate roome, and not a perſon diſcouered.

*THE SONG.*

**H** Onor, eldeſt child of *Fame*,  
Thou farre older then thy name,

*London Triumphant.*

Waken with my song, and fee  
 One of thine, here waiting thee.  
   Sleepe not now,  
   But thy brow,  
 Chac't with Oliues, Oke, and Baies  
 And an age of happy dayes  
   Vpward bring,  
   Whilst we sing  
 In a Chorus altogether,  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Longing round about him stay,  
 Eyes, to make another day,  
 Able with their vertuous light,  
 Vtterly to banish night.  
   All agree,  
   This is hee,  
 Full of bounty, honour, store,  
 And a world of goodnesse more  
   Yet to spring  
   Whilst we sing  
 In a Chorus altogether,  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

*Enuy*, angry with the dead,  
 Far from this place hide thy head ;  
 And *Opinion*, that nere knew  
 What was either good or true ;  
   Fly, I say,  
   For this day  
 Shall faire *Iustice*, *Truth*, and *Right*,  
 And such happy sonnes of *Light*,  
   To us bring,  
   Whilst we sing  
 In a Chorus altogether,  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Goe on nobly, may thy name,  
 Be as old and good as fame,  
 Euer be remembered here,  
 Whilst a blessing, or a teare  
   Is in store,  
   With the pore,  
 So shall *Swinerton* nere dye,  
 But his vertues vpward flye,  
   And still spring,  
   Whilst we sing,  
 In a Chorus ceasing neuer,  
 He is liuing, liuing euer.

And this concludes this fourth *Triumph*, till his lordships returne from the *Guild-hall*.

In returning backe from the *Guild-hall*, to performe the ceremoniall customes in *Pauls Church*, these shewes march in the same order as before; and coming with the Throne of *Vertue*, *Enuy* and her crue are as busie again, *Enuie* uttering some three or foure lines at the end of her speech onely: As thus:

*Enuy.*     *F*iends and furies, that dwell vnder,  
                   Lift hell-gates from their hindges: come,  
                   You clouen-footed brood of *Barathrum*,  
                   Stop, stony her, fright her with your shreekes,  
                   And put fresh blood in *Enuyes* cheekes.  
*Vertue.*    On, on, the beames of *Vertue* are so bright,  
                   They dazzle *Enuy*; on, the Hag's put to  
   flight.

This done, or as it is in doing, those twelue that ride armed discharge their pistols, at which *Enuy* and the rest vanish, and are scene no more.

When the *Lord Maior* is (with all the rest of their Triumphs), brought home, *Justice* (for a fare-well) is mounted on some couenient scaffold close to his entrance at his gate, who thus salutes him:—

*The speech of Iustice.*

MY this-dayes fworne-protector, welcome home,  
 If Iustice speake not now, be she euer dumbe :  
 The world giues out shee's blinde ; but men shall see  
 Her light is cleere, by influence drawne from thee.  
 For one-yeare therefore, at these gates shee'll sit,  
 To guid thee in and out : thou shalt commit  
 (If thee stand by thee) not one touch of wrong :  
 And though I know thy wisdome built up strong,  
 Yet men (like great ships) being in storms, most  
 neere

To danger, when vp their failes they beare.  
 And since all Magistrates tread still on yce,  
 From mine owne schoole I read thee this aduice :  
 Do good for no mans sake (now) but thine owne,  
 Take leaue of friends and foes, both must be knowne  
 But by one face : the rich and poore must lye  
 In one euen scale : all fuiters, in thine eye,  
 Welcome alike ; euen hee that seemes most base,  
 Looke not vpon his clothes, but on his case.  
 Let not *Oppression* wash his hands i' th' teares  
 Of widowes, or of orphans : widowes prayers  
 Can pluck downe thunder, and poore orphans cries  
 Are lawrels held in fire ; the violence flies  
 Vp to Heauen-gates, and there the wrong does tell,  
 Whilst *Innocence* leaues behind it a sweet smell.  
 Thy Conscience must be like that scarlet dye ;  
 One fowle spot stains it all : and the quick eye  
 Of this prying world, will make that spot thy scorne.  
 That Collar (which about thy necke is worne)  
 Of Golden Eshes, bids thee so to knit  
 Mens hearts in loue, and make a chayne of it.  
 That sword is feldome drawne, by which is meant,  
 It should strike feldom : neuer th' innocent.  
 'Tis held before thee by anothers hand,  
 But the point vpwards (heauen must that command)  
 Snatch it not then in wrath ; it must be giuen,  
 But to cut none, till warranted by Heauen.

The head, the politicke body must aduance  
 For which thou hast the cap of maintenance,  
 And since the most iust magistrate often erres,  
 Thou guarded art about with officers,  
 Who knowing the pathes of others that are gone,  
 Should teach thee what to do, what leaue vndone.  
 Nights candles lighted are, and burne amaine,  
 Cut therefore here off thy officious traine,  
 Which *Loue* and *Custome* lend thee ; all delight  
 Crowne both this day and Citty : a good night  
 To thee, and these graue senators, to whom  
 My last fare-wels in these glad wishes come,  
 That thou and they, (whose strength the City beares),  
 May be as old in goodnesse as in yeares.

The Title-page, of this Booke makes promise of all the shewes by water, as of these on the land ; but *Apollo* hauing no hand in them, I suffer them to dye by that which fed them ; that is to say, powder and smoake. Their thunder (according to the old gally-foyst-fashion), was too lowd for any of the *Nine Muses* to be bidden to it. I had devis'd *one* altogether musically, but *Time's* glasse could spare no sand, nor lend convenient howres for the performance of it. Night cuts off the glory of this day, and so consequently of these triumphes, whose brightnesse beeing ecclipsed, my labours can yeeld no longer shadow. They are ended, but my loue and duty to your Lordship shall neuer.

——— *Non displicuisse meretur,  
 Festinat (Prætor) Qui placuisse tibi.*

*FINIS.*





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IF

---

IT BE NOT GOOD,

The Diuel is in it.

A

---

Nevv Play,

---

AS IT HATH BIN

lately Acted, vvith great  
applause, by the Queenes Maiesties  
Seruants : At the Red Bull.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

*Floſſere ſi nequeo Superos, Acheronta mouebo.*



LONDON,

Printed for I. T. And are to be ſold by *Edward Marchant*,  
at his ſhop againſt the Croſſe in *Pauls*  
Church-yarde. 1612.





# TO MY LOVING, AND LOVED FRIENDS

and fellowes, the Queenes

Maiesties seruants.

**K***nowledge and Reward dwell far a-funder. Greatnes* lay once betweene them. But (in his stead) *Courtousnes* now. And ill neighbour, a bad *Benefactor*, no pay maister to *Poets*. By *This Hard-Houskeeping*, (or rather, *Shutting vp of Liberalities Doores*,) *Merit* goes a *Begging*, & *Learning* starues. *Bookes*, had wont to haue *Patrons*, and (now,) *Patrons* haue *Bookes*. The *Smuff* hat is *Lighted*, consumes *That* which *Feeds* it. A *Signe*, the *World* hath an ill *Eare*, when no *Musick* is good, vnles it *Strikes-vp* for *Nothing*. I haue *Sung* so, but wil no more. A *Hue-and Cry* follow, his *Wit*, that sleeps, when sweete *Tunes* are founding. But tis now the *Fashion*. *Lords*, look wel : *Knights*, *Thank* well ; *Gentlemen*, promise well ; *Citizens*, *Take* well ; *Gulles*, *Sweare* well : but *None*, *Giue* well, I leaue therefore *All*, for *You* : And *All* (that *This* can be) to *You*. Not in hope to *Haue* ; but in *Recognition* of *What I Haue* (as I think) *Already* (your *Loues*.)

*Acknowledgement* is part of payment sometimes, but it neither is, nor shall be (betweene you and me) a *Cancelling*. I haue cast mine eye vpon many, but find none more fit, none more worthy, to *Patronize* *this*, than *you*, who haue *Protected* it. Your *Cost*, *Counsell*, and *Labour*, had bin ill spent, if a *Second* should by my hand snatch from you *This Glory*. No : When *Fortune* (in her blinde pride) set her foote vpon *This imperfect Building*, (as scorning the *Foundation* and *Workmanship* :) you, gently raizd it vp

(on the same *Columnes*,) the *Protiſpice* onely a little more *Garniſhed*: To you therefore deſervedly, *Whole Frame* is the conſecrated: For I durſt ſwear, if *Wiſhes* and *Curſes* could haue become *Witches*, the necke of this *Harmles Duell* had long a goe bin broken.

But I am glad that *Ignorance* (ſo inſolent for being flattered) is now ſtriped naked, and her deformities diſcouered: And more glad, that *Enuie* ſits maddingly gnawing her owne *Snakes*, whoſe *Stinges* ſhe had armed to ſtrike *Others*. *Foode* let her ſo ſtill. So, ſtill let the *Other* be laughed at. Whilſt I (*pittyng* the *One*, and not *Dreading* the *Other*,) ſend theſe *my Wiſhes* flying into your *Boſomes*; That the *God of Poets*, may neuer peſter your *Stage* with a *Cherilus*, nor a *Suffenus*, (*Males*, *Eminent* in nothing but in *Long Eares*, in *Kicking* and in *Braging* out *Calumnies*) vpon whoſe *Cruppers* may be aptly pind, *That Morrall* of poore *Ocnus* making *Ropes* in *Hell*, whilſt an *Aſſe* ſtands by, and (as he twiſts) bites them in funder. But if *His Verſifying Deity*, ſends you *Any*, *I wiſh* they may be ſuch, as are worthy to ſit, *At the Table of the Sun*. None els.

I wiſh a *Faire* and *Fortunate Day* to your *Next New-Play* for the *Makers ſake* and your *Owne*,) becauſe ſuch *Brasue Triumphes* of *Poeſie*, and *Elaborate Induſtry*, which my *Worthy Friends Muſe* hath there ſet forth, deſerue a *Theater* full of very *Muſes* themſelues to be *Speſtators*. To that *Faire Day* I wiſh a *Full*, *Free*, and *Knowing Auditor*. And to that *Full Audience*, *One Honelt Doore-keeper*. So, *Fare-well*.

Yours. Tho: Dekker.



### Prologue.

WOULD t'were a Custome that at all New-playes  
The Makers sat o'th Stage, either with *Bayes*  
To haue their *Workes Crownd*, or beate in with  
*Hissing*,

*Pied* and bold *Ideotes*, durst not then fit *Kissing*  
A *Muses* cheeke : *Shame* would bafe *Changelings* weane,  
From *Sucking* the mellifuous *Hypocrene* :  
Who write as blinde-men shoote, (by *Hap*, not *Ayme*,)  
So, Fooles by lucky *Throwing*, oft win the Game.  
*Phæbus* has many Bastards, *True Sonnes* fewe,  
I meane of those, whose quicke cleare eyes can viewe  
*Poesies* pure *Essence*, It being so diuine  
That the *Suns Fires*, (euen when they brightest shine)  
Or *Lightning*, when most subtile *Ioue* does spend it,  
May as soone be approachd, weyed, touchd, or com-  
prehended.

But tis with *Poets* now, as tis with Nations,  
Thil-fauourdst *Vices*, are the brauest *Fashions*.  
A Play whose *Rudenes*, *Indians* would abhorre, —  
Itt fill a house with *Fishwiues*, *Rare*, *They All Roare*.  
It is not Praise is fought for (Now) but *Pence*,  
Tho dropd, from Greasie-apron *Audience*.  
Clapd may he bee with *Thunder*, that plucks *Bayes*,  
With such *Foule Hands*, & with *Squint-Eyes* does  
gaze

On *Pallas Shield* ; not caring (so hee *Gaines*,  
A Cramd *Third-Day*, what *Filth* drops from his *Brains*.  
Let *Those* that loue *Pans pipe*, daunce still to *Pan*,  
They shall but get long *Eares* by it : Giue me *That*  
*Man*,

Who when the *Plague* of an Impossumd *Braynes*  
 (*Breaking out*) infects a *Theater*, and hotly raignes,  
 Killing the *Hearers* hearts, that the vast roomes  
 Stand empty, like so many Dead-mens toombes,  
 Can call the *Banish'd* Auditor home, And tye  
 His Eare (with golden chaines) to his Melody :  
 Can draw with *Adamantine Pen* (euen creatures  
 Forg'de out of th' *Hammer*, on tiptoe, to *Reach* vp,  
 And (from *Rare silence*) clap their *Brawny hands*,  
 T' *Applaud*, what their *charm'd* soule scarce vnder-  
 stands.

That Man giue mee ; whose Brest fill'd by the *Muses*,  
 With Raptures, Into a fecond, them infuses :  
 Can giue an Actor, Sorrow, Rage, Ioy, Passion,  
 Whilst hee againe (by selfe-same Agitation)  
 Commands the *Hearers*, sometimes drawing out  
*Teares*,

Then smiles, and fills them both with *Hopes & Feares*.  
 That Man giue mee : And to bee such-a-*One*,  
 Our *Poet* (this day) striues, or to bee *None* :  
 Lend not (*Him*) hands for *Pittie*, but for *Merit*,  
 If he *Please*, hee's *Crownd*, if *Not*, his *Fate* must beare  
 it.





IF THIS BE NOT  
A GOOD PLAY, THE  
DIVELL IS IN IT.

*Handwritten:* *mine*  
*about*

---

*Enter (at the sound of hellish musick,) Pluto, and Charon.*

*Plu.* H A !  
*Cha.* So.

*Plu.* What fo.

*Cha.* Ile be thy slaue no longer.

*Plu.* What slaue ?

*Cha.* Hels drudge, her Gally-slaue. I ha' wore  
My flesh toth' bones, bones marrowles, at the Oare  
Tugging to waft to' thy Stygian empire, Soules,  
Which (but for *Charon*) neuer had come in Sholes,  
Yet (swarmde they nere fo) them on shore I fet,  
Hell gets by *Charon*, what does *Charon* get ?

✓

*Plu.* His Fare.

*Cha.* Scuruy fare, ile first cry garlick.

*Plu.* Doe ;

And make hel stinck, as that does hither.

*Cha.* If I doe



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Some like that smell, my boate to shore ile pull ;  
Not worke a stroake more.

*Plu.* How ?

*Cha.* Not touch a Scull.

*Plu.* Why ?

*Cha.* I ha' no doings: ~~Granes-end~~ barge has  
more,

And caries as good as any are in hell ;  
I feare th' infernall riuers are frozen or'e  
So few by water come : els the whores that dwell  
Next dore to hell, goe about : besides, tis thought,  
That men to find hell, now, new waies haue fought,  
As Spaniards did to the Indies. *Pluto*, mend  
My wages, or row thy selfe.

*Plu.* Vgly, grumbling slaue,

Haue I not raifde thy price ? yet still do'st craue ?  
Such bold braue beggers (heard off ner'e before,  
Are thy fares now, they teach thee to beg more.  
Thy fare was (first) a halfe-peny, then the soules gaue  
thee

A peny, then three-halfe-pence, we shall haue thee  
(As market-folkes ou dARTH,) so damned deere,  
Men will not come to hell, crying out th'are heere  
Worse racke then th'are in tauernes : why doest howle  
for mony ?

*Cha.* For mony : Ile haue ij.d. for each soule  
I ferry ouer ; I'me old, craz'd, Stiffe, and lam'de,  
That soule thats not worth ij.d. wou'd twere damb'd.

*Plu.* Thou shalt not.

*Cha.* I will haue it, or lye still,  
If *Charon* fill hell, hell shall *Charon* fill :  
For Ghosts now come not thronging to my boate,  
But drop by one and one in ; none of note  
Are fares now : I had wont braue fellowes to ply,  
Who, (hack't and mangled) did in battailes dye.  
But now these gallants which doe walke hells  
Rowndes,

Are fuller of diseases, than of woundes.  
If wounded any take my boate, they roare,

Being flabd, either drunke, or flaine about some  
whore.

Thats all the fight now.

*Prod. Charon.*

*Within.*

*Plu.* Get thee gon :

That call'd for.

*Prod: Charon.*

*Cha.* Ball not. Ile come anon.

Haggas of hell gnaw thee with their fowle furd-  
gummes,

*Plu.* *Pluto*, no wonder if so few hither comes ?

*Cha.* Why :

Gingerly : See See,

One of thine owne promooters, (with hawkes eyes,  
That should for prey be watching) here snoring lyes.

*Plu.* With a mischife ! cabind ! a fury,

*Char.* Ile Ferret out more.

*Ruffman comes vp, Furie Enters.*

*Cha.* Another : looke : dancing a bawde on's  
knee.

*Enter Shackle-foule comes vp.*

*Shack.* I doe enquire if rich bawdes Carted bee  
On earth as well as poore ones : I sleepe not *Pluto*.

*Plu.* Twist stronger-knotted whips, Ile wake you  
(slaues !)

*Cha.* Two of thy Summers dead-drunke here too.

*Lur.* Thou lyest.

*Charon.*

*Lurchall and another Spirit comes vp.*

*Cha.* I come : If I must worke, let these  
Thy Prentices, plye their occupation,  
T'vphold hells Kingdome, more must worke then one.

*Exit.*

*Plu.* Ha ; Are there whipping-posts for such as  
dwell

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In Idlenes on Earth, and yet shall Hell  
 (As if wee tooke bribes here too,) let such passe !  
 Ile haue you tawde : Is not the world as t'was ?  
 Once mother of Rapes, Incests, and Sodomies,  
 Atheisme, and Blasphemies, plump Boyes indeed.  
 That suck'd (our Dams breft) is thee now barren ?  
 Ha !

Is there a dearth of villaines ?

*Omn.* More now then euer ?

*Plu.* Is there such penurie of man-kinde Hell-  
 houndes ?

You can lye snoring.

*Ruff.* Each Land is full of Rake-hells.

*Shac.* But sholes of Sharkes eate vp the Fifth at  
 Sea.

*Lur.* Braue pitchy villaines there.

*Plu.* Yet you playing here.

*Omn.* No, No ; most awefull *Pluto*.

*Plu.* Were you good Hell-hounds, euery day  
 should bee

A *Symon-and-Iude*, to crowne our bord with Feasts  
 A blacke eyde foules each minute : were you honest  
 diuels

Each officer in hell should haue at least,  
 A brace of whores to his break-fast : aboue vs dwell,  
 Diuels brauer and more subtile then in Hell.

*Omn.* Weele fill thy pallace with them.

*Plu.* Ile trye that : goe :

*Rufman*, take instantly a Courtiers shape  
 Of any country : choose thine owne disguise  
 And returne swiftly.

*Ruf.* Yes.

*Exit.*

*Plu.* *Shackle-foule* weare thou

A Friers graue habit.

*Shac.* Well.

*Exit.*

*Plu.* *Grumshall* walke thou

In trebble-ruffles like a Merchant.

*Lur.* So : tis don.

*Exit.*

*Plu.* The barres of our latigious Courts had wont

To crack with thronging pleaders, whole lowde din  
Shooke the infernall hell, as if 't had bin  
An earth-quake bursting from the deepe Abisse,  
Or els *Ioues* thunder, throwne at the head of Dis  
(The God of gold,) for hiding it below,  
Thereby to tempt churles hither. Nor did we know  
What a Vacation ment : continuall terme  
Fattend hels Lawyers, and shall so againe.

Enter *Rufman*, *Shackle-soule* and *Lurchall*.

*Ruf.* Here.

*Shac.* Here.

*Lur.* Command vs.

*Plu.* Fly into the world :

As y'are in shapes transformde be so in name,  
For men are out-fides onely : be you the fame ;  
Hye thee to *Naples*, (*Rufman*), thou shalt finde  
A Prince there (newly crownde,) aptly inclinde  
To any bendings ; least his youthfull browes  
Reach at Stars only, wey down his loftiest boughes  
With leaden plomets, poison his best thoughts with  
taft

Of things most sensuall ; if the heart once waft  
The body feeles consumption ; good or bad kings  
Breede Subiects like them : cleere streames flow from  
cleere springs.

Turne therefore *Naples* to a puddle : with a ciuill  
Much promising face, and well oylde play the court  
diuell.

*Ruff.* Ile doo't in brauery : if as deepe as hell,  
Thy large eares heare a Land curse me, my part's  
playd well.

*Plu.* Fly *Shackle-soule*.

*Shac.* Whither ?

*Plu.* To the Friery,  
Best-famde in *Naples* for strict orders : throw  
What nets thou seeft can catch them : Amongst  
'em fow

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Seedes of contention, or what euer sin  
They most abhor, sweate thou to bring that in.

*Shac.* A wolfe in lambe skin leapes into the rout,  
Bell, booke, or candle cannot curse me out ;  
He curse faster than they.

*Plu.* Doe : *Grumball.*

*Lur.* Here.

*Plu.* Be thou a cittie-diuell, make thy hands  
Of Harpyes clawes, which being on courtiers lands  
Once fastend, ne're let loose, the Merchant play,  
And on the Burse, see thou thy flag display.  
Of politicke banck-ruptisme : traine vp as many  
To fight vnder it, as thou canst, for now's not any  
That breake, (theile breake their necks first) if, beside  
Thou canst not through the whole citie meete with  
pride,

Riot, lechery, enuy, Auarice, and such stufte,  
Bring 'em all in coach'd, the gates are wide enough.  
The spirit of gold instruct thee : hence all.

*Omn.* Fly.

*Plu.* Stay, least you should want helpers at your  
calling  
Any diuels shall come, (Starch hound, Tobacco  
spawling,  
Vpshotten, Suckland, Glitterbacke, or any  
Whom you shall neede to imploy, but call not many,  
The'rs but few good in hell. And stay, remember  
We all meete to heare how you prosper.

*Omn.* Where ?

*Plu.* The Tree  
Blasted with Goblins, that about whose roote  
5. Mandrakes growe, i'th Groue by *Naples* there,  
Meete there.

*Omn.* Wee shall.

*Plu.* Our blessings with you beare.

*Ruff.* Dread King of Ghosts, wee le pley our thrift  
fo well,  
Thou shalt be forc'd to enlarge thy Iayle of Hell.

*Plu.* Be quicke th'at best, let sawcy mortals know,

How ere they sleepe, there's one wakes here below.

*Exeunt.*

¶ *Enter Alphonso (King of Naples) Crownde, wearing Robes Imperiall, Swordes of State, Maces, &c., being borne before him, by Octavio Astolfo, (2. vnckles) Narcisso, Iouinelli, Brisco, (Counts with others, Counte Spendola meeting them.*

*Spem.* One of those gallant Troupes went forth to meete

Your admirde Mistresse (*Erminhild the faire*)

Hath left your Conuoy with her on the way.

*K.* And brings glad newes of her being here (this day)

Let Canons tell in Thunder her Arriuall,

*Flourish* When shee's at hand our selfe will meete her.

*Omn.* On.

*Hee takes his Seate; All kneele.*

*K.* Pray rise; vntill about our browes were throwne,

These sparkling beames, such adoration

Was not bestowde on vs: whom does the knee

Thus louely worship? this Idoll, (Gold) or mee?

Indeed t'is the worlds *Saynt*, if that you adore,

Goe, pray to your coffers. None to vs shall bow,

Giue God your knees.

*Off.* Whose owne voice does allow

That Subiects should to those who are *Supreme*,

Bend, as to God, (all Kings being like to him)

*Aff.* Thou wonder of thy time, Ile pay no more

To thee of dutie than has bene before

And euer shall be payd to those fit Hye.

*K.* Pray mocke not mee with such Idolatry,

Kings, Gods are, (I confesse) but Gods of clay,

Brittle as you are, you as good as they,

272      *If this be not a good Play,*

Onely in weight they differ, (this poore dram)  
Yet all but flesh and blood ; And such I am.  
If such, pray let mee eate, drinke, speake, and walke,  
Not look'd cleane through, with superstitious eyes,  
(Not star'de at like a Comete.) As you goe  
Or speake, or feede (vn wondered at) let mee so.

*Off.* Not Kings of Ceremonie.

*K.* Vncle what then ?

Still are they Kings.

*Off.* But shew like common men.

*K.* Good vncle know, no Sunne in this our  
Spheare,

Shall rule but Wee, let others shine as cleare,  
In goodnes, None in greatnes shall.

*Aff.* Bleft raigne !

The Golden worlde is molding new againe.

*K.* All that I craue is this, and tis not newe,  
Pay vnto *Cæsar* onely *Cæsars* due.

*Off.* We owe thee loyall hearts, and those wee le  
pay,

Each minute (Mirroure of Kings.)

*Iou.* Marke, the olde Lords promise their hearts,  
but no money.

*Off.* Here are the names of bold conspirators,  
(Yong *Catilines*, and farre more desperate)  
Who in your Fathers dayes kindled the fires  
Of hote Rebellion.

*K.* Which are now burnt out.

*Off.* Who knowes that? embers in dead Ashes  
lye.

King, Set thy hand to this let Traytors dye.

*Aff.* Tis fit you should doe so.

*Off.* Sound Pollicie.

*K.* Men many things hold fit, that are not good,  
A yong Beginner and fet vp in blood !  
(Butchers can doe no more.) Shall Recordes say  
Being Crownde, he playd the Tyran the first day,  
How should that Chronicler be cur'd? your paper.  
When such a fatall booke comes in my sight,

Ile with *Vespasian* with I could not write,  
Their bond is canceld. I forgiue the debt,  
See that at liberty, they all be fet.

*Omn.* A Princely Act.

*Off.* If wifely tis well done.

*Spn.* That raigne must boft, which mercy has  
begun.

*K.* Beare witnes all, what pace the Chariot  
wheeles

Of our new gilded Soueraigntie shall run.

*Ruf.* A mayne gallop I hope.

*K.* And here I vow to end as tis begun.

*Ast.* Heauen fill thee full of dayes, but (being all  
told)

Ending no worfe, their fumme wee le write in gold.

*Off.* The courfe youle take deere Lord.

*K.* This : pray obferue it.

*Iou.* Call you this Coronation day ? would I were  
ith ftreetes where the conduites run claret wine, there's  
some good fellowship.

*Off.* Peace.

*K.* Each weeke within the yeere shall be a booke  
Which each day ile reade o're : I well may doe't,  
The booke being but fix leaues (fix dayes,) the  
feuenth

Be his that owes it ; Sacred is that and hye ;  
And who prophanes one houre in that, shall dye.

*Spn.* How manie wilbe left aliue then this day  
fortnight ?

*Off.* First, beate all Tauernes downe then, Soules  
are loft

(Being drownde in Surfets) on that feuenth day moft.  
Stay (best of Kings) mine owne hand shall fet downe  
What lawes thou mad'st first day thou wor'st a  
Crowne.

Begin, begin thy weeke.

*K.* Write Monday.

*Off.* So fo,-Monday.



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*Iou.* They say Monday's Shooemakers holliday,  
Ile fall to that trade.

*Off.* I haue writ it downe my liege.

*Iou.* Peace, harken to your leffon.

*K.* That day, from morne till night, Ile execute  
The office of a Iudge, and wey out lawes  
With euen scales.

*Iou.* Thats more than grocers doe.

*K.* The poore and rich mans caufe  
Ile poize alike : It shall be my chiefe care  
That bribes and wrangling be pitch'd o're the barre.

*Iou.* We shall haue old breaking of neckes then.

*K.* Downe with that first.

*Off.* O for a pen of gold !  
Youle haue no bribes.

*K.* None.

*Off.* Yet terme-time all the yeere !

A good strong law-suite cannot now cost deere.

*K.* Haue you done ?

*Off.* I'me at bribes, and wrangling done presently.

*Nar.* We must all turne pettifoggers, and in stead  
of gilt rapiers, hang buckram bags at our girdles.

*Iou.* All my clients, shalbe women.

*Spn.* Why ?

*Iou.* Because they are easiest fetched ouer : there's  
something to be gotten out of them.

*Off.* Thy monday's taske is done : whats next ?

*Iou.* Sunday if the weeke goes backward.

*King.* Tuedsdayes wee'le fit to heare the poore-  
man's cries,

Orphans and widowes : our owne princely eyes  
Shall their petitions reade : our progresse then  
Shal be to hospitalls which good minded men  
Haue built to pious vse, for lame, sicke, and poore  
Weele see whats giuen, what spent, and what flowes  
or'e

Charles (with Gods mony) shall not feast, swill wine,

And fat their rancke gutts whilest poore wretches pine.

*Iou.* This is a braue world for beggers, if it hold.

*Off.* Poore wretches pine, So are they left : tot'h next.

*Kin.* Wednesdaies wee le spend—

*Iou.* In fish dinners.

*Kin.* In th' affaires

Of farren states, treat with embassadors,  
Heare them and giue them answeres. Thursday, for warres.

*Iou.* That's well : better be together by th' eares, then to goe halting to hospitalls.

*Kin.* Our Neapolitane youths (that day) shall try  
Their skill in armes, poore scorned Soldiers  
Shall not be suffer'd beg here (as in some landes)  
Nor stoope slaue-like to Captaines proud commands,  
Starue, and lie nastie, when the selfe-same pay,  
The Souldier fights for, keepses the Leaders gay.  
Nor shall he through ice and fire make gray his head,

Weare out new Moones, onely to earne his bread,  
Wade vp to'th beard in torrents ; and be drown'd  
All saue the head ; march hard to meete a wound  
I'th very face, and euen his heart-strings cracke,  
To win a towne, yet not to cloath his backe :  
And the blacke storme of troubles being gon,  
Shund like a creditor, not looked vpon,  
But as court-pallats (when bright day drawes nye)  
Rold vp in some darke corner is throwne by.  
Vncle write that.

*Off.* Fast as my pen can trot.

*Spem.* What a number of tottred roagues wilbe turn'd into braue fellows a this new change of the moone.

*Iou.* The brauer they are, the sooner are mercers vndon.

*Off.* Souldiers are downe too.

*Kin.* Downe with Learning next.

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For friday shalbe spent it'h reuerend Schooles,  
Where wee le sift branne from floure, (hisse babling  
fooles,  
But crowne the deepe-braind disputant) none shall  
hold  
Three or four Church-liuings (got by *Symonious*  
gold)  
In them to fat himselfe as in a sty,  
When greater Schollers languish in beggery :  
And in thin thred-bare casacks weare out their age,  
And bury their worth in some by vicorage :  
This wee le see mended.

*Enter Iouenella.*

*Iou.* Tyth pigges youl'e smoake for this.

*Kin.* So fet it downe.

*Off.* Schollers languish in beggery—So :  
Thy fridaies law is writ ; for Satterday, what ?

*King.* I mary sir, All our cares now for that.  
Well to begin, and not end so were base,  
The winning of the goale crownes each mans race.

*Narcisso stepping in before in the Scene, Enters here.*

*Nar.* Sir, theres a stranger newly ariu'de your  
court,  
And much importunes to behold your Highnes.

*Kin.* What is he ?

*Nar.* Of goodly prefence.

*Kin.* Let him see vs.

*Rufman brought in by all.*

*Ruff.* The powers that guide me, guard thee, I  
haue heard thy name  
In regions far hence, where it does resound  
Lowder than here at home ; to touch this ground  
I ha pass'd through countries, into which none here

Would willingly faile I thinke, and with me bring,  
My loue and seruice, which to your grace I tender.

*Kin.* What are you, and whence come you ?

*Ruff.* From *Heluetia*.

*Spem.* What hell sayes hee ?

*Iou.* Peace you shall know hot hell time enough.

*Ruff.* I am an Heluetian borne, the house from  
which I am descended, ancient and well knowne to  
many princes : Bohor is my name.

*Iou.* Zounds ! Bohor ! has struck two of my teeth  
out with his name ;

*Ruff.* A Shalcan Tartar being my grandfather  
Men call me *Shalkan Bohor*. About the world  
My trauailes make a girdle (perfect round :)  
So that, what wonders Kings on earth euer found  
I know, and what I know, Is yours.

*K.* Braue Heluetian,  
We giue you thanks and welcome : your arriual  
Is faire and to our wish, of all those dayes.  
Which Time sets downe, to number vp a weeke,  
Every day haue we tasked ; faue only one,  
How in these courts of Kings (through which you  
haue gon,)

Doe Princes waite their howres ?

*Ruff.* How but in that,  
For which they are borne Kings ? (Pleasure :) euery  
man's ayme,

Is to hit pleasure : onely tis changde in name,  
Thats all the difference ; Are Kings Tirants ? Blood  
Is then their pleasure : thirst they after warres !  
Ambition tickles them : that for which man most  
cares,

Good or bad, tis his pleasure, and to gaine it,  
His soule must compasse it, tho hell restraine it :  
To this marke all mens thoughts, Creation drew,  
That all might strue for a thing, thats got by fewe :  
Who are those few but Kings ? and tis fit they  
Should haue it, because true pleasure does soone de-  
cay.

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*K.* How like you his counsell?

*Omn.* Rarely.


*Off.* What ruffians this?

*K.* Bohor tha't warm'd our yong blood; Al cares  
of state,

Shall that day sleepe, to our selfe weelee Saturday  
haue,

Pleasure (the slaue of Kings shall then be our slaue,

Lords let there be a proclamation drawne,

What man foeuer (strange or natiue borne,) 

Can feast our spleene, and heighthen our delight,

He shall haue gold and be our fauorite.

Tilts, turneys, masques, playes, dauncing, drinking  
deepe

Tho ere noone all *Naples* lye dead-drunke a sleepe.

*Off.* How King?

*Kin.* Weelee haue it so vncke.

*Omn.* Downe with that too.

*Iou.* Print Satterday in great text letters.

*Off.* Well, well, it shall.

Our swan turnes crow, poifond with one drop of  
gall.

*Kin.* Ile haue this proclamation forthwith drawne.

*Nar.* And publish al the daies.

*Prif.* And Satterday.

*Iou.* Especially that at large if you can in red, like  
a Dominicall letter.

*Kin.* Goe see it don.

*Iou.* My taske.

*Exit.*

*Kin.* Why sigh you? Of six dayes wo'd you not  
spare me one?

*Off.* Thine owne lawes from thine owne mouth,  
weelee proclaime,

If thine owne words thou e'atst, bee't thine owne  
shame.

*Enter Iouinelli hastily.*

*Iou.* Your long expected happines is arriu'd,

**The princeffe of Calabria.**

*Kin.* Thou crown'st me agen :  
Deere vnkle, honored Lords, with our whole court  
Honor her hither ; I am rapd with Ioy,  
And loſt till I behold her : fetch me my loue.

*Ocl.* I feare deepe whirlepooles tho it run ſmooth  
about.

*Ki.* To our worthy friend your welcomes.

*Exit Ocl. & Afl.*

*Iou.* But pray Sir tell vs, meane you that we  
indeed  
Shall haue but one playing day through the whole  
weeke ?

*Kin.* All *Iouinelli*, wee be Iouiall all.

*Brif.* Till Satterday came, we liu'de in terrible  
feare.

Thanke *Bohor*, who your dead ſpirits vp did reare.

*Kin.* Had I (as firſt I did begin) gon on,  
I like a Schoole-boy ſhould haue worne my crowne,  
As if I had borrowed it.

*Ruff.* Had bin moſt vile.

*Kin.* Ile be a Sea, (boundles.)

*Spn.* Thou art a funne,  
And let no baſe cloudes muffle thee.

*Kin.* Braue Kings all !  
Crowne, Scepter, Court, Cittie, Country, are at your  
call.

*Iou.* There ſpake young *Ioue* indeede.

*Prif.* The tyde now turnes.

*Nar.* And now weele ſwim.

*Kin.* And laugh, tho the whole world mournes.

*Floriſh.* *Omn:* *Tantara, hey.* *Trumpets.*  
*Erminghild brought in.*

*Enter Octavio and Aſtolphe, vſhering Erminhild,*  
*attended by Ladies and others.*

*Nar.* Call vp your luſtieſt ſpirits: the Lady's  
come.

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*K.* O my earthly blisse ! embraces ! kifses ! how  
sweete

Are you to parted Louers when they meete ?  
That entertainment which the Duke your Father,  
Lent royellie (late to mee,) I now can pay  
At a Kings charge : to our *Neapolitane* Court,  
None (brightest *Erminhild* can come longd for  
More then your selfe.) You haue stolne vpon vs  
(Ladie)

*Erm.* You haue good Law against me, (playing  
the thiefe)

Your Grace may keepe mee prisoner.

*K.* In these Armes ;

From whence not *Ioue* shall raunsome thee ; We  
Twaine

Will wed, and bed, and get a Prince shall raigne

In *Naples* brauely, when wee both lye dead :

Till then, Pleasures wings, to their full bredth be  
spread. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Scumbroth, *ringing a Bell* ; *Alphege, a Fryer*  
& *Shackle-foule, in a Friers weede, with cloth to lay.*

*Scum.* A mangier, a mangier, a mangier, I must  
needs haue a mangie voice, when I doe nothing but  
ball for a company of hungry Scabs ; a mangier.

*Alph.* You must be nimble *Rush.*

*Sha.* As a drawer in a new Tauern, first day the  
bush is hung vp.

*Scum.* A mangier, a manger, a mangier. *Exit.*

*Alp.* So : the Lord Priors napkin here, there the  
Sub-priors : his knife and case of pick-toothes thus :  
as for the couent, let them licke their fingers in stead  
of wiping, and suck their teeth in fleede of picking.

*Shac.* What other dutie Sir, must I call mine ?

*Alp.* As you are nouice, you are to say grace de-  
murely, waite on the Priors Trencher foberly, steale  
away a mouthfull cunningly, and munch it vp in a  
corner hungrily. Ply your office, *Rush.* *Exit*

*Shack.* Thankes good Frier Alphege : yes, Shacklesoule will play  
The taske hee's fet to : Diuels neuer idle lye :  
*Frier Russh* ! ha, ha : y'haue now an excellent quire,  
To sing in hell, the Diuell and the Frier.

*Enter Prior, Subprior, Alphege, Hillary, Russh, and other Friers. All sit : dishes brought in before.*

*Pri.* Where's *Russh*, our *Iunior Nouice* ?

*Ru.* Here Lord Prior.

*Pri.* Stand forth, and render thankes.

*Ru.* Hum, hum :

For our bread, wine, ale and beere,  
For the piping hot meates heere :  
For brothes of sundrie tafts and sort,  
For beefe, veale, mutton, lamb, and porke.  
Greene-sawce with calves head and bacon,  
Pig and goofe, and cramd-vp capon.  
For past raiz'd stiffe with curious art,  
Pye, custard, florentine and tart.  
Bak'd rumpes, fried kidneys, and lam-stones,  
Fat sweete-breads, luscious maribones,  
Artichoke, and oyster-pyes,  
Butterd Crab, prawnes, lobsters thighes,  
Thankes be giuen for flesh and fishes,  
With this choice of tempting dishes :  
To which proface : with blythe looks sit yee,  
*Russh* bids this Couent, much good do't yee.

*Pri.* How dar'st thou mock vs thou ill nurtur'd  
flaue ?

*Sub.* Contemn'st thou our order and religious  
fare ?

*Shac.* He has spoken treason to all our stomaches.

*Omn.* Downe with the villaine.

*Sub.* Mischiefe on vs waites

If wee feede so vile a wretch.

*Pri.* Thrust him out at gates.



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*Shac.* I doe coniure you by my hallowed beades  
To heare me speake.

*Pri.* Canst thou excuse thy selfe ?

*Shac.* Alas (my Lord) I thought it had bin here  
As in the neighbouring Churches, where the poor'ſt  
Vicar

Is filled vp to the chin with choice of meates,  
Yet seekes new wayes to whet dull appetite,  
As there with holy ſpels mens ſoules they cheriſh,  
So with delitious fare, they themſelues nourish.  
Nor want they argument for ſweete belly-cheere  
To proue it lawfull.

*Sub.* Moſt prophane and fearefull.

*Shac.* But ſince your order (pious and reuerend)  
Tyed to religious faſts, ſpends the ſad day  
Wholy in meager contemplation,  
I abſolution beg on both my knees,  
For what my tongue offended in : las ! poore *Ruſh*  
(See't by his cheekes) eates little : I can feede  
On rootes, and drinke the water of the Spring  
Out of mine owne cup : make an Anatomy  
Of my moſt ſinfull carcas : then pardon mee.

*Pri.* Thy ignorance is thy pardon, wee beleeeue  
thee.

*Shac.* *Gratias reuerende domine Prior.*

*Pri.* But do our brethren in parts more remote,  
Feede ſo delitious faiſt thou ?

*Shac.* *Ruſh* cannot lye.

*Sub.* Thou faſely doeſt accuſe thoſe holy men.

*Pri.* How can it ſtand with their profeſſion ?

*Sub.* Thou faiſt (vile yongman) they haue argu-  
ments

To proue it lawfull gluttonouſly to feede.

*Omn.* *Ruſh*, anſwere the Sub-prior.

*Shac.* *Audite fratres*, they doe not onely proue it  
lawfull, but make it palpable, that hee who eates not  
good meate is damde.

*Sub.* *Benedicite.*

*Scu.* What ſhall become of all vs then ?

*Pri.* Thou art distracted, whence canst thou force argument?

*Shac.* From fillie reason, would you heare me speake?

*Pri.* Speake freely and be bold, listen.

*Omn.* Hum, hum, hum.

*Shac.* He that eats not good meate is dambd:

*Sic Disputo.*

If he that feedes well hath a good soule, then &

*Contra.*

No, he that feedes ill, hath a bad and a poore soule.

*Scu.* Thats wee.

*Shac.* And so consequently is dambd, for who regards poore soules? and if they be not regarded they are cast foorth, and if cast foorth, then they are dambd.

*Sub.* I deny your minor, he that feedes well hath a good soule.

*Shac.* *Sic probò*: the soule followes the temperature of the body, hee that feedes well hath a good temperature of body, *Ergo*, he that feedes well hath a good soule.

*Pri.* A ful and edyfyng argument.

*Omn.* Hum, hum, hum.

*Sub.* I deny that the soule followes the temperature of the body.

*Shac.* *Anima sequitur temperaturam Corporib*, It is a principle, & *contra principia non est disputandum*. All wee.

*Pri.* Its most apparent.

*Scu.* O most learned *Rush*!

*Sub.* A shallow Sophister, heare me farder.

*Pri.* Subprior, wee le heare the rest disputed at our leisure: you take too much vpon you.

*Scu.* Shall I take this vpon me my Lord?

*Pri.* Hence with this trash, we haue too long forborne to tast heauens blessings fully, which to our dutie had more enabled vs, *Rush* thart some Angel.

*Sub.* Rather some diuell sent to bewitch our soules.

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*Pri.* Sub-prior no more.

*Sub.* I must speake, heare me brethren,  
Shall we (bound by folemne oathes) t' abiure the  
world,

And all her forceries : to whom night and day  
Are as one hower of prayer ? whose temperance makes  
vs

Endure what ful-fild bellie Gods admire ;  
Shall we (by zealous patrons) tyde to obserue  
*Dirges* and *Requiems* for their peacefull soules,  
In glotinous riot bury sacred almes ;  
Turne Sanctimonious zeale and Charitie  
To loathsome surfet ? and those well-got goods  
Our benefactors fau'd, by their owne fasts  
And moderate liuing, shall we feede vpon  
Ful-gorging vs till we vomit ? fore-send it heauen ?  
By all the Saints, by him first taught our order  
What temperance was, here shall poore *Clement* feede,  
Till his ore-wearied life, takes her last leaue  
Of this all tempting world where all sinnes breede.

*Pri.* Howes this ? are you become our confessor ?  
Best thrust vs out at gates, locke vp the Cloister,  
And cal in whom you like : be you the Prior.  
Speake are you agreed, *Rush* be our maister-cooke ?

*Scu.* You haue my voice.

*Alp.* And mine.

*Pri.* Doe you all consent ?

*Omn.* Yes, all.

*Sub.* First send this fiend to banishment.

*Pri.* We haue most voices on our side.

*Sub.* You may ;

Las ! most men couet still the broadest way.

*Pri.* Giue *Rush* his charge then, *Scumb* : you must  
resigne.

*Scu.* With a good maw, I shal haue a fatter office  
to be his scullion.

*Shac.* Worthy Lord Prior, heare me yet,  
I must not my profession let,  
To *Scumbroath*, what I know ile teach,

To make caudels, Iellies, leach,  
 Sirrup of violets, and of rofes,  
 Cowflip fallads, and kick chofes,  
 Preferue the apricock, and cherry,  
 Damfin peare-plom, raspis berry;  
 Potates ike if you fhall lack,  
 To corroborate the back:  
 A hundred more fhall *Ruff* deuice,  
 And yet to early mattins rife,  
 Our ladies office, fing at prime,  
 At euen-fong, and at compline time.  
 Chant Anthems, Aniuerfaries, Dirges,  
 And the dolefull *de profundis*.

*Pri.* Thou fhalt not change thy order: Sirra,  
 cooke,  
 From *Ruff* take leffons againft night, for fare  
 Abundance and delitious.

*Scu.* I fhall be greedy to learne of him fir, fince  
 your lordship is turnde, our very Iack and his fpits  
 fhall turne too.

*Exit.*

*Enter 2. Pilgrimes.*

*Pri.* What men are thefe?

*Sub.* Welcome good holy father.

*Both.* Thankes reuerend maifter.

*1. Pil.* Bleft fir, according to the Churches rite  
 We (Pilgrimes, to Ierufalem bound) this night  
 Defire repofe, and pious charitie  
 In your moft holy Couent.

*Pri.* You are moft welcome.  
*Alphege,* goe lead 'em in.

*Shac:* By no meanes.

*Pri.* Why.

*Shac.* Tis mortall fin.

*Sub.* O black impietie!

*Pri:* How? fin to feed religious votaries!

*Shac:* Rather to nourifh idle vagabonds:  
 The Cleargy of other lands, haue with much pietie

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And thrift destroyde those drones, that lazily  
 Liue eating vp the labours of the bee.  
 A churchman there cares but to feede the foule,  
 He makes that charge his office. Alsmisdeeds ! alas !  
 They through the Lawyers hands are fitt't to passe.

*Sub.* Can you heare this Diuell ?

*Shac.* Besides my reuerend Lord,  
 These manderers here as spies, and soone beare word  
 To Princes eares of what they heare and see.

*Pri.* Ha *Rush* ! thou speak'st right.

*Sub.* Dambd iniquitie !

*Pri.* Hence with those runnagates.

*Omn.* Come, hence.

*Pri.* Spurne 'em away.

*Sub.* Oh had mine eyes drop'd out ere seene this  
 day.

Stay comfortles poore foules, my pittying teares  
 Shall speake what my tongue dares not, here holy men,  
 You nere shall say when next we meete againe,  
 Frier *Clement* to the hungrie grutch'd his meate,  
 Or to the weary pilgrim lodging, this makes you eate,  
 And when you haue relieu'd your fainting limbes,  
 Commend me in your prayers, and midst your  
 hymmes

Thus wish, that he who did your Iorney further,  
 May neuer liue, to breake his holy order.

*Pri.* Old superstitious dotard ; beate hence these  
 beggers.

1. *Pil.* Many old mans curses will on his foule be  
 spent,

Who thus defaces, Charities monument : *Exeunt.*

*Shac.* I told you they were curs, that cease to  
 barke, no longer then you feede them.

*Pri.* Frier, thou speak'st right :  
 Make hast with fare delicious, wee le crowne the night.

*Exeunt. Manet Shackle-foule.*

*Shac.* Ha ha, laugh Lucifer, dance grim fiends of  
 hell,

Of foules thou iudge iust, but most terrible,  
 I must exact a double pay from thee,  
 Nere hadst thou Iorney man deserude such fee,  
 Let me cast vp my reckonings, what I ha won  
 In this first voiage : Charity ! shees vndon :  
 Fat gluttony broke her back : next her step'd in  
 Contention (who shakes Churches) now the sweete sin  
 (Sallow lechery,) should march after : Auarice,  
 Murder, and all sinnes els, hell can deuice,  
 Ile broach : the head's in, draw the body after,  
 Begin thy feast in full cuppes, end in slaughter.  
 That damnedst fury : oh, but Frier *Clement's* free !  
 True : ha'lt no snare t' intrap him ? let me see.  
 Hees old, choake him with gold ; hold on thy  
 Reuells,

*Pluto makes Shackle-foule president of Diuels. Exit.*

*Enter K. Octauio, Narcisso, Iouinelli, Spendola.*

*K.* What pictar's that (*Vncle Octauio* ?)

*Off.* The picture of thy state, (drawne by thy  
 selfe,)

This is that booke of statutes, were enacted  
 In the high Parliament of thy roiall thoughts  
 Where wisedome was the speaker. And because  
 Thy subiects shall not be abuse by lawes  
 Wrap'd vp in characters, crabbed and vnknowne,  
 These thine owne language speake.

*K.* Hang 'em vp vncle.

*Off.* What sayes the King ?

*Iou.* You must hang vp the lawes.

*Off.* Like cob-webbe in fowle roomes, through  
 which great flies

Breake through, the lesse being caught bith wing,  
 there dies.

No no, thy lawes ile fix full in thy fight,

*Hangs a table vp.*

(Like sea-markes,) that if this great ship of sway  
 And kingly ventures, loose her constant way.

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T'th bottomles gulph of state, (beaten by the stormes  
Of youthfull follie, raging in monstros formes)  
Shee may be sau'de from sinking and from wrack,  
(Steerd by this compasse, for the points of it  
Shall guide her so, on rockes she cannot split.

*Kin.* You are our carefull pilat. In this voiage  
Of Gouernment, be you our Admirall.  
Wisedome and Age being props, realmes feldome fall.

*Enter Brisco.*

*Off.* Oraculous is thy voice.

*Kin.* How now count *Brisco*?

Me thinks I read a comedy in thy lookes.

*Nar.* Has met some merry painter, hees drawne  
so liuely.

*Omn.* Come count your newes.

*Brisf.* I shall bestow them freely:

The physicke of your proclamation workes:  
Your guilded pills (roll'd vp in promises  
Of princely fauours to his wit, who highest  
Can raise your pleasures) slip so smoothly downe  
Your Subiects throates, that all (vpon a sudden)  
Are loofely giuen.

*Kin.* How? loofely giuen? why count?

*Br.* Name but what sport, your Highnes would  
haue Acted

T'ime prologue toot; your court must haue more gates  
To let in rusling Saturday: without (now) waites  
Muficke in some ten languages: each one sweares  
(By *Orpheus* fiddle-case) they will tickle your eares  
If they can doo't with scraping.

*Bri.* Theres feuen score Noife at least of english  
fidlers.

*Io.* 7. score! they are able to eate vp a citie in  
very scraps.

*Bri.* Very base-viall men most of 'em: besides  
whole fwarmes of welsh harpes, Irish bag-pipes, Iewes  
trompes, and french kitts.

All these made I together play :  
But their dambd catter-wralling, frighted me away.

*Off.* These sports to please  
A Princes eyes ?

*Bri.* How like you then of these ?  
The cittie-waterbearers (trimly dight)  
With yellow oaker-tankerds (pind vpright)  
Like brooches in their hatts ; In their fresh loues  
A may-game bring, All, wearing dog-skin gloues.  
Made not to shrinke it'h wetting.

*Kin.* Bid these poore men drinke well, and so be  
gon.

*Bri.* What will you haue then ?  
Will you see the Turners shew, brauely preparte  
With colours, drummes, and gunnes (with rust halfe  
mar'de

Bearing that, of which they long haue bin depriu'de.

*Kin.* What ist ?

*Bri.* Their daring Giant, (newly reui'de)

*Omn.* For *Ioues* sake lets see that.

*Off.* O fie (Prince) fie !

In thy court painted monsters, they come not here,  
Ride forth, thou shalt meete Giants euery where.  
Me thinkes (yong Lords) your foules being new re-  
finde

With beames of honor, should not be declin'de  
To sports so low and vulgar : but since the King  
Of birdes (the Eagle) lets you spred a wing  
So neere his owne, you should put vp such game  
As fits an Eagle, and pursue the fame.  
And not like rauens, kites, or painted Iayes  
Soare high, yet light on dunghills, for stinking preyes.

*Iou.* Old Lord you raue.

*Nar.* What sports wood you deuise ?

*Off.* Most fit for Kings. Were I (before his eyes)  
To present obiects, they should all be rare,  
Of Romane triumphs, laden wth the spoiles of warre :  
Or Lions, and wilde-Boares kill'd by actiue force :  
Or sea-fights : or land-battailes on foote, or horse :



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Such fights as these, kindle in Kings braue fire,  
And meeting spirits that dare mount, mount 'em  
higher,

Where apish pastimes lay our foules downe flat,  
Groueling on earth, base and effeminate.

*Bri.* I haue bowles of this bias too, for your  
Lordships alley.

*King.* Trundle 'em out before him.

*Bri.* The wodden-leg Souldier,  
Waites to present you with his show of warre.

*Of.* I mary my liege.

*Bri.* The Scholler has his deuice, the Mariner his.

*Of.* These are Kings sports indeed.

*Bri.* Will you see these?

*Kin.* Faith be it so; because wee le now rather  
please

Our vnle than our selfe, pray fetch in these.

The rest cashere.

*Spem.* Send the fidlers merily home.

*Bri.* And yet pa 'em scruily! tis impossible.

*Iou.* And bid the water-bearers clenſe the citie  
Ther's many a foule thing in it.

*Of.* Marhall 'em in.

*Bri.* Ile fetch these worthy spirits in my selfe.

No, no, wee le ayde you fir.

*Iou.* March: and giue vs roome.

*Excunt.*

*Ki.* Sdeath! if these doting gray-beards might  
haue their wills,

We neuer shall haue ours: let vs crosse them  
As they crosse vs.

*Omn.* How, how!

*Kin.* Euery deuice

Their Ningles bring in, abuse with scruie iest,  
Beet nee're so good.

*Omn.* Agreed.

*Nar:* If *Ninies* bring away the Nest.

*Ki.* Teach *Iouinelli* and *Brisco* when to giue fire.

*Dromes and trompets sounding.*

*Enter Oflauio, Iouinelli, Brisco, Rufman, the Souldier, Scholler, Mariner.*

*Sol.* I am a Souldier.

*Iou :* We know that by your legges.

*Sol.* Does my stump grieue you ?

*Bri.* Not if you bestir your stumps nimbly fir.

*Nar.* What hot shot's this ?

*Sol.* A Souldier fir : thats all :

Thats more than fir I thinke you dare be. Zounds !  
baffuld for my limbes lost in seruice ! your noble  
father

Has clapt this buff-ierkin, when this Stump of wood  
Has vp tot'h knee slucke three howres in french blood :  
When such as you, with your Spangled rofes, that day  
Brauely bestird their heeles, and ran away :  
He stand toot, I.

*Spn.* With one leg.

*Sol :* Yes : with one.

*Off.* Yong Lords, thus to scorne Souldiers, tis ill  
don.

*Kin.* Vncle, heres no man scornes 'em ; muft we  
be brau'de

By a staring fellow, for a little fighting † goe.

*Sol.* Fighting ! I cannot halt I, but speake plaine,  
No King on earth baffalls me, ide baffall againe,  
Th' whole race of great turkes, had iem ith field : I ha  
brought

With me a hundred Souldiers, (old Seruitors)  
Poore as my selfe in clothes ; picke out fiae hundred  
Of such filke-stocken men, if they beate vs, hang vs,  
S'bloud if we tosse not them, hang's agen : a fort  
We ha built without, and mand it, this was the sport  
A Souldier wood ha giuen thee : my one hundred  
Had taught thee all the rules i'th Schoole of warre.

*Kin.* All this ile read without mayme, wound or  
scarre.

*Sold.* What say you to an Engine, that at once  
Shall spoile some thirtie men ?

*Knapping*

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*Iou.* Thirtie men : nothing.

*Sold.* If nothing ! hast thou bin beate for this ?  
farewell.

*Iou.* I can fetch twenty scriueners haue don more  
With a bare goose-quill.

*Sold.* Maist thou but liue, to need a Souldiers  
arme,

That laught to see him bleed.

*Exit.*

*Bri.* You haue lost the day sir, for your Souldiers  
fly.

*Kin.* Fly to the diuell let 'em.

*Iou.* Your leaders before.

*Spen.* You fight all vnder one cullors ? doe you  
not ?

*Scho.* Sir :

These pleasures to the King which I prefer,

Flow from *Ioues* braine.

*Nar.* Heyda ! heres one has beaten out *Iques*  
braines.

*Spen.* Wud I had thee hung vp at our maine kit.

*Sch.* No Sir *Ioues* braine, (*Minerua* queene of  
wit)

If all the *Muses* and the Arts can fit

With their high Tunes, such choice and Princely cares,

*Apollo* (Father to them all)—appeares——

*Iou.* *Apollo* was an Assle ; he let a wench whom he  
lou'de to be turnd into a Bay-tree, and now shees glad  
for a peny to stick Ale-house-windows, and wynde  
dead coarfes.

*Bri.* Let *Apollo* goe and lye with his owne  
Daughters.

*K.* Are you a Scholler Syr ?

*Iou.* A school-master as I take it, and comes to  
present a verie prettie shew of his schollers in broken  
Latin.

*Off.* Can wee be dumb and see this ?

*Sch.* O haples Learning !

Flie and complaine, to Heauen (where thou wert  
borne)

That thou (whome Kings once nurfde,) art now their  
scorne. *Exit.*

*Nar.* How blowes the winde Syr ?

*Seaf.* Wynde ! is *Nore-Nore-West.*

*Nar.* To hoyfe your fayles vp too, I thinke tis  
bef.

*Sea.* A blacke Guft is comming ; vp a-low-there  
hey : A young-man vp toth Top-maft-head, and looke-  
out : ftand to your Sayles : ftand to your Top-failes :  
let goe your Harriars, let goe, amaine louere amaine,  
quicke, quick, Good fellowes.

*Omn.* Hees mad.

*Sea.* Whoes at Helme ! beare vp hard : and hard  
vp : and thou beeft a man beare vp ; Star-borde, Port-  
agein : off with your Drablers, and your Banners ;  
out with your Courfes : Ho,—I fpie two Shippes  
yonder, that yaw too and agen, they haue both fprung  
a Leake, I thinke the Diuell is fucking Tabaccho,  
heeres fuch a Mift : out with your boate, and you  
Besmen, cut-downe Mafte-bith borde ; beare vp,  
Ime a Blunt-fellow you fee, All I fay is this,  
You that fcorne Sea-men, fhall a Sea-man miffe. *Exit.*

*Off.* Now by my life I haue patient flood too long.  
To fee rich merit and loue, payde with bafe wrong :  
Learning ! and Armes ! and Traffique ! the triple wall  
That fortifies a Kingdome, race em downe All !  
This Seaman, (hee that deareft eames his bread)  
Had rigd and mann'd 4. Gallies brauely furnifht,  
With Souldiers, Rowers, and Fire-workes for a Sea-  
fight.

*K.* You are full of Squibs too, pray goe fire em all.

*Off.* Muft I bee then caffierde too ? mary and  
shall.

To faue thy finking Honour, Ile fend hence  
Thefe men with thanks, with praife, and recompence.

*Exit.*

*Omn.* Pray doe.

*K.* Braue *Shalcan-Bohor*, all this while  
Our eye has followed yours, and feene it fmile,

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(As twere in scorne) of what these men could doe,  
Which made vs flight them off; to ingrosse you  
(Our best and richest prize :) ith Courts of Kings  
Through which you ha pass'd, you ha seene wonders,  
shew em.

*Ruff.* I shall at opportune howers. If your Grace  
Arride the toyes, they bragd of (Fire-workes,  
And such light stuffes) Sit fearelesse without danger  
Of murthering shot, which villaines might discharge  
In (idle counterfet Sea-fights) you shall see  
At opening of this hand, a thousand Balles  
Of wilde-Fire, flying round about the Aire—there.

*Fire-workes on Lines.*

*Omn.* Rare, Rare.

*K.* Tis excellent, Sdeath from whence flew they?

*Bri.* Hell, I thinke.

*Iou.* Hell! Nay, if any that are in Hell, skip vp  
euer so nye Heauen, as these Diuells that spit fire did,  
He drinke nothing but Gun-powder.

*Ruff.* Ha, ha, a trifle this. Your Scholler there,  
Come with his Arts and Muses shallow, leaden braine,  
Your swaggering Souldier, lead a tottered traine  
Of ruffianly Boore-hallers: I noted all  
These feasts for Kings: ith garden of varietie  
The vast world! you are staru'de midst your fatietie,  
Plucke no one Apple from the golden Tree,  
But shake the fruite of euery pleasure downe.

*K.* Thanks *Bohor*; why else weares a King his  
Crowne?

*Shalcan*, all *Naples* shall not buy thee from mee.

*Ruff.* Nor you and these from me.

*K.* Aske what thou wilt haue  
But to stay here.

*Ruff.* Loe, this is all I craue.

*K.* Thou hast our fast embraces.

*Ruff.* Swift as mans thought,  
Various delights shall bee each minute borne,

And dye as fast that freth may rise ; we scorne  
To serue vp one dish twice ; bee't nere so rare,  
Will you that gainst to morrow I prepare  
A Feast of strange Mirth for you ?

*K.* Deare *Bohor* doe.

*Ruff.* I shall ; Nor doe I thus your loue pursue,  
With seruile hopes of Golde, I neede it not :  
If out the jawes of Hell Golde may bee got  
*Blacke Artes* are mine to doo't ; and what delights  
Those worke bee yours.

*K.* Thou art gracious in our fight. *Exeunt.*

¶ *A Table is set out by young fellowes like Merchants men, Bookes of Accounts vpon it, small Deskes to write vpon, they sit downe to write Tickets, Lurchall with them.*

1. Come fellow *Lurchall* write.

*Lur.* Fuh, Stay not for mee,  
I shall out-goe you all.

2. I hold 5. Crownes,  
We all leaue you behinde vs.

*Lur.* Don ; but I  
Must not leaue you behinde mee ; what paines a poore  
Diuell

Takes to get into a Merchant ? hees so ciuill,  
One of Hell must not know him, with more ease  
A Diuell may win ten Gallants, then one of these,  
Yet a Merchants wife, before these ten is wonne  
To entertaine her Diuell, if Pride be one.  
But *Lurchall*, now tha'rt in, and for yeares bound,  
To play the Merchant, play him right : th'ast found  
A Master, who more villenie has by hart,  
Then thou by rote ; See him but play his owne part,  
And thou doest Hell good seruice ; *Barteruile*,  
Theres in thy name a Haruest makes mee smile.

*Bart. Lurchall* :—within.

*Omn.* My master calls.

*Lur.* I.

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*Enter Barteruile.*

*Men too and fro bring in Bags, & haue Bills. Exit.*

*Bart:* Oh, art there?

This day twixt one and two a Gallants bound  
To pay 400. Crownes to free his Landes  
Fast morgag'de to mee, *Lurchall*, get thee vp hye  
Into my Turret, where thou mayest espie  
All commers euery way; if by thy gueffe,  
Thou feest the Gull make hither.

*Lur.* So Syr.

*Bart.* That, his Hower

Lye gasping, at the last Minutes; let him beate at  
dore,

Within Ile beate his heart out.

*Lur.* Ile let him stand.

*Bart.* Do, take my *Watch*, go faster. All his Land  
Is sumd with thefe two Figures, (2. and 1.)

At past one, (his,) strike but two, tis mine owne.

*Lur.* Ile turne the wheeles: and spin the howers  
vp faster.

*Bart.* The Citie-clocks then strike, and kill thy  
Master.

Would all the Citie Sextons, at my cost  
Were drunke this day 4 howres.

*Lur:* Troth so wud I,

And wee their lackes ath Clocke-houfe.

*Bar.* Wee'de strike merily.

Fly vp to'th top ath houfe,

*Lur.* There fir, Ile sit,

And croake like a Rauen, to damb thee in hels pit.

*Exit.*

*Barteruile set amongst his men reading a long scroll.*

*Bar.* How goes this moneth?

*Omn.* Much shorter than the last.

*Bar.* Weddings this moneth 12. thousand: not  
worth the scoring,

But thinke ther's little marying, we ha fo much whoring.

Grynding milles so much vsde ; about the citie  
Such grinding, yet no more mony ; suites in law,  
Full brought to an end this moneth, no more but  
ten :

This law will begger vs : had I the bags againe,  
I bought this combrous office with, the King  
Should make his best of't : hee that did farm't before  
Had it for lesse than I, yet receiude more.  
How much remaines of the falt tribute due ?

*1. Ser.* 7000. Crownes.

*Bar.* Thats well : a fauorie fumme :  
These our Italian tributes, were well deuifde,  
Me thinkes tis fit a subiect should not eate  
But that his Prince from euery dish of meate  
Should receiue nourishment : for (being the head)  
Why should he pine, when all the body is fed ?  
Besides, it makes vs more to awe a King,  
When at each bit we are forc'd to thinke on him.

*Enter a Brauo with mony.*

*1. Ser.* What payment's this ?

*Bra.* The pension of the Stewes, you neede not  
vntye it, I brought it but now from the sealers office :  
ther's not a peece there, but has a hole in't, because  
men may knowe where twas had, and where it will be  
taken againe : bleffe your worship ? Stew-mony sir,  
Stew-Prune cash sir.

*Bar.* They are sure, tho not the foundest pay-  
maisters,  
Read whats the fumme.

*1. Ser.* But bare 200. crownes.

*Bra.* They are bare crownes indeede sir, and they  
came from Animals and vermin that are more bare :  
wee that are clarkes of these flesh-markets haue a great  
deale of rotten mutton lying vpon our hands, and  
finde this to bee a fore payment.



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*Bar.* Well, well, the world will mend.

*Bra.* So our surgeons tell 'em euery day ; but the pox of mendment I see.

*Bar.* Doe not your gallants come off roundly then ?

*Bra.* Yes sir, their haire comes off fast enough, we turne away crack't french crownes euery day. I haue a suite to your worship in behalfe of all our dealers in small wares, our free-whores sir, you know my meaning.

*Bar.* If your whores are knowne, whats thy suite ?

*Bra.* I should haue brought a petition from 'em, but that tis put off sir, till clensing-weeke, that they may all be able to fet to their hands, or else a whores marke.

*Bar.* Well, well, whats their request ?

*Bra.* Marry sir, that all the shee-tobacco-shops, that creepe vp daily in euery hole about the Citie, may bee put to silence.

*Bar.* Why pray thee honest fellow ?

*Bra.* I thanke your good worship, I had not such a sweete bit giuen me this 7 yceres, honest fellow ; marry sir Ile open to you your suppliants cafes : they that had wont to spend a crowne about a smocke, haue now their delight dog-cheape, but for spending one quarter of that mony in smoake : besides sir, they are not contented to robbe vs of our customes only, but when their pipes are fowle with spitting and driueling in those foresaide shops, they haue no place to burne 'em in, but our houses.

*Bar.* Draw their petition, and weelee see all cur'de.

*Bra.* Let a frost come first sir : I thanke your venerable worship ; the pox gnaw out so many small guts as haue payde thee crownes. *Exit.*

*Enter Lurchall running.*

*Lur.* The tyd's against you sir, the crownes are come.

*Bar.* How goes my watch ?

*Lur.* As most watches vse to goe fir, sleepily,  
heauily.

*Bar.* Not reach'd to one yet ; wert thou to be  
hangd,  
The hower had gallop'd.

*Lur.* I spurd it all that I could.

*Bar.* S'death keep his howre, heauen helpe poore  
Citizens,  
If Gentlemen grow thus warie : let him in.

*Exit Lurchall.*

Barren now, that haft in craft so fruitfull bin.  
Your businesse fir to me.

*Enter with 2. Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Doe you not know me fir ?

*Bar.* No in good truth fir.

1. *Gent.* To know you I am bold fir,  
You haue lands of mine in morgage, this is my day,  
And heres your crownes.

*Bar.* Signior *Innocentio* ;  
My memorie had quite lost you, pray sit both,  
A bowle of wine here.

1. *Gent.* Sir it shall not neede :  
Pleafe you to fetch my euidence, whil't we tell.

*Bar.* What needes this forward spring ? faith two  
moneths hence  
Had bin to me as welcome.

1. *Gent.* Sir I thanke you.

2. *Gent.* Your hower drawes on Signior *Inno-  
centio*,

*Bar.* Goe beate a drumme ith garret, that no  
tongues  
Of clockes be heard but mine.

*Lur.* Little past one.

*Bar.* Winde, winde.

*Lur.* Thus wind't thou to damnation.

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2. *Gent.* Ile part with none fir, pardon me, till I see

Your writings : will you fetch the euidence fir.

*Bar.* What euidence fir, haue I of yours ?

1. *Gent.* My friend fir, whose mony hee lends me to redeeme my morgage.

*Bar.* Which you would haue for your securitie.

2. *Gent.* Tis so fir ?

*Bar.* No fir *Innocentio*,

To morrow on your bare word will I lend you 30: crownes more : I loue you fir, and wish you beware whose hands you fall into : the worlds a serpent.

2. *Gent.* This does but spend the hower fir, will you take your mony ?

*Bar.* With all my heart.

1. *Gent.* Let me see my writings then.

*Bar.* Haue you such couenant from mee ? I remember none.

1. *Gent.* Your conscience is sufficient couenant fir.

*Bar.* Ha ! whats that conscience ? I know no law-termes I,

Talke to me as to Citizen.

2. *Gent.* Weele dally no longer ;

We knew what snake would sting vs, and therefore brought

Our medicine gainst his venome : youle keepe the writings,

And weele ith Court of conscience tender your crownes,

Whither this writ does summon you.

*Lur.* A fox, and ore-taken ?

*Bar.* Serue writs vpon me, yet keepe my mony too ?

Dull slaue hast thou no braine ?

*Lur.* Braine ! trye this.

*Bar.* Peace.

2. *Gent.* Will you as fits a Christian giue vs in What is our right, and take your crownes fir yet ?

*Bar.* Tis good to try mens patience, fetch me  
downe

*Exit Lur.*

Those writings on my pillow, there they ha slept  
These two howers for you : must not friends iest ?  
ha !

*Both.* Yes sir : let your men tell, iust 400.  
crownea.

*Bar.* Besides the vse.

1. *Gent.* The vse is there too.

*Bar.* Hold :

Ile take it without telling, put it vp.

*Both.* Not till we see the writings.

*Enter Lurchall.*

*Bar.* Dare you touch it ?

*Both.* Dare ! yes fir, and dare stab him to the  
heart,

Offers to take it from vs :

*Bar.* Who stabs first ? *Flings mony amongst it.*

Now touch it if you dare : ther's gold of mine,

And if they lay one finger on't, cry theeues,

They come to rob me, touch it if you dare :

1. *Gent.* Dambde wretch, thou wilt goe quicke to  
hell I feare.

*Bar.* No fir, the diuell shall fetch me when I goe.

*Lur.* That all my errand.

2. *Gent.* We are cheated both.

*Bar.* Proceede, in your chancery suite, I haue be-  
gun your bill.

Humbly complayning.

1. *Gent.* Of thee villaine Ile complaine

That fels thy soule for mony, diuels on earth dwell,

And men are no where, all this world is hell.

*Exeunt.*

*Bar.* I kisse thy forehead, my wittie *Oedipus*  
That canst vnfold such riddels :

*One ringes. Exit. 1. Seruant.*

*Lur.* Sir, I am bound

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To doe you all seruice, till I you all confound.

1. *Ser.* Maister Siluerpen the procter fir, sends word, if you come not in to morrow and personally depose your payment of the 200. crownes, youle be non-suited.

*Bar.* That is a law-draught goes downe coldly.

*Lur.* Why fir? Tis but your fwearing the mony is payde.

*Bar.* If oathes had back-dores to come in at, without danger of damnation, to catch a mans soule bith back, fwearing were braue.

1. *Ser.* What answere shall I giue the Proctors man?

*Lur.* Tell him my maister shall come in and sweare.

*Exit and Enters.*

*Bar.* Doe, tell him: on thee Ile build: now all my feare

Is for apparance at the Chancellors Court.

No trick to faue that?

*Lur.* I haue a braue one fort.

*Exit. 1. for wine: bring't in.*

Bring in a pottle of wine: will Carlo here my fellow,

Depose a truth if he see it, to helpe his maister?

*Bar.* What thou not honest Carlo?

2. *Ser.* Yes fir.

1. *Ser.* Here's the wine. *Enter with wine.*

*Lur.* Set this to your head anon fir, when tis there

Away you, and to morrow thou mai'ft sweare

Before the Chancelor, and sweare true, if hee

Were in that case thou leftst him, twere in vaine

To hope he could liue, till thou camst back againe.

*Bar.* All Knights a'th Post learne this trick: the fits vpon me now.

*Lur.* Take a good draught, twill helpe you fir : It  
gulses,  
Hees almost breathles Carolo, away.

*Car.* I am gon. *Exit.*

*Lur.* Hees gon, hees gon fir.

*Bar.* One gulpe more had choaked me ;  
This wine had washed my feares off, th'aft giuen mee  
power

To make me doate vpon thee. Carolos gon.

*Lur.* Yes and will sweare his heart out, to your  
good.

Sweare let him ; bee thy selfe and hee dambde too.

*Bar.* So I may get by it. In my bosome sleepe  
(My doue, my loue,) prosper but thou and I.

*Lur.* And let all els finck.

*Bar.* Let 'em : so I kisse gold,  
The yongmans whore, the faint of him thats old.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prior, Alphege, Hillary, and Friers with  
pruning kniues, spades, &c., met by Subprior,  
and Shackle-foule.*

*Sub.* Whither (mad-men) run you ?

*Omn.* To our Vines.

*Sub.* Your Vines ?

(The tree of sin and shame ?) this Serpent here,  
Has with that liquorish poison, so set on fire,  
The braines of *Nicodeme* and *Siluester*,  
That they in drunken rage haue stabd each other.

*Pri.* Stabd !

*Shac.* Yes, they bleede a little, but haue no  
harne,  
Their yong blood with the grapes Iuice being made  
warne,

They brawld and struck, but I kept off the blowes,  
Yet the Subprior faies from me their quarrell rose.

*Sub.* It did.

*Shac.* In very deede (for I not sweare)

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It did not fir : to me you malice beare,  
As if that all such mischife don, were mine,  
But cause your selfe shall see how I repine  
To see vice prosper, pardon me good Lord Prior,  
If I a tell-tale be of what mine eyes  
Beheld with water in them : sin will rise  
In holy circles I see sometimes.

*Pri.* What sin ?

*Sub.* What hast thou seene ?

*Shac.* Wud present I had not beene,  
But till I had vtter it, my clogd conscience beares  
A man vpon a woman.

*Omn.* Ha !

*Shac.* I speake't in teares :

*Scumbroth* our cooke, and a female I beheld  
Kissing in our orchard : on her lippes he dwelld  
I thinke some halfe howre.

*Sub.* Shame to our reuerend order !

A woman in our couent ! Sin black as murder.

*Pri.* Our cooke shalbe seuerely punished : a  
woman,

A tempter here.

*Omn.* Abominable !

Rush, thoult rebuke sin.

*Shac.* Though my Lord I'me bad, I'me not giuen  
that way.

*Pri.* Let vs some plagues inuent to lay on this  
lecherous knaue.

*Shac.* Some light punishment

(Good my Lord Prior) suppose twere your owne fault,  
Whip as you would be whipt, the best's naught.

*Sub.* He shalbe punisht, and then loose his place.

*Pri.* That fir shall be as we will : to our Vines :  
away.

*Sub.* For shame giue or'e, dare you prophane this  
day

That is to holy vses consecrate ?

*Pri.* Why ? what day is this ?

*Omn.* Lambert the marter.

*Pri.* No matter,  
To vex thee deeper, this whole day wee le spend,  
Onely about our Vines.

*Sub.* You vex not me,  
But heauen : what warrants you to this ?

*Pri.* Our will.

*Sub.* Thou hast thy will, thy wish thou ne're shalt  
haue,

In sight of heauen who sees and punishes  
Mens blacke impieties ; And in sight of these  
(Sharers in thy full sin :) And in his sight,  
T' expresse whose vilenes, there's no epithite.

*Pri.* No matter what he saies Rush.

*Shac.* I'me knowne what I am.

*Sub.* To thee I prophecie, (vicious old man to  
thee,  
Who er'ft with lift-vp-hands, and downe-bowed knee,  
Seemest to' haue had worke in heauen : now (full of  
spite,

Onely to eate a liquorish appetite ;  
Digst our religious wales vp, planting there  
Luxurious fruits to pamper belly-cheere :  
(For all thy paines to dresse it,) of this Vine  
Thy lustfull lips shall neuer tast the wine.

*Pri.* Distracted foole, in stead of my iust anger,  
Thou onely hast my pittie : thou prophecie ?

*Omn.* Ha, ha.

*Sub.* Laugh on, but since nor prayers preuaile nor  
teares,

Ile powre my grieve into my Princes eares. *Exit.*

*Shac.* Heele goe and complaine to the King.

*Pri.* Let him complaine,  
Kings cannot Subiects of their foode restraine.  
Away.

*Exeunt : Manet Shackle-foule.*

*Shac.* Ingender sin with sin ; that wines rich  
heate



May bring forth Lust, Lust murder may beget,  
 But here strike faile, this barke awhile hale in,  
 And lanch into the deepe, a brighter sin :  
 Ho, *Glitterbacke*, ascend, to shackle-soule,  
 To shackle-soule ascend, ho *Glitterbacke* ;  
 Thou richest spirit, thrust vp thy golden head  
 From hell thus hie : when ? art imprifoned  
 In misers chests so fast thou canst not come !  
 Or fearst thou theeues, or cutpurfes ! here be  
 some  
 Can saue thee from their fingers : when ? Arise ;  
 And dazle th' approaching night with thy glistring  
 eyes.

*Glitt.* Here.

*A golden Head ascends.*

*Shac.* How thou sweatst with comming ! Saue me  
 those drops  
 (Golds pure *Elixir*) stilling from thy lockes :  
 Shake from thy browes and hayre that golden  
 showre,  
 So : get home : quicke : (to hell) least hell grow  
 poore,  
 If Rich mens pawes once fasten thee, and beware  
 It'h way thou meetst no Lawyers : theile pull thee  
 bare,  
 Hence : downe.

*Glitt.* Ime gon.

*Descendit.*

*Shac.* Coole night will call Frier *Clement* forth  
 anon :  
 Angels, be you his strong temptation :  
 Wines lustfull fires him warme not : At this spring,  
 (Scorde by the rest for him,) spred thy gilt wing,  
 Full in his eye ; As he drinks water downe,  
 In streames of *Auarice*, let his weake soule droune.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King, Narcisco, Brisco, Spendola, Founelli,  
Rufman, followed by Astolfo.*

*Ast.* I doe beseech your Highnes, yet turne backe  
And comfort the sad Lady, whose faire eyes  
Are worne away with weeping.

*Iou.* If her eyes be worne away, what should a man  
doe with a blind wife? kill her with flies?

*Kin.* I cannot abide a woman thats fond of me.

*Spen.* Nor I.

*Nar.* I would loue a woman but as I loue a walnut,  
to cracke it, and peelee it, eate the meate, and then  
throw away the Shell.

*Iou.* Or as noble-men vse their great horses, when  
they are past seruice: sell 'em to brewers and make  
'em drey-horses: So vse a woman.

*Ast.* So so.

*Ruf.* The Indians are warme without clothes, and  
a man is best at ease without a woman: or if your  
Highnes must needs haue one, haue  
Factors to buy the fairest, doate not any,  
But like the turke, regard none, yet keepe many.

*Kin.* You heare the Iuries verdict.

*Ast.* Whose foreman's the diuell?  
These counsell thee to thy destruction.

*Kin.* Destruction? why? the heauen can abide but  
one sin,  
I hope we on earth may loue many mens daughters:  
Tell *Erminhilda* so: send her home to the duke her  
father:

And tell him too, because the disease of mariage  
Brings the stone with it, I hate a woman; I loue not  
To be cut: inclosed grounds are too rancke.

*Ruf.* Best feeding on the Commons then,  
Will you not mary this chaste Lady then?

*Kin.* No sir, and will you now my reason haue?  
A womans is an insatiate graue  
Wherein hee's damnd that lyes buried.

*Omn.* On, on, away.

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*Ruf.* Braue battailes ! fight you, but ile win the day. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Asolpho. Enter Oflauio and Ermynhilda.*

*Erm.* I heard the storie, tell't not or'e againe,  
Twere crueltie to wound men, being halfe slaine.

*Of.* Tis crueltie too much, and too much shame  
That one of your high birth, youth, beautie, name,  
And vertues shining bright, should hence be sent  
(Like some offender into banishment)  
Abusde by a King, and his luxurious traine,  
Of parasites, knaues, & fooles, (a kingdomes bane,)  
For them, by him not carde for ; you came not so.  
But as his bride, his Queene, and bedfellow.

*Erm.* And yet am neither, from my fathers court  
Came I (being fude by Princes too) for this ?  
To see him, his subiects scorne, and my selfe his ?  
Once thought I that his loue had bin (as fate)  
Vnmoueable ; and ist now turn'd to hate ?  
Yes, yes, hees wauering as the running streame,  
And far more ydle than a mad-mans dreame.

*As.* Send to the duke your father, let him inforce  
Your plighted mariage.

*Erm.* Worfe than a diuorce.  
No : to his eyes since hatefull I am growne,  
Ile leaue his Court and him, and dye vnknowne.

*Exit.*

*As.* All runnes I see to ruine.

*Of.* If he persue,  
These godles courtes, best we leaue him too,  
That land to it selfe must a quick downefall bring,  
Whose King has lost all, but the name of King.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Subprior with an earthen pot, and a lanthorne ;*  
*Scumbroath with him with a peice.*

*Sub.* Get thee to bed thou foolish man and sleepe.

*Scu.* How? Sleepe? no fir no, I am turnd a tyrant and cannot sleepe:

I stand centinell perdu, and somebody dyes if I sleepe, I am posselt with the diuell and cannot sleepe.

*Sub.* What diuell posselles thee?

*Scu.* The fencers diuell, a fighting diuell; Rush has committed a murder vpon my body, and his carcass shall answere it; the cock of my reuenge is vp.

*Sub.* Murder! what murder?

*Scu.* He has taken away my good name, which is flat manslaughter, and halfe hangd me, which is as much as murder, he told the Lord Prior and you that I was kissing a wench: Its a lye, I giue him the lye, and he shall fight with me at single pistall against my caliuier, do I looke like a whore-monger? when haue you seene a wench thus hiary as I am: Rush thou diest for this treason against my members concupiscentialitie.

*Sub.* Thou wut not kill him, wut thou?

*Scu.* No, but Ile make him know what tis to boile a cooke in's owne grease.

I am scalding hot, I am chargd with furie, I carie a heart-burning within me. I kisse a whore? I shall haue boyes cry out to me, now who kist Mary? No Rush, *Scumbroth* shall giue thee finger pellets to eate, I will not be danc'de vpon.

*Sub.* Let me perswade thy peace of minde to night,  
Get thee to rest, if Rush haue thee belide,  
Reioyce, by wrongs to haue thy patience tride.  
He shall forgiuenes aske thee.

*Scu.* Let me but haue one blow ats head with my cleauer Ith kitchin, and I freely forgiue him, or let me bownce at him.

*Sub.* These bloudie thoughts will dam thee into hell.

*Scu.* Doe you thinke so? what becomes of our roaring boyes then that stab healths one to another, doe you thinke they will be dambd vp too?

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*Sub.* I thinke so, for I know it, deere sonne to  
prayer,  
Two finnes befet thee, murder, and despaire,  
I charge thee meete me at my cell anon,  
To saue thee will I spend my orison.  
In name of heauen I charge thee to be gon.

*Scu.* Well sir, the cold water of your counsell has  
laid the heate of my furie : he had met with his  
match, but I wil shoote off my anger, I will be gon,  
and why ? Looke you, because the moone is vp and  
makes hornes at one of vs ; As the noblemans coach  
is drawne by foure horfes, the knights by two, & the  
cuckold by three, euen so am I drawne away with  
none at all. *Vale, Bonos Noches* : I am posselt still :  
It buzzes, here. *Vale.* *Exit.*

*Sub.* Bleft star of light, stucke there to illuminate  
This world darkned or'e with sin : thou watchest late,  
To guide mans comming home, shewing thereby  
Heauens care of vs, seeing how we tread awry.  
We haue two great lights for midnight and for noon,  
Because blacke deeds at no time should be don.  
All haile to thee (now my best guide) be giuen,  
What needs earths candle, hauing the lamp of  
heauen ?

Now *Benedicite* ? where am I ?

*Enter Russh.*

*Russh.* O whether am I going ? which way came I ?  
Ah wellada, I come to fill my pot,  
With water not with thee ; thou art mis-begot.  
Else wouldst thou not lye there ; what Orphans blood  
Hast thou sucked out, to make this golden flood ?  
None drinke this well but I, how is it than  
Thou thus way-lay'st me, (theefe to the soule of man ?  
Would some poore wretch (by losse of law vndone)  
Had thee : goe doe him good : me canst thou none.  
My wholesome cup is poyfoud, it flowes or'e  
With mans dampnation (gold,) drinke there no more.

*Shac.* Not tast what all men thirst for ! old and  
so braue,  
When many assaults, one combat more Ile haue.

*Enter Scumbroth.*

*Scu.* So, ho, ho, father, Subprior.

*Sub.* Whoes there ? what art thou callst me ?

*Scu.* One that feedes the hungry, the cooke fir,  
*Scumbroth.*

*Sub.* Come hither, I haue for thee a golden  
prize.

*Shac.* Ha ha : heele take it.  
Villaines and fooles will ha gold, (tho got from hell,) But they who doe so, (as thou shalt) pay for't well.

*Exit.*

*Scu.* But stay, father Subprior, before we goe one  
step farder, what doe you thinke I haue done since I  
went from you ?

*Sub.* No hurt I hope, say hast thou ?

*Scu.* Hurt ? If I did hurt in that, how much  
harne doe Almanake makers, wholye coldly quiuering  
at it all the yeare long ? I did doe nothing but stand  
staring at the man in the moone.

*Sub.* And what good thoughts bred that within  
thee ?

*Scu.* This : I thought to my selfe, what a happy  
fellow that man in the moone was, to see so many  
fooles and knaues here below, and yet neuer to be  
troubled with 'em, nor meddle with 'em.

*Sub.* Hees happy that meddles not with this world  
indeed.

*Scu.* If that man in the moone should write a  
prognostication, oh he should not neede to tell astro-  
nomicall lyes to fill his booke, nor talke in gibbrish no  
man vnderstands, of *Quartiles, Aspects, Stations, Re-  
trogradations, Peragrations ; Centricall, Eccentricall,  
Cosmicall, Acronicall*, and such *Palquodicall, Solar,  
Lunar, Lunaticall* vaulting ouer the railes of heauen,

312 *If this be not a good Play,*

that no Christian dare looke vpon their tricks, for feare his wit breake his necke.

*Sub.* Thou puttst into a Sea, thou canst not found, Ignorance still is foe to Arts profound.  
Come hither man, come hither.

*Scu.* Arts profound, Arts make men as very asses as women doe, I haue no Art, and yet I knowe this Moone that shines to night, sees more than you or I doe, for all your spectacles.

*Sub.* True, tis the eye of heauen.

*Scu.* Which of the eyes? tis but the left eye: and the Sun is the right: and yet the left sometimes sees more than the right, and the right as much as the left, there's paxonisme for you father, globicall paxonisme.

*Sub.* I vnderstand thee not.

*Scu.* No, why heres the oyster opend, I say the Sun sees much knauery in a yere, & and the Moone more in a quarter: the Moone sees men caryed by a quarelling watch to prison, and the Sun sees the constable and the booke-keeper share fees the next morning.

*Sub.* Thats not well.

*Scu.* Yes, but they sweare tis well: the Moone sees bastards come bawling into the world, & the Sun sees 'em shifted and shuftled in doffers, away to nurse, & thats the cause we haue so many doffer-heads: the Moone sees old curmudgeons come reeling from Tauerns with sipping of halfe pintes of Sacke, and the Sun sees the same churles the next day, soberly cutting any mans throate for a pennie.

*Sub.* Enough of this: come hither: looke what here lyes.

*Scu.* What here lyes: mary, father Subprior, the diuell and some Vsurers mony haue bin here at their lecherie, and see what goodly children they haue begot: if you will ile keepe the bastards at nurse.

*Sub.* I am content that halfe this gold be thine, (If it bee ask'd for neuer, for tis not mine.)  
So thou wilt promise tother halfe to giue

To such as I appoint.

*Scu.* By this gold I will lay it out brauely, as you appoint me.

*Sub.* Looke not to prosper; if thou dealth amisse; Good workes are keyes opening the gates of blisse, That golden key, thou in that heape maist find; If with it thou relieue the lame, sick, blind, And hungry.

*Scu.* I will doe it I protest.

*Sub.* One halfe bestow'd so, take thy selfe the rest. So fare thee well. *Exit.*

*Scu.* Farewell good father,—foole: Ile giue the blinde a dog to lead 'em, the lame shall to the whipping-post, the sick shall dye in a cage, and the hungry leap at a crust: I feede roagues, the pox shall: the world is changde: a begger yesterday, and full of gold to day: an asse to day, and a prow'd scab to morrow.

*Glit.* Stay: stand. *Golden head ascends.*

*Scu.* Stand: cannot a Gentleman grow rich, but he must keepe knaues about him?

*Glit.* That gold is none of thine.

*Scu.* But all the craft in that great head of yours cannot get it out of my fangers. Zounds who the diuel art thou?

*Glit.* A spirit sent vp from hell to make thee rich,

*Scu.* Thanke hell for it: hell makes worfe fooles rich in a yeere.

*Glit.* That gold I laide there for thee.

*Scu.* When doe you lay againe, that I may haue more of these egges?

*Glit.* Spend those I charge thee first.

*Scu.* Yes, Head.

*Glit.* And brauely I charge thee.

*Scu.* What neede you be at such charges, Ile doe't: but shall the poore be a pennie the better for me, as the old fellow charged me, yea, or no?

*Glit.* No.

*Shac.* No.

*Within.*



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*Scu.* Whose that ?

*Glit.* Tis thine owne Genius cryes vnto thee no.

*Scu.* My Genius, I am a cooke, my Genius then belike is a scullion ; but when this is spent, can my Genius tell mee whither I shall haue more.

*Shac.* More.

*Glit.* More. }

1. More. } *within.*

2. More. } *In a big voice.*

*Scu.* Because my Genius keepes company with a great man, Ile take all their wordes ; and his bond.

*Glit.* When thou hast spent all that : I charge thee come

To the blacke tree, that stands in Naples groue,  
Clymbe boldly to the top, and keepe fast hold,  
For there ile rayne on thee a showre of gold,  
If what thou feest there, thou to any tell,  
Diuels shall teare thee.

*Shac.* Away.

*Omn.* Away.

*Scu.* Farewell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Shacklefoule laughing.*

*Shac.* Ha, ha ! downe downe bright spirit, thou wut bee mist anon, hell mynt flapds ydle.

*Glit.* Loose not that foole.

*Shac.* Be gon.

*Glit.* Haue care to meete at next infernall court :  
The day drawes nye. *Goes downe.*

*Shac.* I thanke thee for this spirit.

*Exit.*

*Enter K. Rufman, Narcisso, Spendola, Brisco,  
Iouinelli.*

*K.* You that complaine gainst *Barteruile*, (re-  
ceiuer

Of all our tribute-monies) speak your wrongs ;  
Nay you haue deaf d our eares too much already,

Hee does confesse your crownes (payde and receiue)

But to giue backe your writings ther's no claufe,  
If them youle win, fight it out by our lawes.

*Bar.* I humbly thanke your highnes. A gratious doome.

*1. Gent.* One day to try this plea, to hel thowlt come. *Ex. 2.*

*K.* Toth' next, we ha businesse of our owne, toth' next :

O *Barteruile* ! for these 200. crownes.

*Bar.* I payde 'em to that man.

*Bar.* Now afore the King

And his Lords here, thou liest : th'ast payde me none.

*K.* Your chollers firra too hye.

*Far.* Tho my collar stand

So hye, it scarce beares vp this falling band.

Thou say'st thowlt sweare th'ast payd it : vds nailes sweare so,

And the fowle seende goe with't : 200. crownes ?

I ha lost as much at loggets : sweare but to reuel,

And spend't in hel, gallop thee and that toth' diuel.

*Far.* Man wherefore doest not sweare ?

*K.* Reach me a booke.

*Bar.* Let me before I sweare, on my notes look,  
He tell you the very day ; pray hold my staffe,  
Till I draw out my false eyes.

*Far.* Draw thy heart out an't wut : thou maist wel say thy false eyes.

*Bar.* The day : August, 14.

*Far.* Thats now, be dambd, and so away.

*Bar.* On this day (August, 14.) I sweare I payde  
Into these handes, 200. crownes in gold.

*Far.* Zounds nor in siluer : by this booke I had none.

*K.* One of you two is periuriously forsworne.

*Far.* He, he, as I am true Christian man.

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*Iou.* He sweares,  
To your owne hands he payde them.

*Bar.* Else let that eye,  
Which sees me play false, scourge my periury  
With fearefull stripes.

*Far.* O iustice ! false downe dead !

*Lurchall & Rufman about him.*

Wud I had lost all, tho I had bin cozened,  
Rather than thou thy soule.

*Omn.* He bleedes at mouth.

*Far.* See his staffe (beating the earth, for heauen  
loues truth  
Is burst in shiuers, and that gold he swore  
Was pay'd to me, lyes scattred on the flore.

*Ruff.* He comes againe, the diuell will not receiue  
him.

*K.* Take him away, wee le punish him for this  
cryme.

*Ruff.* Beg his office : you a Courtier ?

*Spem.* I haue a suite to your highnes.

*K.* What ist count *Spendola* ?

*Lur.* Maister, looke vp man,  
In this black trance had thy soule flyen away,  
I had wrought hard and made a holliday.

*Ruff.* Loose not a minute (pue-fellow) leaue him  
not yet,

I haue whales here too, lye playing in the net. *Exit.*

*Far.* Ile take this gold at venture, (sweete yong  
King,)

For all this hel-hound owes me.

*K.* Doe, and be gone.

*Far.* I am pay'd : the diuels turn'd puritane I  
feare,

He hates (me thinkes) to heare his own child sweare.

*Exit.*

*K.* The office of this periurde *Barternile*,  
I frankly giue away, diuiding it  
To the Count *Spendola*, and our worthy friend  
Braue *Bohor* here ; farme it to whom you please.

*Both.* We thanke your Highnes.

*Spem.* Who bids most, he buyes it.

*K.* If to his life, the diuel giues longer lease,  
To build more worke for hel; goe see, & from him  
Exact a strict account of what he owes vs.

*Ruff.* That strict account ile take.

*Exit.*

*K.* Show him no fauour.

*Enter Octauio with petitions.*

*Oct.* If now thou art a iust King, keepe thy word,  
With thy poore subiects.

*K.* How now vncke? why.

*Oct.* This is thy day to heare the poore mans  
crye:

And yonders crying enough, at thy Court gates;  
Fieue hundred white heads, and scarce 10. good hats,  
Yet haberdashers too, of all trades some,  
Crying out they are vndon.

*Omn.* Vndon, by whom?

*Oct.* Mary, looke: by such as you are, who goe  
gay,

Weare't out, booke downe more, set to their hands but  
neuer pay;

Neuer in deare yeares was there such complayning  
Of poore staru'd seruants, or (when plagues are raign-  
ing)

Mourne orphans so and widdowes, as those doe  
That owe these forrowfull papers.

*K.* Pray how can I

To their complainings adde a remedy?

*Oct.* Ile tell thee how: are any here in debt  
To Merchants, Mercers, Taylors? let 'em iet  
In their owne fattins, pay for what they ha tane,  
And these will goe lesse braue, tother lesse complaine.

*Omn.* Ha ha!

*Oct.* The mightie wrongs the weake, the rich the  
poore,

This man should haue his owne, could he greaze more

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His too-fat lawyer ; that wretch for's coat does sue,  
But his coat's gon, and his skin flead off too.  
If his purse bee ore-match'd : these grosse impure  
And ranck diseases, long vnto thy cure,  
Thy word's in pawn fort, these are the poores cries,  
How wilt thou stop their throates ?

*K.* With halters.

*Omn.* Hang 'em.

*Off.* Hang 'em ! any halters here ! ist so set  
down ?

This law-booke speakes not so, yet tis thine own.

*K.* Still brauing me with this ? burne it.

*Off.* Yes doe.

If you burne all the weeke, burne saterday too :

Doe one good dayes-deed first, read poore mens  
plaints.

*K.* Hels plagues confound 'em : in their heads and  
thine.

Vex me no more.

*Off.* I warrant thee ile saue mine. *Meetes the Sub.*

Holy Saint pardon me, (las good father, my braine  
So wilde is I forgot thee, but ile to him againe,  
Tis but an old mans head off. King take it, ile  
speake whilest this stands on my shoulders.

*K.* But that you are——

*Off.* An honest man, thoud'lt haue this, & I  
beseeke

Thy attention to this Reuerend sub-Prior,  
Who plaines against disorders of this Houfe ;  
Where once Deuotion dwelt and Charitie,  
Ther's Drunkenesse now, Gluttonie, and Lecherie,  
Tell thou the Tale.

*Sub.* Bad Storie soone is tolde ;

Because tis foule, that Lease does all infolde,  
Their sinnes grow hye, and fearefull, and strike at  
Heauen,

Punish them *THOV*, whose power from thence is giuen.

*K.* Your Friers so lustie !

*Iou.* All the Barbers in *Naples* tell newes of that Priorie.

*Brif.* I would your Grace would let me purge this house of her infection ; bestowe the Liuing of it on mee, ile sweeten it in one Moneth.

*Iou.* Heele lay it in Lauender.

*K.* The Couent, the Demeafnes, Immunities, Rents, Customes, Chartres, what to this house of *Baill* soeuer is belonging—*Brisco* tis thine.

*Off.* Wut rob the Church too, (Now th'ast nothing left scarce for thy selfe ?)

*Sub.* O heauen for-fend such theft !

*K.* Bestowe it at thy pleasure.

*Off.* Woe to those dayes,

When to raise Vpstarts, the poore *CHVRCH* decays.

*Sub.* Call backe thy gift (ô King) and ere these eyes

Behold vnhalloved hands to Tyrannize

Where many a good man has his Orifons said,

And many a *Requiem* bene sung out for the Dead,

(Till I am thrust out by Death) ô let mee haue

My dwelling there, there let me dig my Graue,

With mine owne Nayles, (shut vp from worldly Light, Betweene two walls,) and dye an *Anchorite*.

*K.* I referre you to your Patron there.

*Brif.* Thats I :

Shew mee first where your Abbey-gold sleeps, then goe dye.

*Sub.* I feare *RELIGIONS* Fall : Alacke I see

This world's a Cittie built by the most Hie,

But kept by man, (*GODS*) greatestemie. *Exit.*

*Off.* Let ill-Newes flye together, thou art full of teares,

But I more full of woes, of cares, of feares. *Exit.*

*Enter Astolphe.*

*K.* S'death shall wee haue yet faire weather ?

*Iou.* Heeres one storme more.

320      *If this be not a good Play,*

*Asl.* Calabrias Duke demaunds of you a Daughter.

*K.* Let me but lye with's wife, Ile giue him a Sonne.

*Asl.* Hee sends for *Erminghild*.

*K.* Deliuier her.

*Asl.* Shees not to be found.

*K.* Ya're an olde Foole,  
To aske for that which is not.

*Asl.* Thus hee sayes,  
Denie her and looke for warres.

*K.* So goe your wayes.

*Asl.* I'me quickly gone.

*Exit.*

*Enter Ruffman and Barteruile.*

*K.* With Sacke ile sweare you are,  
This was short and sweete,—Seemes then we shal ha warres,

*Bohor*, the Drumme must scolde, the Canon thunder :  
Fighting about a wench.

*Omn.* Tush, thats no wonder.

*K.* Who bayld him out of Hell ? dambd periurde  
caytiffe !  
Out of mine eye.

*Ruff.* I neuer begd before,  
Pardon his crime (I intreate) and backe restore  
Both your hye fauour to him, and his place.

*Bar.* Let me want life, rather then want your  
Grace.

*Spem.* Doe you thinke Ile loofe the Kings gift ?

*Bar.* Ile send you Golde.

*Spem.* That stops my mouth, pray let him still Sir  
hold,

This Office of *Rexisor*, I resigne  
That part which I haue in it.

*Ruff.* And I all mine.

*K.* Sirra, thanke these Lords.

*Bar.* I shall their loues deferue.

*K.* *Barteruile*, wee haue warres, Ile haue thee

lend mee some 30000. Chicquines at least.

*Bar.* Take all my Golde.

*K.* Wel, get you home with your bags fir, weele make bold.

*Bart.* Your Maiestie shall haue what bags you will,

Bags onely, but Ile keepe my money still. *Exit.*

*Enter Oflauio and Astolphe.*

*K.* Now *Shalcan*, some newe Spirit.

*Ruff.* A thousand wenches  
Stark-nak'd, to play at Leap-frog.

*Omn.* O rare fight !

*Iou.* Your vnle.

*K.* Sdeath, still haunted with this gray sprite.

*Ofz.* You need no Taylors now, but Armorers,  
Theres a deere reckoning for you all to pay,  
About a Ladie ; the *Calabrian* Duke  
Is on a March : the Lightning flashe now,  
Youle heare the cracke anone. Before the starre  
To call whome vp, the wakefull Cocke doth sing  
Bee twice more seene abroad ; At your Citie gates  
The Diuells pursueant will beate (the Canon)  
Will these briske leaders (stucke with Estridge-  
feathers)

Goe braue your enemy now, and beate him backe ?  
Saue thee, thy Kingdome, and themselues from  
wracke ?

*K.* Dotard, I scorn to take prescription  
From any breath to which ours is supream,  
Stood Duels with fire-works on your battlements,  
A thousand Armed *Ioues* at your proude walls  
Hurling forked Thunder, and the gates ramd vp  
With piles of Citizens heads, our spring-tyde pleasures  
No aduerse windes, no *Torrent* shall resist :  
Midst flames weele dance, and dye a *Neronist*. *Exit.*

*Omn.* Fight you, yare good for nothing else.

*Exeunt.*



322      *If this be not a good Play,*

*Ass.* They mocke vs.

*Off.* All starke mad : let vs be wise,  
And flye from buildings falling to'th furer side,  
If wee can his safety, if not, (our owne prouide.)

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Barteruile like a Turke ;—Lurchall.*

*Bar.* Thou hadst like t'ha sent mee swearing into  
Hell,  
Ile weaue my Nettes my selfe, how doest thou like  
mee ?

Is not this habite *Turke-Merchant-like* ?

*Lur.* A meere *Turke* fir, none can take you for  
lesse.

*Bar.* King borrow 30000. Chequines of mee !  
ha, ha !

*Lur.* But pray fir, what ist turnes you into a  
*Turke* ?

*Bar.* That, for which manie their Religion,  
Most men their Faith, all chaunge their honestie,  
*Profit*, (that guilded god) *Commoditie*.  
Hee that would grow damnd-Rich, yet liue secure,  
Must keepe a case of Faces, sometimes demure.  
Sometimes a grum-furly fir, now play the Iewe,  
Then the Precisian ; Not a man weelee viewe.  
But varies so. My selfe, (of bashfull nature)  
Am thus supplied by Arte.

*Lur.* Mine owne deere creature.  
But fir, your Aymes, and endes in this.

*Bar.* Mary these——  
A hundred thousand-Florens fill my Coffers,  
Some of it is mine owne, and some the Kings,  
Some taken vp at vse of sundry Merchants,  
To pay at fix six monthes, on mine owne band,)   
Sue that, Ile keepe the monies in my hand.

*Lur.* Youle breake fir.

*Bar.* Not mine owne necke, but their backes ;  
To get their monies, *Barteruile* must die,  
Make will, name an executer, which am I.

*Lur.* Rare !

*Bar.* Giuen out his kinfman, lately imployed him in Turkey.

*Lur.* What will hence befall ?

*Bar.* Like an executer will I cozen all.  
Make creditors Orphans, and widowes spend those teares

They fau'de from their late husbands burials ;

They get not ij.d. it'h pound.

*Lur.* Theile tell the King.

*Bar.* The King ? ha ha : the King is going this way ;

He meanes to borrow,

(If the warres holds) my gold : yes : when to morrow.

All debts of mine, on him shall be conferrd,

I ha breifes and tickets which from time to time

Shew what large fummes his minions ha fetcht from me,

His tribute mony has payd it, that's no matter,

The world bites these dead, whom aliuie they flatter.

And so must I ; then giue it out I left

A compleate state, but the Kings death bereft

Me of those fummes he owde.

*Lur.* Say the King preuailes.

*Bar.* With that wind must I likewise shift my sailes :

And where the fox gets nothing, will turne Ape,

Make legges, crouch, kisse my paw, present some stale

Deuice of vertues triumph to expresse

How much I ioy him safe, with nothing lesse.

*Lur.* But how can you excuse your turning Turke ?

*Bar.* Easieft of all : He sweare, this faude my life,

Pursued by kennells of barking creditors :

For my much loue to him, and thus being forcde

To walke obscure, my credit fell to wracke,

Want of returne made all my factōrs breake,

In parts remote ; to recompence which losse,

324      *If this be not a good Play,*

And that with safetie I may giue direction  
To my disturbd state, craue I the Kings protection.

*Lur.* Protection ! whats that ?

*Bar.* A merchant, and yet know'st not  
What a protection is ? Ile tell thee.

*Lur.* Pray sir, for I neuer broke with any man.

*Bar.* It is a buckler of a large fayre compasse  
Quilted within with Fox-skinnes : In the midst  
A pike sticks out, (sometimes of two yeeres long,  
And sometimes longer.) And this pike keepes off  
Sericants and Bailiffs, Actions, and Arrests :  
Tis a strong charme gainst all the noisome smels  
Of Counters, Iaylors, garnishes, and such hels ;  
By this, a debtor craizde, so lustie growes,  
He may walke by, and play with his creditors nose.  
Vnder this buckler, here ile lye and fence.

*Lur.* You haue out-reacht me.

*Bar.* Ile out-reache the diuell :

But I tempt danger : goe thou and fetch some Frier  
As if (at point of death,) I did desire,  
(No, *Barteruile* did desire (to make confession :  
If any creditors beate, or raile at dore,  
Vpstarts this Turke and answers them.

*Lur.* Why fetch I a Frier ?

*Bar.* I haue a reaching plot in that (boy) hasten,  
That we may smile in our securer port :  
Seeing others sea-toft : why tis but a sport  
For him thats safe, to see the proud waues swallow  
Whole fleetes of wretched foules : it needes must  
follow,  
Nature sent man into the world, (alone,)  
Without all company, but to care for one,  
And that ile doe.

*Lur.* True Citie doctrine sir.

*Bar.* Away, thy hast, our richest loue shall  
earne.

*Lur.* I came to teach, but now (me thinkes) must  
learne.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Scumbroth like a begger.*

*Scu.* What faies the prodigall child in the painted cloth? when all his mony was spent and gon, they turnd him out vnnecessary; then did hee weepe and wist not what to don, for he was in's hofe and doublet verily, the best is, there are but two batches of people moulded in this world, thats to say Gentlemen and Beggers; or Beggers and Gentlemen, or Gentleman-like Beggers, or Beggerlike Gentle-men; I rancke with one of thefe I am fure, tag and rag one with another: Am I one of those whom Fortune fauours? No, no, if Fortune fauourd me, I should be full, but Fortune fauours no body but Garlicke, nor Garlike neither now, yet she has strong reason to loue it; for the Garlicke made her smell abhominably in the nostrills of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stuncke worfe but for garlike: One filthy sent takes away another. She once smilde vpon me like a lambe, when shee gaue me gold, but now she roares vpon me like a Lion. Stay: what said head? Spend this brauely, and thou shalt haue more: can any prodigall newcome vpstart spend it more brauely? and now to get more, I must goe into the groue of *Naples* thats here, and get into a blacke tree, heares a blacke tree too, but art thou he?

*Glitt.* He.—*within.*

*Scu.* Ha ha, where art thou my sweete great head?

*Glitt.* Head.

*Scu.* O at the head, thats to say at the top: how shall I get vp? for tis hard when a man is downe in this world to get vp, I shall neuer climbe hie.

*Glitt.* Hye.

*Scu.* I will hie me then, but I am as heauy as a fow of lead.

*Glitt.* Leade.

*Scu.* Yes, I will lead (big Head) whatfoeuer followes, Many a gallant for gold, has climbde higher on a gallowes.

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The storme euen as Head nodded) is comming :  
Cooke, licke thy fingers, now or neuer.

*Glitt.* Now or neuer.

*Rayne, Thunder and lightning : Enter Lucifer and  
Diuels.*

*Omn.* Oooh.

*Luc.* This is the tree.

*Scu.* On which would you were all hang'd, so *I*  
were off it ; and safe at home.

*Luc.* And this (I am sure tis this) the horrid  
groue

Where witches broodes ingender, (our place of meet-  
ing).

*Scu.* Doe witches ingender here : zounds I shall  
bee the diuels bawde whilest he goes to his lecherie.

*Luc.* And this the hideous black infernall howre :  
Ha ! no appearance yet ? if their least minute  
Our vassalles breake, sinck shall these trees to hell.

*Scu.* Alas !

*Luc.* This groue ile turne into a brimstone lake  
Which shall be euer-burning.

*Scu.* The best is, if I be a match in the diuels  
tinderbox, I can stinck no worfe than I doe alreadie.

*Luc.* Not yet come ! Oooh !

*Enter Shacklefoule, Rufman and Lurchall, at severall  
dores with other diuels.*

*Omn.* Oooh, oooh.                      *embrace.*

*Scu.* Sure these are no Christian Diuels, they fo  
loue one another.

*Luc.* Stand forth.

*Sits vnder the tree all about him.*

*Scu.* Frier *Rush* amongst 'em !

*Luc.* And here vnclade you of that pretious freight  
For which you went, (mens foules ;) what voyage is  
made ?

*Omn.* No fauing voyage, but a damning.

*Luc.* Good.

*Scu.* I thought the diuell was turnde Merchant,  
theres so many Pirates at Sea.

*Ruff.* Ith Court of Naples haue I prospered well,  
And braue foules shall I shortly ship to hell.  
In sensuall streames, Courtier and King I ha crownde,  
From whence warre is flowing, whose tyde shall all  
confound.

*Scu.* Are there gentlemen diuels too? this is one  
of those, who studies the black Art, thats to say, drinks  
Tobacco.

*Luc.* Are all then good ith Citie?

*Lur.* No Lucifer.

*Scu.* No nor scarce ith suburbes.

*Lur.* Great Prince of diuels, Thy hefts I haue  
obayde,

I am bartring for one foule, able to lade  
An Argocy; if Citie-oathes, if periuries,  
Cheatings, or gnawing mens foules by vfuries,  
If all the villanies (that a Citty can,)  
Are able to get thee a sonne, I ha found that man.

*Luc.* Serue him vp,——*stands vp.*

*Scu.* Alas, now now.

*Lur.* Damnation giues his foule but one turne  
more,

Cause he shall be enough.

*Scu.* Its no meruaile if markets be deere, when the  
Citie is bound to find the diuell roast-meate.

*Luc.* Has *Ruff* lyen ydle?

*Shac.* Ydle? no *Lucifer*.

*Scu.* All the world is turnd diuell. *Ruff* is one  
too.

*Sha.* Ydle? I haue your nimblest diuell bin,  
In twentie shapes begetting sin.

*Scu.* One was to get me thrust out of the priory.

*Sha.* I am fishing for a whole schoale of Friers.  
Al are gluttoning or muttoning, stabbing or swelling,

328 *If this be not a good Play,*

Ther's onely one Lambe scapes my killing,  
But I will haue him : then theres a cooke——

*Scu.* Whose arse makes buttons.

*Sha.* Of whom I some reuenge haue tooke.

*Scu.* The diuell choake you fort.

*Sha.* He mickle scath has done me,

And the knaue thinks to out-run me.

*Scu.* Not too fast.

*Luc.* Kick his guilty soule hither.

*Sha.* Ile driue him to despaire,

And make him hang himselfe.

*Scu.* For hanging I stand faire.

*Luc.* Goe, ply your workes, our Sessions are at hand.

*Fire.* We fly to execute thy dread command.

*Exeunt 3.*

*Scu.* Would I could flye into a bench-hole.

*Luc.* But what haue you don ? nothing.

*1. Diu.* We haue all like bees

Wrought in that Hyue of soule (the busie world :)

Some ha lyen in cheefmongers shops, paring leaden waites.

*Scu.* Wud I were there but with a paring of cheefe.

*1. Diu.* For one halfe ounce, we had a chandlers soule.

*Scu.* If he melted tallow, hee smelt sweetly as I doe.

*1. Diu.* Walke round hels shambles, thou shalt see there sticks

Some 4. butchers soules, puft queintly vp with pricks.

*Scu.* 4. Sweete-breads I hold my life, that diuels an affe.

*1. Diu.* Taylors ore-reachers, for to this tis growne,

They scorne thy hell, hauing better of their owne:

*Scu.* They fear not fatten nor all his workes.

*1. Diu.* I haue with this fist beate vpon rich-mens hearts,

To make 'em harder : and these two thumbes thrust,  
(In open Churches) into braue dames eares.

Damning vp attention ; whilst the loose eye peeres

For fashions of gowne-wings, laces, purles, ruffles,  
Fals, cals, tires, wires, caps, hats, and mufs, and pufs.  
For so the face be smug, and carkas gay,  
Thats all their pride.

*Luc.* Twill be a festiuall day

When those sweete Duckes comes to vs ; loose 'em  
not : goe :

More foules you pay to hell, the lesse you owe.

This Ewe-tree blast with your hot-scorching breath,

A marke, (toth' witch who next sits here) of death.

*Omn.* Ooooh.—*Fireworkes : Scumbroath falls.*

*Exeunt Omn.*

*Scu.* Call you this, rayning downe of gold ? I am  
wet toth' skinne in the showre, but tis with sweating  
for feare : had I now had the conscience that some  
Vintners and Inholders haue ? here might I haue  
gotten the diuell and all. But two finnes haue yndone  
me, prodigalitie, and couetousnesse ; and three Pees  
haue pepperd me,

The Punck, the Pot, and Pipe of smoake

Out of my pocket my gold did foake.

I cannot sweare now, zounds I am gallant : but I can  
sweare as many of the ragged Regiment doe, zounds I  
haue bin a gallant. But I am now downe, deiected,  
and debash'd, and can better drawe out a thirddendale  
gallant, thats to say, a gallant that wants of his true  
measure, than any tapster can draw him out of his  
scores : thus he sets vp, and thus hee's pulld downe ;  
thus is he raised, and thus declinde :

*Singulariter,*

*Nominatiuo, Hic Gallantus, a Gallant.*

*Genetiue, Hugious, braue.*

*Datiue Huic, If he gets once a lick,*

*Accusatiue Hunc, Of a taffaty Punck.*

*Accusatiue Hanc, His cheekes will growe lanck,*

*Hunc, Hanc, & Hoc, With lifting vp her smock.*



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*Vocatiuo, ð!* Hees gon if he cryes fo.

*Ablatiuo, ab hoc,* Away with him, he has the pock.

*Pluraliter, Nominatiuo, Hi. gallanti,* If the pox he can  
defie.

*Genetiuo, Horum,* Yet hees a begger in coram.

*Datiuo, His:* His gilt rapier he does misse.

*Accusatiuo Hos,* Without his cloake he goes.

*Accusatiuo Has,* To the Counter he must passe.

*Hos, has, & Hac,* With two Catchpols at his back.

*Vocatiuo, ð!* A hole he desirde, and to th' hole he  
must goe.

*Ablatiuo, ab His,* Thus many a Gallant declined is.

*Exit.*

*Enter Erminhild to the Subprior.*

*Sub.* What art thou?

*Er.* Daughter to the Calabrian Duke.

The haples troth-plight wife to your sad King.

*Sub.* Alack! what notes are these I heare you  
sing?

Pardon me madam:

O Lady! want of you has bred much woe;

Calamitie does euery where ore-flow,

All long of your strange absence.

*Drummes afar off marching.*

*Er.* I confesse,

Loaden with your Kings contempt, and loath to beare  
Shame to my country, who from thence came  
freighted

With many glorious honours, I preferd

An obscure life before a publick shame;

O then (good father) be it not my blame

If my supposde death, on the King haue throwne,

Dangers, which from himfelfe are meerey growne.

*Sub.* What (princely Mayden) would you wish me  
doe?

*Er.* I doe coniure you sir, by all the bonds

Tye you to pious Acts, you would make way

To my incensed father; giue him these lines,

This Ring, pledge of that blessing he deliuerd me  
At our last parting : adde vnto these, if euer  
His daughters memory to him were deare,  
To wound the Prince let his rash hand forbear :  
Since through each wound he giues him, I am flaine,  
If the sad king you meete, venture to tell him  
That more for him, than he for me, I bide,  
And am his subiect fil, tho not his bride.

*Sub.* This shall I doe, how shall we meete againe?

*Er.* Feares follow me so, I know not where nor  
when.

*Sub.* Hearke how the sound of horror beates the  
Ayre,

Your fathers vp in Armes and does prepare  
Sharpe vengeance, for this citie, woe is me : trust  
you

To me, who nere made much of woman yet,  
Rest here sweete maide, till an old Frier beget  
What ioyes he can to comfort thee? Is *Clement*  
growne

A womans man now? No, I am not mine owne,  
Where your command may sway me : Much more in  
this,

Where heauen (through vertues triall) makes you his.

*Exit.*

*A table is set out with a candle burning, a deaths head,  
a cloke and a crosse; Subprior sits reading :  
Enter Shackle-soule, leading in an Italian Zany,  
five or 6. Curtizans, euery one holding a Iewell.*

*Shac.* Thats he, & theres your golden hire to  
charme him ;

Your fees ile treble, let but lusts flame be felt ;  
The Alpine-snow at the sun's beames does melt,  
So let your beauties thaw his frozen Age, *Musick.*  
First t'act an old Lecher, then a diuell on hells black  
Stage ;

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Strike, strike your silver strings : braue set of whores !  
At your striking vp, diuells dance, and all hell roares.

*Zany and Curtizans fall into a short dance.*

*Sub.* What found offends mine eare ! Soule of temptation ?

Enchanters I defie yee, get you gon ;  
Ime blind to your enticements, from this I learne,  
At how deere rate the careles world does earne,  
That thing calld pleasure : how many foules doe fall !

(Sold for a little guilt to daube this wall !)  
Hence with your witchcrafts, the fight of this driues hence

All thoughts besieging our voluptuous fence.

*Shac.* Another baite, at this he will not bite.

*The Zany singes : Subprior holds his head downe as fast asleepe.*

*Zany.* Will you haue a daintie girle ! here tis :

Curall lippes, teeth of pearle : here tis :  
Cherry cheekes, softest flesh ; that's shee,  
Breath like *May*, sweete and fresh ; shee shee.  
Be she white, blacke, or browne,  
Pleasure your bed shall crowne,

Chose her then, vse her then,  
Women are made for men.

Prettie, prettie wast :

Sweete to be embrace :

Prettie leg, & prettie foote,

To beauties tree the roote,

This is she shall doo'te,

Or she shall doo't, or she shall doo't, she shall doo't,  
she shall doo't.

Kisse, kisse, play, play, come and dally,  
Tumble, tumble, tumble, in beauties valley.

*Shac.* His foule is chaind in pleasures, bind it  
fast,  
If he breake your charmes, the strongest spell comes  
laft. *Exit.*

*All wake him.*

*Sub.* Hence diuells incarnate, tis not the forcerie  
Of your deceitfull tunes, shuts vp mine eye,  
Mine eares are likewise stop'd, hence, hence I say.

*Omn.* Ha ha, a man of yce, a clod of clay.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Shackle-foule, or some spirit in a frightfull shape.*

*Sub.* Are all thy incantations spent now? art  
come againe?

Base workmanship of heauen, what other traine,  
Were all hells frightfull horrors stucke in thy looke,  
Thou canst not shake me.

*Shac.* I can.

*Sub.* Thou liest, thou shalt not.

*Shac.* I bring thee tydings of thy death this  
night.

*Sub.* How dost thou know that houre of my laft  
fight?

Falſe herald, Minister of despaire and lyes.

*Shac.* I know to how many minutes thy daies  
muſt riſe.

*Sub.* Who giues thee the number.

*Shac.* All things to vs are knowne,  
What euer haue bin, are or ſhalbe don.

*Sub.* Ile poſe thee preſently, whats this thou fiend  
Which now I haue turnd too, doe but tell me that  
And Ile belieue thee.

*Shac.* I ſcorne to be thy ſlaue.

*Sub.* Downe, downe, and ſinke into thy damned  
caue:

Looke here, doeſt fly thou hell-hound? I dare thee  
ſtand,

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Or'e thee by these holy spells haue I strong com-  
mand,

Thy batties are too weake : by good mens prayers,  
The continence of saints, (by which as slayres,  
They ascend to heauen) by Virgins chaſtitie ;  
By Martirs croud deaths, which recorded lye  
In ſiluer leaues, aboue : I charge thee downe,  
Howle where tha't bound in ſlauerie, till the laſt  
dome. *Exit.*

*Shac.* Stormes, thunder, lightning, rip vp the earths  
wombe.

*Sub.* Eternal power, thankes on my humbled  
knee,

Thou ſtill to conſtant breſts giu'ſt victory.

*Shac.* No way to conquer thee ? Ile giue thee ore :  
Ne're fiſhd I ſo, (yet loſt a foule) before. *Exit.*

*Allarums. Enter King, Rufman, Spendola, Brijco,  
with drawne weapons. Iouinelli here.*

*Kin.* Blacke horrors, miſchiefe, ruine and con-  
fuſion  
affright vs, follow vs.

*Ruf.* Dare them to the face,  
And you fright them.

*Spen.* No ſaſetie but to fly.

*Kin.* Whither *Spendola*, whither ? better ſlay, and  
die.

*Enter Narcifco : King, Allarums afar of.*

*Omn.* What hope ? what newes ?

*Kin.* Is my vncl'e fled ?

*Nar.* Hee is gon :—And fights againſt you.

*Kin.* Follow him damnation,  
That leaues his Prince ſo in diſtreſſe, in miſerie ;  
O bane of Kings ! (thou enchanting flatterie,)  
Thy venome now I feele, eating my heart,  
More mortall than an Indians poiſned dart.

*Ruf.* Yar'e too deiefted, gather head and fight it  
out.

*Kin.* The head's here, where are hands to lay  
about ?

*Enter Iouinelli.*

*Iou.* Where is the King ?

*Kin.* The man that title mockes  
Is here, (thou sad-visage man) are any hirde to kill  
me,

Or betray me ? let 'em come :

Griefes growing extreame, death is a gentle doome.

*Iou.* Prepare then for the worst.

*Kin.* I am armd fort : shew it.

*Iou.* Thy kingdome is a weake ship, bruizd, split,  
finking,

Nor hast thou any pilot to waft vs o're

Out of this foule Sea, to some calmer shore.

Thy peoples hearts are turnd to rocks of flint,

The Scholler, Souldier, and the Mariner,

Whom (as themfelues say) once thou trodst vpon,

Now serue as wheelles of thy destruction.

Flying swiftly backward, the kingly Lions quaild,

What shall the weaker hearde doe, if he fall ?

*Spem.* Lets fly.

*Omn.* Zounds whither ?

*Brif.* So we may be safe —

*Iou.* But where ?

*Spem.* At *Barteruile* : the churle's to me beholden,  
His house so stands, we may enter without feare.

*Omn.* Beet so, to *Barteruile*.

*Spem.* What will your Highnes doe ?

*Kin.* Die *Spendola*, a miserable King,  
None here can hinder vs of that.

*Spem.* How ? die ? — ha you any stomach to  
death firs ?

*Omn.* Not I.

*Spem.* Nor I.

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Troth's, tho you grow desperate, wee le grow wife.

*Omn.* Farewell sir, wee le faue one. *Exeunt.*

*King.* Oh my cruellst enemies !

Stabs *Brutus* at me too !

*Ruf.* Now mine owne or neuer.

*Kin.* Why art not thou gon ?

*Ruf.* I, Ile sticke to you euer :

I am no Courtier sir of fortunes making.

*Kin.* Thou art no wise man to preferre thy loue  
To me, before thy life, pray thee leaue me.

*Ruf.* Not I.

*K.* I shall not hate the world so really  
As else I would, O had the ancient race  
Of men (who had long leases of their liues)  
Bin wretched as we are, no recompence  
Could the Gods haue giuen them for their being here,  
But now more pittifull wise nature growes,  
Who cuts of mans yeeres to cut off his woes.

*Ruff.* True sir, & teaches him a thousand waies  
To leade him out this horrid giddy maze.

*K.* I apprehend thee, a small daggers point,  
Opens the vaines to cure our plurizy.

*Ruff.* Than to be made your foes-flaue, better dye.

*K.* A hundred thousand deaths, than like a  
captiue

Be chaine'd to grace prowd *Casars* Chariot wheele.

*Ruff.* Much lesse a pettie Dukes.

*K.* Fetch me deare friend,  
An armed Pistoll, and mouth it at my brest :  
Ile make away my selfe, and all my sorrowes  
Are made away.

*Ruff.* The best and nobler spirits  
Haue done the like.

*K.* Your brauest men at Armes  
Haue done the like.

*Ruff.* Philosophers haue don it.

*K.* Great peeres haue don it.

*Ruff.* Kings haue done the like.

*K.* And I will doe it.

*Ruff.* Nay it shall nere be said,  
I liu'd a minute after you : here, here.

*K.* I embrace thee noblest friend.

*Ruff.* Lets faile together.

*K.* Content braue *Bohor* : oh ! but whither ?  
whither ?

*Ruff.* From hell, (this world,) from fiends, (in  
shapes of men.)

*K.* No : into hel, from men to be damnd black  
with fiends.

Me thinkes I see hell iawne to swallow vs.

*Ruff.* Fuh, this is but the swimming of your  
braine,

By looking downe-wards with a timerous eye.

*K.* My soule was funck too low, to looke more  
hye,

Forgiuenes heauen.——

*Allarums.*

*Ruff.* The whippes of furies lash mee : the foe  
comes on.

*K.* And we will meete him, dare confusion,  
And the worlds mixed poisons, there is a hand  
That fights for Kings, and vnder that weele stand.

*Allarum still a farre off : Enter a Frier running.*

*Ruff.* Whither runnes this Frier ?

*Fri.* To saue my wretched life,  
From th' insolent soldier, threatning the Cities spoile.

*K.* Of what house art thou ?

*Fri.* Of father Clements Order,  
The Capachines Subprior : a quick messenger fetched  
me to be rich Barteruiles confessor, who lyes a dying.

*K.* A dying !

*Fri.* He does, but I  
Haue come thus far, with so much ieopardy,  
That could I safely get the keys shore,  
Nor the priory would I see more.

For charities sake, direct me, and defend me.

*K.* To helpe distressed men, religion bindes me,



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Shouldst thou in this hot broiles, be met abroad,  
It will be iudge you leaue your Priory,  
Caryng gold and siluer with you.

*Fri.* Las I haue none.

*K.* But Frier if you be thus taken, your life is  
gon,  
Here, here, cast off thy habit, better that lye  
Ith Streetes, than thou poore wretch ; weare mine, &  
away

Strike downe that lane.

*Fri.* Thankes maister, for your liues ile pray.

*Exit.*

*K.* This *Bohor* shall disguise me, whither wilt thou  
fly ?

*Ruff.* Ile shift I warrant : hast thou toth' Priory.

*K.* If we nere meete againe, (best friend) farewell.

*Ruff.* Not meete, yes, I hope, you must not thus  
cheate hel.

*K.* I will not trust this fellow : toth' Priory, no :  
*Barteruile* Confessor : if to betray  
Thou findst the churle apt, leaue him, if not, there  
stay,  
The downefall of that Prince, is quick and steepe  
Who has no heart to leaue, nor power to keepe. *Exit.*

*Enter Barteruile and Lurchall, with the Courtiers.*

*Lur.* Make the doore sure the house is round  
beset.

*Omn.* Beset !

*Bar.* Put vp : feare nothing ; Armies should they  
enter,  
Cannot here find you.

*Omn.* How shall we escape ?

*Bar.* Send for your truncks and iewels, ile ship  
you this night meane time, this vnknowne way, leads  
to a cellar, where a world cannot fetch you forth : In,  
In, if danger pursue you, in a dry-fat ile packe you  
hence.

*Omn.* Zounds into the dungeon!

*Bar.* So to Sardini:

*Excunt.*

Your cloakes and your gilt rapiers, downe, downe,  
downe.

*K.* How soone meetes Babels-pride, confusion?

*Lur.* What nest of birds are these new-kild with  
feare?

*Bar.* Fowle cannot last long sweete, therefore kept  
there

*(Serieants.*

In my cold cellar; stay, house beset? what fees?

*Lur.* Such as strike dead the heart, yet giue no  
blowes.

*Bar.* This . . . footra for 'em: proclamations  
*Lurchall,*

6000. Crownes are his, can these betray,

Soone earnd, wee le share, fetch the Calabrian hither,

They are here say: dam 'em.

*Lur.* You shall be damnd together.

*Exit.*

*Enter King as a Frier.*

*K.* Wher's that deuote sicke man desires to take  
Leaue off this world? *Deus hic* to all now here.

*Bar.* Now Domine Frier; what I to you con-  
fesse

You are bound by oath to keepe.

*K.* I auer no lesse.

*Bar.* Keepe then this clofe, I am no Turke, not I,  
But *Barteruile* disguisde in pollicy.

*K.* Are you the Sick man?

*Bar.* Sick of a difease,

Bad as a plague to Citizens, I must breake,

Play a bankcrowts part) I haue monie of the kings,

Of merchants, Ile keepe all, these are Citie-springs;

Here lyes Serieants Leaguer: about my doores:

My house to me is an hospitall, they the fores

Which run vpon me vily, (peepe I but out,)

To raize this Dunkirke feige, thus cast I about.

*K.* Lets heare, pray how?

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*Bar.* Thus, thus sweete Domine Frier,  
He be like you, a Capuchine : So, by your Prior,  
Sub-prior, and couent, I may be fetcht hence,  
Spite of all Showlder-clappers violence.  
Tho the King should lay hands on me, I wud not  
tary.

*K.* You neede not.

*Bar.* You are my guard, my Sanctuary.

*K.* But what your leuel in this, when this is don ?

*Bar.* Alas ! what leuell but pure deuotion ?

*K.* The Diuell you haue.

*Bar.* When I dye there, take All :

Will you goe to your prior and tell this ?

*K.* Yes I shall. *A March afar.*

*Bar.* He fend him an earnest peny (a 100. Crownes)  
As the first stone my charitie builds vpon.

What drom's this ? come, dispatch Frier, and be gon.

*Exit.*

*K.* Out of this hell thou meanest : yes ile fly  
from thee

As from the Diuels hangman : thowlt else betray  
mee.

World ! to what crest of villanie art thou growne ?

When (of good men) whole kingdomes scarce breede

*One.*

*Exit.*

*Lur.* Heres the Duke of *Calabria* sir if you haue  
made mee tell a lye, theile fend me of a voiage to the  
yland of Hogs and Diuels, (the *Barmudas*.) the Duke  
sir.

*Bar.* His grace is welcome, las ! I had more  
neede

To haue Phifitions and Apothecaries,

Than fighters at my gates : *Lurchall* why come they ?

*Cala.* Deliuier vp those monsters in thy house,

That haue deuoured a Kingdome and the King.

Tis death to thee, and him, if thou detainst 'em.

*Bar.* I detain 'em, here, here, here.

*Ast.* Reward if thou deliuerst them.

*Bar.* Ime past rewarding in this world, I looke onely for good mens prayers, theres the key *Lurchall.*

*Cal.* Vnbind him : stay why did thy house receiue them ?

*Bar.* Full fore against my will : the bed I rise from

Count I my death-bed ; for (each minute) I looke  
When Angells (heauens good porters) will let me in,  
Yet (like my betters) I'me heauy laden with sin.  
And being thus sicke, and at last gaspe, I sent  
For my neerst cozen, my executor,  
Who seeing braue fellowes beating at my gates,  
Tooke 'em for honest men, let 'em in simply,  
And vndertooke this night, to ha shipd 'em hence ;  
My faithfull Seruant telling me this, (In zeale,  
To you and my country) I bid him, All reueale.

*Cal.* That's plaid a Subiect's part in't.

*Bar.* Heele lead you to them.

*Cal.* My Lord, take force and feize 'em, nere stand vpon

More trialls ; giue 'em speedie execution.

*Ast.* Come fellow.—

*Exeunt Ast : and Lurchall cum Militibus.*

*Bar.* Your grace has don with me ?

*Calab.* Goe, looke to thy health :

The crownes the proclamation promised,  
Shall to thy man be payd.

*Bar.* Thankes to your Grace :

Las what I did in this, was for no hire.

*Cal.* Ha ha, the rent of a cellar neuer was so deere.

On beate the drum.

*Exit.*

*As they goe off ; Enter Oflauio with Rufman and a guard.*

*Ofla.* Are the rest tane ?

*Cal.* Yes.

*Ofl.* The graund-Pyrat's here.

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Heres the Diuells bellowes, kindled all those fires,  
Which now are burning: This is the Snake, whose  
fling

(Being kept warme in the bosome of a King)  
Struck him to'th-heart: This hee, who by the force  
Of his damb'd Arguments, was the first-diurce,  
Of the Kings Loue, this is *Bohor*.

*Cal.* This that Serpent,  
Y'haue all (like Traytors) wrought a Princes fall,  
And all shall taste one death.

*Off.* Sirra, wheres the King?

*Ruff.* Warrant mee life, ile bring you to the place  
where you shall take him.

*Off.* Wult thou betray him Slaue?

*Ruff.* Yes.

*Cal.* Thou shalt haue life.

*Ruff.* And you the King shall haue.

*Off.* And the Gallowes shall haue thee, else hang  
me.

Away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Scumbroth.*

*Scum.* Alas, wheres the sub-Prior?

*Sub.* Here; what ailest thou?

*Scu.* Can you picke nothing out of my face?  
Is there not a Deaths-head standing on my shoulders?

*Sub.* Why, what's the matter?

*Scu.* The Lord Pryor is calld away.

*Sub.* Whither, by whome?

*Scu.* By the Great-head, I thinke he couzened mee,  
Hee is gone to the blacke-squibbe-tree, to *Iudas Okes*,  
set by the Diuell, I tolde you then, I saw Frier *Ruff*  
spit fire amongst other Hel-cats, and yee woud not  
belieue me. Now I tell you, that the Pryor is choackt;  
will his choaking goe downe your throate?

*Sub.* How choackt?

*Scum.* Yes, choackt: that of which men die ore-  
night, and are well the next morning, wine has kild  
the Lorde Pryor: he woud in a brauerie taste the

liquor of our Vines, because you threatned he should neuer lick his lippes after. And the Kernell of a grape stopt his winde-pipe, for want of a skowring-flicke.

*Sub.* Art thou fure hee is dead?

*Seum.* How dead, because I wud be fure, I cut his throate of purpose, to take out the Kernell.

*Sub.* Most fearefull and prodigious, whither runst thou?

*Seum.* To see more throates cut, and Execution certaine Gallants is this morning. And I came running to see them, who like a whore spoyles every good thing that comes into his hand.

The hang-man, I leaue you to the Gallowes.

*Enter Barteruile like a Frier, brought in by the Sub-prior, the King, Shackle-foule, and Lurchall, with others.*

*Rush.* Welcome deare brother: now your heede must be

Not to looke backe at this worlds vanitie,  
Riches and pleasures; you haue laide aside  
That Garment, and must now be mortifide.

*Bar.* I am mortifide, I warrant you.

*K.* So is the Diuell.

*Pri.* Your Gold and siluer, you must see no more.

*Bar.* O Fye! giue it every farthing to the poore,  
When I haue sent for't hither.

*Lur.* That will be neuer.

*Rush.* Your money shalbe spent in pious fort.

*Bart.* I know that: Let my soule be the better  
for't,

Thats all I craue for, after I am dead.

*Pri.* Many a *Requiem* for it shall be said.

*Omn.* What Drum is this?

*Shack.* Fryers stand vpon your Guard.

The Priorie is beset with Armed-men,  
Of which some Troupes are entred.

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*Kin.* I am betrayd.

*Bar.* *Lurchall* I feele my wezand pipe cut.

*Lur.* I warrant you.

*Enter Calabria, Oflauio, Aftolfo, Rufman led by  
two holding piftalls, Souldiers, drums,  
and Cullors.*

*Cal.* Guard the Abbey gates, let not a Frier goe  
forth :

You haue a King amongst you, which is he ?

*Omn.* A King !

*Sub.* I know of none here.

*Cal.* Villaines you lie :

*Off.* This caitife does delude you, tortur him.

*Cal.* Hang him, and thefe vp or'e the Abbey walls,  
Our wrath shall fmite like thunder where it falls.

*Bar.* I fhall like a dog, die without mony, *Lurchall.*

*Lur.* I warrant you.

*Kin.* Tyran, that royall hart thou huntft, is here,  
Stand from me all, you haue betrayd me all,  
And ile trust none of you, if the Lion must fall,  
Fall fhall he like a Lion ; thinkft thou (bafe Lord)  
Because the glorious Sun behind blacke cloudes  
Has a while hid his beames, hees darkned for euer ?  
Ecclipsd neuer more to shine, yes, and to throw  
Fires from his sparkling eyes, thee to confound,  
Touch not that noble friend of mine, (It feemes,  
For my fake markd for danger,) let your arrowes  
(Dipd in rancke poyfon) be shot all at me,  
Since all is loft, die nobly, and loofe life too :

O vncke ! must the firft dart fly from you ?

*Off.* Into thy bofome fly I.

*Kin.* To betray me ?

*Off.* To fight for thee till I can fight no more :  
Hadft thou poffest this Kingly fpirit before,  
We ne're had left thee : what makes Iudas here ?

*Aft.* Heres he that to the Duke thy life betraide.

*K.* *Bohor !*

*Off.* I, *Bohor.*

*Ruff.* I told him where you were.

*Off.* I tell thee tha't a traitor & ile haue

Thy head off, or thou mine.

*Ruff.* Head ?

*Off.* Thart a slaue ?

Thou seeft Duke what to trust too.

*Bar.* I haue confest, and shal be hangd, the King ?

*Cal.* Our faire game come to this ? our fwordes  
I fee

Must from your hearts-blood let out al my wronges,  
A muredred daughter for iust vengeance cryes,  
Whom to appease, your liues wee le sacrafize :  
Beate the drom.

*K.* Thunder mock thunder, beate ours.

*Sub.* O let these fires be quenched out with my  
teares.

If waters cannot, (Duke) I bind thy rage  
With this strong charme, and this read ore that spell,  
And let thy hard brest grow more flexible. *Exit.*

*K.* Wheres *Iouinelli*, and that bastard crue  
Of my false friendes ?

*Off.* Beheaded.

*K.* They haue their due.

*Cal.* The ring I gaue her, and her hand : old  
man, —

Wheres the old Frier deliuerd these ?

*Omn.* Hees gon.

*Cal.* Make after him, tis some delusion.

*Enter Subprior and Erminhild.*

*Erm.* Tis no delusion (father) am I the ground  
Of this your quarrell, which must both confound  
If you goe on : your battailes thus ile part,  
The first blow giuen, shall run cleane through my  
heart.

*K.* Oh noble constant maid, forgiue my wrongs,  
The warmth of heauen to a pining spring



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Cannot such comfort giue as thy glad prefence  
Does to my bosome.

*Olla.* Will you fight or no ?

*Cal.* Twere madnes to with stormes when faire  
windes blow :

Will you your faith yet keepe ?

*Kin.* Inuiolate.

*Cal.* Then here end all my warres.

*King.* And all my hate.

Haft all these Friers vp to the Abbey walles,  
And with shrill voyces, this our peace proclaime,  
Stay holy father : *Bohor*, See you this don. *Exeunt.*

*Ruf.* Vengeance, I haue now lost more than I  
haue won.

*Bar.* I shall goe scot-free *Lurchall*.

*Lur.* Passing well ?

*Bar.* They doe not smell me, yet my selfe I smell.  
*Exeunt.*

*Oll.* Why sends your Highnes, thus these Friers to  
play

Your heralds parts in publishing this peace ?

*Kin.* There's in't a riddle (vncke) which by  
none

But by these Friers onely, can be don.——

*Enter Friers above.*

So : are you mounted ? Sing now.

*Omn.* Sing.

*Kin.* Yes sing,

Like Swannes before your deathes : there you all  
shall dye.

Giue fire to this most damned priory.

*Sub.* Alacke for pittie !

*Kin.* Father, but for thee,

Thunder from heauen had (long ere this) to dust  
Grinded these hellish buildings : that hand was iust,  
Which struke your vitious Prior, so is our doome,  
That Synagogue of diuells, let fire consume.

*Bar.* But meanes the King that I shall burne here too?

*Kin.* Thou? the grand villaine, giue him a villaines due.

*Bar.* I am no Frier, see I'me poore *Barteruile*.

*Omn.* How? *Barteruile*?

*Kin.* He lyes the slaue's a Turke.

*Bar.* A Christian by this hand, Your officer.

*Kin.* The cittie canker, the courts cozener,  
A diuell in shape of man.

*Bar.* Halfe that I haue  
I freely giue, fo you my life will saue.  
Ile lend your Hyghnes 30000. chequines.

*K.* Ten Kingdomes cannot buy thee; were there  
10. hels

Thart damd in all. S'death! fire that house of diuels.

3. *Diu.* Doe: lets not want light to fet forth our  
Reuels.

*Ruff.* King, little doest thou know, whom (all this  
while)

Thy court, this Couent, and this *Barteruile*,  
Haue entertaind: of hell, 3. Spirits we are.

*Omn.* How?

*Ruff.* Sent to catch foules for *Pluto*, our Prince  
and maister.

*Omn.* Defend vs heauens.

*Ruff.* Thy selfe hast burst those bandes  
In which I once held thee: these are in our handes.

*Bar.* If you be right Serieants, for mony youle  
let mee goe. 5000. Crownes ile giue but to goe  
home.

*All.* 3. No.

*Bar.* Ile put in 4. brokers to be my baile: I hope  
theile be taken.

*Ruff.* Yes as thou art, (to hell,) you dog leaue  
howling.

This pile of greene young diuels, needes no fire  
Of mortals kindling to confume, these frames,

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You shall with vs to hell ride, all in flames.

*Shac.* Catch.

*All.* 3. Come.

*Ru.* Let euery spirit his owne prize beare.

*All.* They are so heauy with sin, theile soone be there.

*Ruff.* Away then and be dambd, wud you all were here.

*Omn.* Oooh.—*Sinck downe, aboue flames.*

*K.* Immortall thanks for our deliuerance :

Race to the ground those wals : no stone shall stand,

To tell such place was euer in our land,

What welth can there be found, giue to the poore,

Another house wee build and thee restore,

To former virginitie : weepe not for these ruines,

Thou shalt from vs haue honours. Here we begin

Our reigne anew, which golden threds shall spin,

Iustice shall henceforth sit vpon our throne,

And vertue be your Kings companion.

Warre here resignes his black and horrid stage

To sportfull Hymen, God of Mariage. (*Exeunt.*)

*The play ending, as they goe off, from vnder the ground in severall places, rise vp spirits, to them enter, leaping in great ioy, Rufman, Shackle-foule, and Lurchall, discovering behind a curten, Rauillac, Guy Faulx, Barteruile, a Prodigall, standing in their torments.*

*Omn. Spir.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Omn. Dam.* Torments in-vtterable ! oh ! dambd for nothing !

*Rauil.* Terrors incomprehenfible.

*Fau.* Back : y'are blowne vp else.

*Bar.* Whooh : hot, hot, hot,—drinck,—I am heart-burnt.

*Prod.* One drop, a bit.

*Faul.* Now, now, now.

*Bar.* I am perbold, I am stewd, I am fod in a  
kettle of brimstone pottage . . . it scaldes, . . it  
scaldes, . . it scaldes, . . it scaldes . . whooh.

*Diu.* Ha ha ha.

*Prod.* But one halfe crom, a little little drop,  
a bit.

*Faul.* Towers, towers, towers, towers, pinnacles &  
towers, battlements and pynnacles, steeples, abbeys,  
churches and old chimneys.

*Bar.* Zounds drinke, shall I choake in mine  
Inne? drinck.

*Omn.* Drinck, drinck, oh! one drop, one drop, to  
coole vs.

*Ruff.* So many tapsters in hell, and none fill drinck  
here:

*Omn.* Ball no more, you shall be liquord.

*Exeunt.*

*Rau.* Why art thou dambd toth' horrors of one  
hell,  
Yet feelst ten thousand.

*Fau.* Wherefore is thy foule  
Made sensible of tortures which (each minute)  
Kill thee ten thousand times, yet canst not dye?

*Bar.* Some facke.

*Prod.* Why for a few finnes that are long hence  
past,  
Must I feele torments that shall euer last?  
Euer, euer.

*Bar.* Let the facke be mulld.

*Rau.* Why is the diuell,  
(If man be borne good) suffred to make him euill?

*Bar.* Man is an asse, if he sit broyling thus ith  
glasse house without drinke: two links of my chaine  
for a threehalfepeny bottle of mother consciences  
Ale: drinke.

*Omn.* One drop of puddle water to coole vs.

*uac*

350      *If this be not a good Play,*

*Enter Shacklesoule with a burning torch, and a long knife, Lurchall with a handfull of Snakes, A third spirit with a ladle full of molten gold. All three make a stand, laughing.*

*Omn.* Leauē howling and be dambd.

*Shac.* Heres drinke for thee royall villaine.

*Stabs Rauillac.*

*Rau.* Oh !

*Shac.* Ift not good !

For bloud th'ast thirsted, and thy drinke is bloud.

Strikes it so cold to thy heart ! heres that shall warme thee. *(Agen.*

*Rau.* Damnation, furies, fire-brandes.—

*Hand burn't off.*

*Omn.* Ha, ha, ha,

*Prod.* One drop of moisture, but one crum.

*Lur.* Art hungry, eate this adder : dry ! Sucke this Snake.

*Prod.* Sucke and be dambd thy selfe : Ile starue first.

Away.

*Bar.* Is not this all waters ? Ruby water, some Ruby water, Or els a bottle of posterne water to faue charges, or els a Thimble-full of lymon water, to coole my stomatch.

*Spir.* The ruby is swilld vp all, heres lymon, downe with't.

*Bar.* Foh, the great diuell or els some Aquauite woman has made water, It scalds me.

*Omn.* Oooh.

*Diu.* Ha ha ha—— *Curtaines are drawne ouer them.*

*Enter Rufman.*

*Ruf.* Hell grinnēs to heare this roaring : wheres this black child of faddomles perdition ! rarest diuell

That euer hould in *Barathrum* ? here, (deere pupill)  
Of a new damnations stamp, Saucer-eyde *Lucifer*,  
Has drunke to thee this deepe infernall boule off,  
Wut pledge his vglines ?

*Fau.* Reach it mee.

*Ruf.* Choake with it.

*Omn.* Ha ha ha.

*Fau.* Giue fire, blow all the world vp.

*Ruf.* Bounce : tis don : Ha ha ha.—

*Fires the barrell-tops.*

*Fau.* I shalbe grinded into duft ; It falls : I am  
mad.

*Omn.* I am mad, I am mad.— *Within.*

*All 4.* Ha ha ha.

*Others.* Ho ho ho.— *Spirits from below.*

*Enter Pluto, attended by Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanth, and 3. Furies.*

*Plu.* Fetch whippes of poyfoned steele, strung  
with glowing wires,  
And lash these faucie hell-hounds : ducke their foules,  
Nine times to'th bottome of our brimstone lakes,  
From whence vp pull them by their findged hayre,  
Then hang 'em in ropes of yce nine times frozen o're :  
Are they scarce hot in hell, and must they roare ?  
What holliday's this ? that heres such grinning, ha !  
Is hell a dancing Schoole ? yare in extreames,  
Snoring, or els horne-mad ? who are set on shore,  
On this vast land of horror, that it refounds,  
With laughter stead of shrikes, who are come to our  
bounds ?

Ha !

*Ruf.* Dread Lord of this lower tortary, to thy  
Iayle

Haue we thy bufie Catch-polls (prisoners) brought  
Soules, for whose comming all hell long hath fought.

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*Plu.* Their names : Is *Ward* and *Dantsiker* then come ?

*Omn.* Yes : *Dantsiker* is come.

*Plu.* Wheres the dutch Schellum ? wheres hells factor ! ha ?

*Ruf.* *Charon* has bound him for a thoufand yeeres, To tug ats oare ; he fcoured the Seas fo well, *Charon* will make him ferriman of hell.

*Plut.* Where's *Ward* ?

*Ruf.* The Merchants are not pilld nor pulld enough, They are yet but shauen, when they are fleade, hee'le come.

And bring to hell fat booties of rich theeues, A crew of swearers and drinkers the best that liues.

*Omn.* *Ward* is not ripe for damming yet.

*Plu.* Who is it then ?

Cutlar the Sericant : ha ! he come.

*Ruf.* Yes *Pluto* :

Cutlar has bin here long, sent in by a carman, But his sterne lookes the feindes did fo displeafe, Bound hand and foote, he houles in little ease, Hauing onely mace to comfort him : he does yell, And raue, because he cannot rest in hell.

*Shac.* Tis not for him, that we this holliday hold.

*Plut.* The baude of Shorditch, Is that hellcat come ?

*Ruf.* No : but sha's bin a long time lanching forth,

In a Rosa-folis-barke.

*Plu.* Diuells ! who is it then ?

Mall Cutpurfe is she come ?

*Omn.* Our cofen come ? No.

*Shac.* Tis not yet fit Mall Cutpurfe here should houle,

Shee has bin too late a fore-tormented soule.

*Plu.* Where is our daughter ? ha ? Is shee ydle ?

*Omn.* No.

Shee was beating hemp in bridewell to choke theeues,

Therefore to spare this shee-ramp she beseeches,  
Till like her selfe all women weare the breeches.

*Lur.* Mall Cutpurse plyes her taske and cannot  
come.

*Plu.* For whom then is this wilde Shroue-tuesday  
kept?

*Ruf.* See King of gloomie shades what foules  
resort,

To this thy most iust, and least-fying court.

*Plu.* Stay, since our Iayle is with braue fellowes  
florde,

Bid *Charon* that no more yet come aboard.

Seeing our Iudges of hell here likewise are

Sit : call a Sessions : fet the foules to a barre.

*Minos* (the iust :) *Rhadamanth* (the temperate)

And *Æacus* (the seuer,) each take his state.

*Min.* Not an officer here?

*Omn.* A Fury.

3. *Iud.* Make an Oyes?

*Fury.* Oyes! All manner of foules, if they loue  
their owne quietnes, keepe out of hell, vnlesse they  
haue horrible businesse at this infernall sessions, vpon  
paine of being damnably plagude for their lussines.  
Back there, let those shackeld rake-hels shew their  
faces.

*Omn.* Roome here, we must come into the court  
within.

*Plu.* What damned fiends are those dare make  
this noise?

*Shac.* A Iury of Brokers impanelde, and deeply  
sworne, to passe on all the villaines in hell.

*Rhad.* *Euill-Conscience* be their keeper.

*Fury.* Looke to the Iury: *Euill-Conscience* looke  
to the Brokers.

*Plu.* Now proceede.

*Æac.* Stay, let the King of Ghosts haue first a  
vew

Of those who are doom'd to paines horrid, but new.  
Then produce those who came to your prison vntryed.



354     *If this be not a good Play,*

*Fur.* Peace there.

*Omn.* Heres one, hels tortures does deride.—

*Rauillac.*

*Rau.* Arraigne me, rend me peece-meale, ile confesse nothing.

*Ruff.* Peace, thou shalt ball thy throate out.

*Rau.* Merciles hangmen ! to tiranize ouer so braue a Roman spirit.

*Plu.* Ho, ho, what country diuell is this ?

*Rau.* Thine owne.

*Ruff.* A french.

The eagereft bloodhound that ere came from thence ;  
Is there a King to be mured, whileft he does stand  
Coloffus-like, fupporting a whole land,  
And when by his fall that Land moft feares a wracke,  
Send forth this diuell ; his name is *Rauillac*.

*Rau.* *Rauillac* : I am *Rauillac*, that laughes at tortures, fpurnes at death, defies all mercy : Iybbets, racks, fires, pincers, fcalding oyle, wilde-horfes, I spit in the face of all.

*Fur.* Peace.

*Rau.* No : were my tongue torne out with burning flefh-hookes, Fames 1000. tonges fhall thunder out *Rauillacs* name, extoll it, eternife it, Cronicle it ! Canonife it : oh !

*Min.* Downe with this diuell to'th dungeon, there let him houle.

*Rau.* Worlds fhall applaud my Act, and crowne my foule.

*Exit.*

*Plu.* Another.

*Omn.* Come, you leane dog.—

*Prodigall. Brought in.*

*Prod.* One drop, a bit.

*Plu.* Whats he ? what ftaruelings this ?

*Prod.* One that lacks a medicine for hunger : I am falne away.

*Omn.* From heauen.

*Judg.* To'th common layle with him.

*Fur.* He must feede on beggeries basket : leaue balling ferra.

*Prod.* Shall I be vndon for a little drinke.

*Lur.* No, thart vndon for drinking.

*Plu.* Starue him away———*Exit Prodigall.*  
What was he when he liu'de.

*Lur.* A prodigall :

Who (in one yeare,) spent on whores, fooles and  
flaues,

An Armies maintenance, now begges for cromes, and  
raues

To see his sumptuous buildings, pastures, woodes,  
That flood in vplands, dround in Rhenish floodes.

*Plu.* Is here all ?

*Shac.* All ! no, the Arch-helhound's here.

*Faulx Enters.*

*Plu.* What Peter Goner's this ?

*Fau.* Speake softly, within an inch of giuing fire,  
within an inch.

*Shac.* Had all thy gray diuells in their highest lust  
fat,

T'haue litterd furies, they could not haue begot  
One to match this : ith' darke he groapd damnation.

*Fau.* Now, now.

*Shac.* Digd cellars to find where hel stood and  
has found it

There was but one villainy vnborne, and he crownd  
it.

*Fau.* So : all the billets lye close ; glorious bon-  
fire ? pontificall bonfire ; braue heads to contriue this,  
gallant soules to conspire in't, resolute hand to seale  
this with my blood, through fire, through flint ; ha, ha,  
ha, whither fly my selfe to heauen, friends to honour,  
none to the halter, enemies to massacre, ha, ha, dismall  
tragicall Comedy now ?

356 *If this be not a good Play,*

*Plu.* What does he ?

*Shac.* As he thinks, giuing fire to powder ;  
Nere in any land could diuels haue found, fuch  
walkes,

As he was beating out.

*Plu.* His name.

*Omn.* *Guy Faulx.*

*Fau.* Who cal'st damnation stops throate.

3. *Iud.* Let it stop thine.

*Fau.* Am I betray'd ? giue fire, now, now, giue fire.

*Exit.*

*Omn.* To burne thine owne foule villaine.

*Plu.* Pay him his hire :

He has a desperate rakehels face..

*Shac.* Had his plot tane fire,

One realme before any other had doomesday seene,  
Kings who in tombes lay at rest had wakened beene,  
He was within 12. howers of hewing downe  
A whole land at one blow, and at once drowne  
In a flood of flames, an Ark roiall with his whole  
fleete,

Of nobilitie and clergy : in a leaden sheete

Law and her children had been hotly wrap'd ;

Millions ere this had in our iayle bin clap'd,

For damned Arts not known now, which had then

Bin rife, but now lye dead (th' Acts with the men.

*Plu.* Make much of this our ningle : for the rest  
Deliuier 'em to our head-hangman.

*Omn.* When ?

*Plu.* In a twinckling.

*Min.* How applaudes *Pluto*

Our enginous tortures, and most rigorous doome ?

*Plu.* *Minos*, thy doome is iust ;—But you all-fac'de  
Caitiffs.)

What fish in your infernall Nets, Drew you vp

Ith *Naples* Court, Citie, and Frierie ?

We charg'de you faile thither : Is mischiefs Riuer  
there drie ?

*Ruff.* Drie, No : Fat preyes for hell we all did  
meete,

In Court, Citie, Countrey, Nay, in euery streete,  
In euery houle, within-him, and without-him.  
Hee that wore best cloathes, had some Diuell about him :  
Courtiers from *Naples* hither in sholes are come,  
Some for Ambition, for Flattery, and Enuie some :  
Some, who (each meale) eate subiects vp, and wore  
Whole Families in their shoo-strings, such, and others  
more,

Being here, haue been examining (euer since  
They came) by Hells-clarke, (spotted-Conscience.)

*Min.* Till the next Sessions these wee must deferre.

*Plu.* None come fro'th Citie, so many bad being  
there !

*Lur.* Yes, (King of endles horror) see who's here :  
*Barteruile.*

*Plu.* Rich-men in hel ! they are welcom, whats the  
graybeard.

*Bar.* One that can buy thee and ten such as thou  
art out of thy Sea-coale-pits here. Is not this *New-*  
*castle* ?

*Lur.* No couetous wretch : tis Hell, thy blacke-  
soules prifon.

*Bar.* Soule in prifon ! I never had any foule to  
speake on.

*Lur.* Now thou shalt finde th'ast one.

*Bar.* Can Angells Bayle mee ?

*Min.* Not all the wealth which the worlds back  
does beare

Can Bayle thy wretched foule hence, Now tis here.

*Bar.* A thousand Pounds.—

*Fur.* Where ist foole ?

*Rhad.* Thy wealths now gone,  
Thy hands still catch at bags, but they gripe none.

*Bar.* Whats this ?——

*Om.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Æac.* Ayre, shadowes, things Imaginary :  
That is thy Torment now, which was thy Glory.

*Bar.* If you giue me bags full of Saw-dust, in stead  
of money, my Ghost shall walke.

358 *If this be not a good Play,*

3. *Iud.* To thy grim Father of Hell.

*Bar.* No, to my olde brother, Syr *Achitophell*  
*Pinch-gut.*

*Plu.* Hence with him, the Churl's mad :  
In *Lettes*-flood drown'd all the wealth hee had.

*Bar.* My chaine, Let me hang in chaines, so it bee  
my Golde chaine ; Theeues, theeues, theeues. *Exit.*

*Min.* Throwe him head-long into our boyling-  
Lake,

Where molten Golde runnes.

*Lur.* His thirst it cannot flake,  
Seas could not quench his dropie : Golde to get  
Hee would hang a Citie, starue a Countrey. Euen  
yet

Raues hee for Bonds and incombers : to faue whose  
foule,

(Tho hee fed none liuing) Saw-fages were his dole.

*A confused noyse to come pressing in.*

*Omn.* What coyle is that ? *A Noyse.*

*Enter a Ghost, cole-blacke.*

*Pur.* Tis a burning zeale must consume the  
wicked, and therefore I will not bee kept out, but will  
chastize and correct the foule Fiend.

3. *Iud.* Whats this blacke *Incubus* ?

*Shac.* An Arch-great Puritane once.

*Omn.* Ha ! How ! a Puritane ?

*Min.* An Arch-great Puritane ! How comes thy  
foule so little ?

*Pur.* I did exercise too much with a liuely Spirit.

*Plu.* Are there any more of his Synagogue ?

*Ruff.* Yes a whole Hoy-full are Landed.

*Omn.* Ha !

*Plu.* Are they all so blacke as he is ?

*Omn.* Worfe.

*Min.* Syrra, why being a Puritane is your foule fo black ?

*Pur.* Wee were all smoakt out of our owne Countrey, and sent to *Rotterdam*.

*Min.* How camst thou lame and crooked, why do'st halt ?

*Pur.* All the brethren and sisters for the better part are crooked, and halt : for my owne part, I neuer went vpriht.

*Iudg.* And yet a puritane ? hence with him.

*Pur.* Alacke !

How can I choofe but halt, goe lame, and crooked ? When I pulld a whole church downe vpon my backe.

*Min.* Hence with him, he will pull all hell downe too.

*A noife to come in.*

*Pur.* Let in the brethren, to confound this wicked assembly.

3. *Iud.* Thrust him out at hell gates.

*Plu.* Theile confound our kingdome,  
If here they get but footing: rise therefore, away ;  
Keepe the Iurie of brokers till our next court day.

*Min.* Adiourne this.

*Fur.* O yes ! Sessions is deferd  
Because of Puritanes, Hell cannot be cleerd.

*Plu.* Set forward to our Hall pauerd all with  
brasse,

Iudges we thanke you : let our officers drinke,  
Ith bottome of hells celler, for their good seruice.  
Since to this heighth our Empyre vp you reare,  
Hell shall hold triumphes, and (thats don,) prepare,  
Agen to walke your circuites o're the earth,  
Soules are hells Subiects, and their grones our mirth.



## Epilogue.

**I**F't be not good, the Diuell is in't, (they say,) The Diuell was in't, this then is no good play  
By that conclusion, but hereby is meant,  
If for so many nones, and midnights spent  
To reape three howres of mirth, our haruest-seede  
Lyes still and rot. The Diuels in't then indeed :  
Much Labour, Art, and Wit, make vp a Play  
As it does a Ship, yet both are cast away,  
(When brauely they haue past the humorous Seas)  
At landing, What black fates curfeth both these ?  
Sayle it, or sinck it, now tis forth, and nere  
The Hauen at which it longs t'ariue : if there  
It suffers wrack, the spitefuller Rockes shoote forth,  
Yet non may bring it home laden with much worth.  
By wonted gentle gale, (sweete as the Balme,)  
Or by extending your faire liberall Palme,  
To fan away all stormes, if you see it lowers,  
The ayre shall ring thankes, but the glory's yours.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### PAGE 4.

*the other for Westchester.*

On their way to Ireland: "My refuge is *Ireland* or *Virginia*; necessity cries out, and I will presently to *Westchester*." Cook's *Green's The Quoque*, ed. 1622. "Hee came into *Ireland*, where at Dublin hee was stricke lame; but recovering new strength and courage, hee ship'd himselfe for England, landed at *West Chester*, whence taking poste towards London, hee lodg'd at Hockley in the Hole, in his way," &c. Taylor the water poet's *Praise of cleane Linnen*,—*Works*, 1630, p. 170. It may perhaps be necessary to add, that the ancient city of Chester is called *West Chester* from its relative situation, to distinguish it from several other towns which bear the name of Chester with some addition.

### PAGE 5.

*and your selfe shall keepe the key of it.*

From Shakespeare:—

"'Tis in my memory lock'd,

*And you yourself shall keep the key of it.*"

*Hamlet*, act i. sc. 3.

### PAGE 10.

*you shall finde me playing at Span-counter.*

A pun is intended here: *span-counter* being a common game among boys, *counter*, the prison, to which, if he could procure no bail, Philip was to be confined.



## PAGE 11.

*Doe you laugh you vnreasonable puck-fitt?*

This word, often used by our old writers in the sense of an empty, insignificant fellow, meant originally a sort of fungus: "All the falllets are turn'd to Jewes-ears, mushrooms, and *Puck-fitts*." Heywood and Brome's *Lancashire Witches*, 1634.

## PAGE 12.

*Are all the Quest houses broken up?*

About Christmas, the aldermen and citizens of each ward in the city used to hold a quest to inquire concerning misdemeanours and annoyances, brothels, &c. *Quest-houses* were the houses where the quest was held, and which were usually the chief watchhouses. Doll, in her next speech, alludes to the shifts made by the ladies when driven out of the city, and their private return when they no longer feared the quest.

From a passage in one of Middleton's plays it appears that gaming was sometimes carried on there: "Such a day I lost fifty pound in huggar-mugger at dice, at the *quest-house*." *Any thing for a quiet life*,—*Works*, iv. 425, ed. Dyce.

*Quest-houses* generally adjoined churches: "But you may say, it is like a farthing candle in a great church: I answer, that light will not enlighten the by-chapels of the church, nor the *quest-house*, nor the belfry; neither doth the light move the church, though it enlightens it."—*Philosophical Letters* by the Ducheſs of Newcastle, 1664, p. 189.

*It.*

*with a chaine about his neck . . . . For that, Saint Martins and we will talke.*

So Brathwait:

"By this hee trauels to *Saint Martins lane*,  
And to the shops he goes to buy a *chaine*."

*The Honest Ghoe*, &c., 1658, p. 167.

## PAGE 13.

*double chin.*

The characteristic of a bawd, according to many of our old dramatists:

"The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,  
Their chins will hang like udders, by Easter-eve."

Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Works*,  
iv. 32.

PAGE 13.

*neuer had the Grincomes :*

Or *crincomes*, a cant term for the venereal disease: "Grink-comes," says Taylor, the water poet, "is an Utopian word, which is in English a P. at Paris."—*Works*, 1630, p. 111.

PAGE 15.

WIFE. *Good Sir, lend me patience.*

MAY. *I made a fallade of that herbe.*

*Patience* was the name of an herb: "You may recover it with a fallet of parfly and *the hearbe patience*."—*A pleasant commodie called Looke about you*, 1600.

PAGE 19.

*Farewell, Father Snot.*

This elegant valediction (after which, in the old copy, is a short break) was, perhaps, a parody on, or a quotation from, some song. In *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, we find,

"My bush and my pot  
Cares not a groate  
For such a lob-coate,  
*Farewell, Senior snot.*"

PAGE 20.

*the bragging velure-canonied hobbi-horses.*

*Velure* is velvet.

"Cannions, of breeches. G. canons: on les appelle ainsi pource qu'ils font aucunement semblables aux canons d'artillerie, —because they are like cannons of artillery, or cans or pots."—Minshew's *Guide into the tongues*, p. 61, ed. 1617.

Strutt explains *canions* to be "ornamental tubes or tags at the ends of the ribbands and laces which were attached to the extremities of the breeches."—*Dress and Habits*, &c., vol. ii. p. 263.

Canon-hofe, decorated at the knees with a quantity of ribbons, were fashionable in the time of Charles the Second.

In a MS. copy of a comedy called *The Humorous Lovers*, by the Duke of Newcastle, among the Harleian MSS., the following song (not given in the printed copy of the play, 1677) occurs at the beginning of the 4th act :—

“ I conjure thee, I conjure thee,  
By the Ribands in thy Hatt,  
By thy pritty lac'd Cravat,  
By the Ribands round thy Bum,  
Which is brac'd much like a Drum,  
By thy dangling Pantaloons,  
And thy ruffling Port Cannons,  
By thy freeze'd Perriwige,  
Which does make thee look so bigg,  
By thy Sword of Silver guilt,  
And the Riband at thy Hilt,—  
Apeare, apeare.”

PAGE 26.

*by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell)*

Compare Dekker, *Satiromastix* :

“ I markt, by this candle, *which is none of God's Angels.*”  
(See Notes to Vol. II. p. 368.)

PAGE 27.

*Mi cara whee, en hellon.*

Qy.? Mi gara chwi yn nghalon.

*Id.*

*there is the most abominable feere.*

The captain does not use *abominable* in a bad sense, quite the reverse : so in Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612 :

“ *Abraham.* Does she so love me say you ?

“ *Pendant.* Yes, yes, out of all question the whore does love you *abominable.*”

Is it necessary to add that by “*feer*” he means *cheer*, and, a little after, by “*kernicles,*” *chronicles* ?

## PAGE 28.

*fare-well Sidanien.*

"Sidanen, s. f. *dim.* (fidan) that is filken, or made of filk. It is the name of an old tune; also an *epithet* for a fine woman; and has been applied particularly to Queen Elizabeth."—Owen's *Dictionary of the Welch Language*.

## PAGE 33.

*I left her at Bofomes Inne.*

"Antiquities in this Lane [St. Lawrence Lane] I find none other than that, among many fair Houses, there is one large Inne for receipt of Travellers, called *Blossoms Inne*, but corruptly *Bofoms Inne*, and hath to sign S. Laurence the Deacon, in a border of Blossoms or Flowers."—Stow's *Survey of London*, &c., B. iii. p. 40, ed. 1720.

## PAGE 34.

*he would goe the Iland voiage.*

Undertaken against Hispaniola, in 1585. The fleet, commanded by Sir Francis Drake, consisted of twenty-one ships, carrying above two thousand volunteers. They took possession of St. Domingo.

## PAGE 35.

*some naughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in love with, and meanes to keepe vnder my nose at his garden house.*

Garden-houses were used for such purposes: so in the opening of Barry's *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

"what makes he heere,  
In the skirts of Holborne, so neere the field,  
And at a garden-house? a has some punke,  
Upon my life."

## PAGE 37.

*with a cartoose collour and a pickadell.*

A *pickadell* is described as an upright collar with stiffened plaits: here it seems to mean a sort of edging to the collar.

## PAGE 38.

*He have you make 12. poesies for a dozen of cheefe trenchers.*

Cheefe-trenchers, at the time this play was written, used frequently to have poesies inscribed on them. In Dekker's *Honest Whore, Part First*, George quotes six lines, "as one of our *cheefe-trenchers* sayes very learnedly :—" (Vol. II. p. 72.) Compare too Middleton's *No Wit, no Help, like a Woman's* ;

"*L. Gold.* Twelve trenchers, upon every one a month !  
January, February, March, April—

*Pep.* Ay, and their poesies under 'em.

*L. Gold.* Pray, what says May ? she's the spring lady.

*Pep.* [*reads*]

*Now gallant May, in her array,*

*Doth make the field pleasant and gay," &c.*

ed. Dyce, v. 40.

## Ib.

*I had three nest of them given mee.*

So in the opening of Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605 ; "cogging Cocledemoy is runne away with a *nest of goblets* ;" and so in Armin's *Two Maides of Moreclache*, 1609 ;

"Place your plate, and pile your vitriall boales

*Nest upon nest."*

The term *nest of goblets* is still made use of in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to describe a large goblet containing many smaller ones of gradually diminishing sizes, which fit into each other and fill it up.

## PAGE 40.

*Pax.*

For *pax* ; it was perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing the word. So Heywood and Brome in *The late Lancashire Witches*, 1634, "*Pax*, I think not on't ;" Brome in the *Joviall Crew*, 1652, "*Pax* o' your fine thing ;" and Middleton, in *Your Five Gallants*, "*Pax* on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these things at univerfity.—*Works*, ii. 235.

## PAGE 41.

*the tree in Cuckolds Hauen.*

A little below Rotherhithe is a spot, close on the river, called

Cuckold's Point, which is distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. Tradition says that near this place there lived, in the reign of King John, a miller who had a handsome wife; that his majesty had an intrigue with the fair dame, and gave the husband, as a compensation, all the land on that side, which he could see from his house, looking down the Thames,—which land, however, he was to possess only on the condition of walking on that day (the 18th of October) annually to the farthest bounds of his estate with a pair of buck's horns on his head; and that the miller, having cleared his eyesight, saw as far as Charlton, and enjoyed the land on the above-mentioned terms. (In several books which condescend to notice this story we are told that the miller lived at Charlton and saw as far as Cuckold's Point; but the version of it which is here given is what the watermen on the Thames were wont to repeat.) Horn-fair was long held at Charlton, on the 18th of October, in commemoration of the event.

## PAGE 49.

*garlick has a white head and a greene stalke.*

So in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616; "I'm like a leeke, though I have a gray head, I have a greene," &c. And so in various old plays and poems, Chaucer's *Reeve's Prologue*, &c. This piece of wit may be traced to Boccaccio; "E quagli che contro alla mia età parlando vanno, mostra mal che conoscano che, *perche il porro abbia il capo bianco, che la coda sia verde.*" *Decamerone*,—Introduction to *Giornata quarta*.

## PAGE 50.

*as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a death's head.*

The bawds of those days, probably from an affectation of piety, used to wear rings with death's-heads on them, as several passages from old writers might be adduced to show. But the wearing of such rings was not confined to those motherly gentlewomen: "the olde Countesse spying on the finger of Seignior Cofimo a *Ring with a Death's head ingraven*, circled with this Posie, *Gressus ad vitam*, demanded whether hee adorde the Signet for profit or pleasure: Seignior Cofimo speaking in truth as his conscience wild him, told her that it was a favour which a Gentle-

woman had bestowed upon him, and that onely hee wore it for her sake." Greene's *Farwell to Follie*, ed. 1617.—Underwood the player bequeathed "to his daughter Elizabeth two seal-rings of gold, *one with a death's-head*." See his will in Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the English Stage*, p. 216, ed. Boswell.

## PAGE 52.

*my white Poet.*

*White* was employed formerly as an epithet to express fondness: "*white boy*," "*white son*," and "*white girl*," occur frequently in our old writers. Lee uses it in a strange passage of the Dedication of his *Rival Queens* to the Earl of Mulgrave. (Though Mayberry a little after calls Bellamont "*my little hoary poet*," we are not to conclude that "*white*" in the present instance means *hoary*.)

## PAGE 53.

*I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage.*

The *Portugal voyage* was the expedition in 1589, consisting of one hundred and eighty vessels, and twenty-one thousand men, commanded by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris: it is generally said to have been undertaken for the purpose of seating Antonio on the throne of Portugal; but the brave volunteers who composed it were most probably excited to the enterprise by the wish to revenge themselves on Spain, and by the hopes of gain and glory.

*Id.*

*the prentices made a riot upon my glasse windows, the Shrove-tuesday following.*

Shrove-Tuesday was a holiday for apprentices, during which they used to be exceedingly riotous, and attempt to demolish houses of bad fame:

"It was the day of all dayes in the yeare,  
That unto Bacchus hath his dedication,  
When mad-braynd prentises, that no men feare,  
Orethrow the dens of bawdie recreation."

*Pasquils Palinodia*, 1634.

## PAGE 59.

*Mother Walls cakes.*

We learn where this dame resided from the following passage of Haughton's *English-men for my money*, 1616; "I have the scent of London-stone as full in my nose, as Abchurch-lane of *Mother Wallis* pasties."

## PAGE 59.

*like squibs that run upon lynes.*

So Marston, in his *Parasitaster, or the Fawne*, 1606;

"*Page.* There be squibs, fir, which squibs running upon lines, like some of our gawdie gallants, fir, keepe a smother, fir, with flishing and flashing, and in the end, fir, they doe, fir——

*Nymphadora.* What, fir?

*Page.* Stink, fir."

In *A Rich Cabinet with Variety of Inventions*, &c., 1651, by J. White, are instructions "How to make your fireworks to run upon a line backward and forward."

## PAGE 81.

*The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat.*

There can be no doubt that *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat* consists merely of fragments of two plays,—or rather, a play in Two Parts,—called *Lady Jane*, concerning which we find the following entries in *The Diary of Henlowe*;

"Lent unto John Thare, the 15 of octobr 1602, to geve unto harey chettell, *Thomas Deckers*, Thomas Hewode, and Mr. Smyth, and Mr. Webster, in earneste of aplaye called Ladey Jane, the some of . . . . . l<sup>s</sup>

"Lent unto Thomas Hewode, the 21 of octobr 1602, to pay unto *Mr. Dickers*, chettell, Smythe, Webster and Hewode, in fullle payment of ther play of ladye Jane, the some of . . . . . vli x<sup>s</sup>

"Lent unto John Ducke, the 27 of octobr 1602, to geve unto *Thomas Deckers*, in earneste of the 2 pt of Ladye Jane, the some of . . . . . vs"

Pp. 242—3, ed. *Shakespeare Soc.*



Whether the present abridgment of *Lady Jane* was made by Dekker and Webster (see its title-page), or by some other playwright, cannot be determined; that it has suffered cruelly from the hands of the transcriber or printer, is certain.—DYCE.

This drama is much mutilated, and its text very defective. It is a very inferior production. There is no discrimination of character, no succession of events, and no artful or judicious development of conduct. There is, however, a gentle and pensive interest in the forcible scenes and separation of Guildford and Lady Jane, and in that mild resignation to their fate, which arises from their blameless and innocent conduct. [Rev.] J. Mitford in *Gent. Mag.*, June 1833, p. 491.

## PAGE 87.

GUL. *We are led with pompe to prison.*

Mr. Dyce assigns this speech to Lady Jane.

*It.*

*Like funerall Coffins, in some funerall Pompe.*

The text of this line is obviously corrupt. Mr. Collier (Preface to Coleridge's Lectures, p. cv.) proposes to read "several coffins," an emendation adopted by Mr. Dyce in his edition of Webster.

## PAGE 90.

*Dying the hauen of Brit. with guiltie blood.*

Mr. Dyce reads "Britain." The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for June 1833, p. 491) would read "Brute,"—which helps the metre somewhat, but does not improve the sense.

## PAGE 93.

*if that their Brother dying Issues, &c.*

Mr. Dyce thinks there is manifestly a line or lines wanting here.

## PAGE 94.

*That no impeachment should diuert our heartes  
From the impeachment of the Lady Iane.*

In the second line Mr. Dyce has substituted "election" for *impeachment*. The following is his note on the passage :—

"The old copies have,—

'From the *impeachment* of the Lady Jane,'—

the word '*impeachment*' having been repeated from the preceding line by a mistake of the transcriber or printer. That the first '*impeachment*'—i.e. hindrance, let, impediment,—is right, there can be no doubt ; and that in the second line '*election*' is the author's word, seems equally certain ; compare what Arundel has said a little before,—

'Are you not griev'd that we have given consent

To *Lady Jane's election* ?'

(The reading of this passage proposed by Mr. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for June 1833, p. 492),—

'That no *impediment* should divert our hearts

From the *impeachment* of the Lady Jane,'—

alters the right word in the first line, and leaves the wrong one in the second.)"

#### PAGE 95.

*Lance perfado, quarter, quarter.*

Written also *lanceprisado, lancepsado, lancepsade, or lancepsata* ; (Ital. *lancia spezzata*,) the lowest officer of foot, one who is under the corporal.

"He is a gentleman of no ancient standing in the militia, for he draws his pedigree from the time of the wars between Francis I. and his son, Henry II., kings of France, on the one part ; and the Emperor Charles V., and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Savoy, on the other part. In those wars, when a gentleman of a troop of horse, in any skirmish, battle, or rencounter, had broke his lance on the enemy, and lost his horse in the scuffle, he was entertained (under the name of a broken lance) by a captain of a foot company as his comrade, till he was again mounted. But as all good orders fall soon from their primitive institution, so in a short time our Monsieur Lancepsata (for so he was called) was forced to descend from being the captain's comrade, and become the corporal's companion, and assisted him in the exercise of his charge, and therefore was sometimes called by the French, *aide corporal*. But when the corporal grew weary of the comradeship of his lancepsata, he made him officiate under him, and

for that had some allowance of pay more than the common foldier."—Turner's *Pallas Armata*, p. 219—(as quoted by Grofe, *Mil. Ant.*, v. i., p. 262.)

## PAGE 115.

*There came but one Dondego into England, and he made all  
Pauls stinke againe.*

i.e. Don Diego.—So Heywood;

"But for these Spaniards, now you Don Diegos,  
You that made Pauls to stinke."

*Fair Maid of the Weh*, 1631, Part 1st, p. 51.

Various other writers allude to the nasty feat of this Don Diego in St. Paul's Cathedral; and it is very plainly told in a letter among the Cottonian MSS. (*Ind. C.* iii.), which must have been written about the beginning of 1597.

## PAGE 123.

*Gnil. True, my faire Queene, of sorrowe truly speake,  
Great men like great flies through Lawes cobwebs breake,  
But the thinn'st frame the prison of the weake.*

Mr. Dyce suggests the emendation "oft sorrow truly speaks" in the first line. It is probable that Dekker wrote this scene, as the following passage occurs in one of his plays:—

"*Jovindli.* You must hang up the lawes.

*Ottavio.* Like cob-webbe in fowle roomes, through which  
great flies

Breake through, the lesse being caught bi'th wing there  
dies."

*If this be not a good play the devil is in it*, 1612, (page 287.)

But the simile is derived from ancient wisdom:—"One of the Seven was wont to say, that laws were like cob-webs; where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through." Bacon's *Apophthegms*, No. 284.

## PAGE 133.

*Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater.*

i.e. the Fortune, in Golden or Golding Lane, St. Giles's,

Cripplegate. It was built by Henslowe and Alleyn, in 1599—1600, and was eighty feet square on the outside, and fifty-five feet square within. It was destroyed by fire in 1621.

## PAGE 138.

*Falling bands.*

These bands, which lay flat upon the drefs from the neck, succeeded the cumbersome ruff. There is a *jeu de mots* upon the name in Dekker's *If this be not a good Play, the Duell is in it* (page 315):

“Tho my collar [choler] stand

So hye, it scarce beares vp this falling band.”

“Band,” it should be observed, was formerly synonymous with “bond.”

## PAGE 145.

*Well shot old Adam Bell.*

An outlaw, famous for his archery: see the ballad of *Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe and Wyllyam of Cloudeste*, in Ritson's *Pieces of An. Pop. Poetry*.

## PAGE 147.

*yet do you now**Thus baffle me to my face.*

“Baffle” meant formerly to treat with insult, mockery, or contempt. It is used again in this sense in Dekker's *If this be not a good Play*, &c. (page 291): “No King on earth baffalls me.” Mr. Dyce also cites passages from Nash and Marryon.

## PAGE 155.

*a blacke fauegard.*

*i.e.* a sort of large petticoat, worn by women over their other clothes, to protect them from soiling.

## PAGE 159.

*Saint Antlings-bell.*

At St. Antholin's church there used to be a lecture early in

the morning, which was much frequented by the puritans of the times.

## PAGE 161.

*I'll try one speare againſt your chaſtity  
Though it prove too ſhort by the burgh.*

"Burgh," or *burre*, is "a broad ring of iron behind the handle" of a tilting lance, "which burre is brought into the ſuffine or reſt, when the tilter is ready to run againſt his enemy, or prepareth himſelf to combate or encounter his adverſe party." R. Holme's *Acad. of Armoury*.

## PAGE 170.

*good phrampell iades.*

"Phrampel," which is written alſo *frampold*, *frampul*, &c., here appears to ſignify *fiery* or *mettleſome*. It generally means vexatious, faucy, peeviſh, &c.

## PAGE 173.

*quarrelling wedlockes*

i.e. wives.

*Ib.*

*at my ſlanders*

So the orig. edition; but there is hardly any doubt that Mr. Dyce's emendation of "ſlanderers" is the correct reading.

## PAGE 174.

*if his ſpirit  
Be anſwerable to his umbles.*

i.e. his inſide. *Umbles* are the entrails of a deer.

## PAGE 176.

*I thinke the baby would have a teate it kyes ſo.*

"Kyes" for cries, in imitation of the jargon talked by nurſes to infants.

## PAGE 177.

*it does mee good now to have her sing mee.*

There can scarcely be any doubt that Mr. Dyce's emendation of "sing" is correct.

*Id.*

*Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide these aperne husbands :  
such cotqueanes, you everdoe your things, &c.*

"Apron husbands:" i.e. husbands who follow their wives as if tied to their apron-strings. "Cotqueans:" i.e. men who meddle with female affairs. The exclamations of Mistris Gallipot evidently refer to some action on the part of her husband: this portion of the scene is very adroitly written, requiring to be read *entre les lignes* like the dialogue in *La Nuit et le Moment* of Crebillon fils; but how it can have been represented publicly on the stage it is difficult to imagine.

## PAGE 178.

*as Pan-da-rus was to Cref-fida :*

So in the old edition, to mark the difficulty with which such hard names were read by mistris Gallipot.

## PAGE 180.

*Since last I saw him twelve months three times told,  
The Moone hath drawne through her light siluer bow.*

In Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (vol. II. p. 195) we find:

"Five Summers haue scarce drawen their glimmering nights  
Through the Moons siluer bowe."

It seems, therefore, almost certain that the scene in *The Roaring Girle* containing the above lines was written by him and not by Middleton.

## PAGE 185.

*the bouncing Rampe (that Roaring Girle my Mistrisse).*

"Ramp:" i.e. ramping, rampant creature: "although she were a lustie *bounsing rampe*, somewhat like Gallemalla," &c. G. Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, 1593, p. 145.

## PAGE 186.

*her placket to the ancient fante of a codpice.*

"Placket" has been variously explained—the opening of the petticoat—the forepart of the shift or petticoat : Nares, in his Glossary, insists that it meant only a petticoat, generally an under one.

## PAGE 191.

*these men-midwives must bring him to bed i' the counter.*

So in Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (vol. II. p. 213.) "Doe not you know mistresse, what Sericants are? . . . why they are certaine men-midwives, that neuer bring people to bed, but when they are fore in labour, that no body els can deliuer them."

## PAGE 200.

*haue not many handsome legges in silke stockins villanous splay feete for all their great rofes?*

Roses anciently were worn in shoes. They were made of ribbons gathered into a knot, and were sometimes of a preposterous size.

*Ib.*

*an agget set in a crampe ring.*

i.e. a ring, which having been solemnly consecrated on Good Friday, was supposed to have the power of preventing the cramp. (See in Waldron's *Literary Museum*, 1792, a reprint of *The Ceremonies of Blessing Cramp-Rings on Good Friday, used by the Catholic Kings of England*.)

## PAGE 202.

*till all split.*

This expression occurs in several old plays ; and denotes violence of action.

## PAGE 203.

*'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'le cut your tayle puf-cat for this.*

"Gib" is, properly, a male cat, but is sometimes applied, as

a term of reproach to a woman: "She is a tonnysh gyb" says Skelton, in *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 99.

## PAGE 203.

*y'are best get you a mumming.*

i.e. a masquing, in which originally the performers used gesticulation only, without speaking: mistrefs Openwork puns on the different meanings of *mask* and *masque*.

## PAGE 205.

*to be made*

*A stale to a common whore?*

i.e. a pretence or cover under which he keeps a harlot: the *stale*, or *stalking-horse*, was the real or artificial horse behind which sportsmen approached their game.

## 1b.

*I sweate, wo'ld I lay in cold harbour.*

*Cold-Harbour*, or *Cold-Harborough* was an ancient building, situated in the parish of All-hallows the Less, in Downgate Ward. A good many years before the date of this play, the then Earl of Shrewsbury took it down, and built a number of small tenements in its stead, which were let at great rents and served as a retreat for debtors, &c.; the place being considered a sort of sanctuary, probably because Tunstall, bishop of Durham, had resided there in Henry VIII.'s reign. It appears to have been notorious as a place where marriages were solemnized hastily and without the proper forms; such as the Fleet Prison and Keith's Chapel were for some time before the passing of the marriage-act.

Nares citing the above passage in his Glossary, says that *Cold Harbour* "seems to be used as a kind of metaphorical term for the grave."

## 1b.

*Puff; your Westerne pug.*

"I doubt the sand-eyde asse will kicke like a *Westerne pugge*,



if I rubbe him on the gall." Greene's *Thenees falling out*.  
 "Euen the *Westerne Pugs* receiuing mony here, haue tyed it in a  
 bag at the end of their barge, and so trailed it through the  
 Thames," &c. Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

## PAGE 206.

*Oh braue girls: worth Gold.*

This expression seems to have been proverbial: one of Heywood's plays is entitled *The Fair Maid of the West, or A Girl worth gold* (1631).

*Ib.*

*I'll ride to Oxford, and watch out mine eies, but I'll heare the  
 brazen head speak.*

See *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (first printed in 1594) in Dyce's edition of Greene's Dramatic Works (vol. i. p. 141), and the extract given (p. 215) from the prose tract on which that play is founded, *The Famous Historie of Friar Bacon*, "How Fryer Bacon made a Brazen Head to speake, by the which hee would haue walled England about with Brasse." The friars lost all their labour through the folly of a servant named Miles, who having been set to watch the Head while they retired to rest, neglected to call them when at last it spoke.

## PAGE 209.

*seeing your women are so hotte, I must loose my haire in their  
 company I see.*

"Alluding," says Reed, "to the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair."

*Ib.*

*I pray who playes a knacke to know an honest man in this  
 company?*

*A Pleasant Conceited Comedie, called, A knacke to know an  
 honest Man, As it hath beene sundrie times plaied about the Citie of  
 London*, was printed in 1596. The author's name is unknown.

## PAGE 210.

*Get fethers from thy wings.*

Mr. Dyce substitutes "gelt" for *get*; but "is by no means confident that he has restored the right reading" (Middleton's Works, ii. 527).

*Ib.*

*Play out your game at Irish fir: Who winnes?*

MIST, OPEN. *The triall is when shee comes to bearing.*

A game which differs very slightly from backgammon. The manner of playing it is described in *The Compleat Gammeller*. At page 155—6 (of ed. 1674) the following advice is given:—"Bear as fast as you can . . . . when you come to bearing, have a care," &c.

## PAGE 211.

*Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,*

*And that to tempt her modest cares, I swore, &c.*

An intermediate line seems to have dropped out: probably another is wanting after "And yet to try," &c.

*Ib.*

*was it your Megge of Westminster's courage.*

Meg of Westminster, or long Meg of Westminster, was a virago of whom frequent mention is made by our early dramatists, and indeed, like the heroine of the present piece, she had the honour of figuring in a play called after her in 1594. At that period, however, she is supposed to have been dead. She is introduced in an ante-masque in Ben Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*. A quarto tract entitled *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster: containing the mad merry pranks she played in her life time, not onely in performing sundry quarrels with divers ruffians about London; but also how valiantly she behaued herselfe in the warres of Bolloigne*, was printed (perhaps not for the first time) in 1635.

## PAGE 212.

*like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.*

So Dekker, in his *Whore of Babylon*:

"Let vs behold these fire-workes, that must run  
Vpon short lines of life."

## PAGE 212.

*away flia I my man, like a shouel-board shilling.*

*i. e.*, a shilling used at the game of *shovel-board*, and which was always smooth, that it might "slide away" easily.

*Ib.*

*these London boote-halers.*

Freebooters, plunderers, *halers* of *boot* (profit), or *booty*. Cotgrave explains *picoreur* to be a "*boot-haler* (in a friend's country), a ravening or filching souldier."

## PAGE 213.

*Heeres such a merry ging.*

*i. e.*, gang. This substitution of *i* for *a* was common with the Elizabethan writers. The word *ging* or *gyng*, however, is of great antiquity.

## PAGE 215.

*you skeldering varlet.*

Skeldring was a cant term for impudent begging, generally applied to vagrants, and often used by our early writers. It appears to have been particularly appropriated to those vagabonds who wander about under the name of soldiers, borrowing or begging money.

*Ib.*

*The balles of these glasiere of mine (mine eyes).*

See Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight* (1612).

## PAGE 216.

*A meere whip-lacke.*

In Dekker's *Belman of London* (1608), the description of "A Whiplacke" is much the same as that which Moll gives here.

"An vpright man," "a wilde rogue," "an angler," "a ruffler," "a kinchin mort," and a "wilde del" are also fully described in the same curious tract.

*Ib.*

*hornes for the thumbe.*

Pick-pockets were said to place a case, or thimble, of horn on

their thumbs, to support the edge of the knife in the act of cutting purfes.

## PAGE 219.

*Now I see that you are flal'd to the rogue.*

"This done, the Grand Signior called for a Gage of Bowfe, which belike fignified a quart of drinke, for prefently a pot of Ale being put into his hand, he made the yong Squire kneele downe, and powring the full pot on his pate, vttered thefe wordes, I doe *flall thee to the Rogue* by vertue of this foueraigne Englifh liquor, fo that henceforth it fhall be lawfull for thee to Cant (that is to fay) to be a Vagabond and beg." &c.—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608.

## PAGE 221.

*pacus palabros.*

Pocas palabras (Spanifh) *i. e.* few words—an expreffion found under various corrupted forms in our old writers. It is ufually put into the mouths of low people, among whom it feems to have been current :—"With this learned oration the Cobler was tutord : laid his finger on his mouth, and cried *paucus palabros.*"—Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603.

## PAGE 226.

*The man talkes monthly.*

*i. e.* madly ; as if under the influence of the moon.

## PAGE 235.

*Troia Noua Triumphans. London Triumphing*, 1612.

The mayoralty pageant here reprinted is one of the rareft of Dekker's works. Nichols, in his *Progresfes, &c., of King James the Firft*, vol. ii. p. 466, fays, "the only copy of this pageant that I know to exift, is one which was fold at Mr. Garrick's fale, April 23rd, 1823. It was bound up with the city pageants of 1626, 1631, 1679, and 1691, and other trafts, and the volume was purchafed for forty guineas by Mr. Thorpe, who has fince parted with it to Mr. Heber." He adds, "I have not yet obtained a tranfcript, but if I am favoured with one in time, it fhall appear in the appendix to this volume." At the fale of Heber's library, this copy formed lot 1631 of part 4, and proved

to be imperfect, which was no doubt the reason why Nichols was unable to reprint it according to promise. There are, however, copies in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum, which are quite perfect, and there is another in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

"Upon this occasion the lord mayor's banquet was honoured by the presence of Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, then lately arrived to marry Elizabeth, the king's only daughter." 'The Palsgrave dyed in the Guildhall,' as Howe's Chronicle informs us, 'accompanied with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, and divers earls and barons, and during the whole dinner the Palsgrave and the Lord Archbishop entertained the time with sundry discourses in Latine. To this great feast Prince Henry was also invited, and would have bin there, but he was sicke and could not come.

"After-dinner, the lord mayor and his brethren, in the behalfe of the cittie, and citizens of London, for testimonie of hearty welcome and their love, presented the Palsgrave with a very large basen and ewer of silver, richly gilded, and curiously wrought; and two great gilded livery pots.' The present is described in the city records as:—'a basen and ewer gilt, weighing 234oz. 3grs.; one paire of dansk potts, chaft and cheseld, weighing 513½oz. 4gr., having the armes of the city, and the wordes, 'Civitas London,' engraved thereon in divers places."

Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, gives us a still better account of this entertainment, and adds some very interesting particulars of the previous pageantry; his words are: "the Count Palatine and his company, after they had seen the shew in Cheapside, went to Guildhall, and were there feasted and welcomed by Sir John Swinnerton, the new-made lord mayor, and were presented toward the end of the dinner, in the name of the city, with a fair standing cup, a curious basen and ewer, with two large livery pots, weighing together 1200 ounces, to the value of almost £500. The Merchant Adventurers had sent him a present of wine the Saturday before, to the value of 100 marks. He behaved himself very courteously, and in very good fashion at the feast, and would needs go and salute the lady mayorefs and her train where she sat. The shew was somewhat extraordinary, with four or five pageants, and other devices; and the day was fair enough on land, but great winds

on the water had like to have marred all ; for divers of the companies were in great danger and pain to run their barges on ground, and some to turn back, so that my lord mayor with much ado came almost alone to Westminster."—*Nichols's Progresses of James I.*

Sir John Swinnerton was a man of considerable note in his day. He was a merchant of great wealth, and when sheriff in 1603, went with the mayor and principal citizens to meet King James on his journey from Theobalds to London, and was knighted with the other aldermen at Whitehall, in July following. In 1612 he accused the farmers of the customs of defrauding the king of more than 70,000 a year, "but upon ripping up the matter they went away acquitted, and he commended for his good meaning to the king's service." During his mayoralty the jurisdiction over the Thames and Medway, as enjoyed by the mayor of London, was finally settled; and on Michaelmas day 1613, he attended with Sir Thomas Middleton, that day elected mayor for the ensuing year, at the opening of the New River head, "to see the great cistern, and first issuing of the strange river thereunto, which was then made free denizen of London."—Delaune, *Present State of London*, 1681.

PAGE 241.

*Peale of Chambers.*

In Edward Sharpham's comedy, *The Fleire*, 1610, is the following allusion to these noisy salutations :—"He has taught my lady to make fireworks, they can deal in chambers already, as well as all the gunnes that make them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the Mayor and Alderman land at Westminster."

PAGE 242.

*Painted cloath and browne paper.*

This rather contemptuous notice of preceding pageants is curious. Pasteboard was used in the construction of the giants and other figures in continental shows, and the Chester giants that were made on the restoration of Charles the Second were formed of that material; but it would appear from the charges for deal-boards and nails in their construction, that a frame work of wood was used as a superstructure. There is an entry of one shilling and fourpence "for arfenic to put into the paste, to save the giants from being eaten by the rats."

How the "living beasts" who drew this pageant were "queintly disguised like dolphins and mermaids," we are not told, but in 1298, horses disguised "like lucas of the sea," are mentioned in the civic pageant, on the victory over the Scots at Falkirk.

The objection to "the trouble and pestering of Porters" urged by Dekker, seems to have been pretty generally felt by the City poets: several notices occur in their pamphlets of their attempts to rid themselves of the annoyance. Webster, in his *Monuments of Honor*, 1624, describes the principal pageant, *The Chariot of Honor*, as drawn by four horses, "for porters would hane made it more tottering and improperly." The porters, however, stood their ground well, for they are noticed by Jordan in his pageant for 1679, and were hired still later.

#### PAGE 243.

##### *troopes of Swannes.*

The Thames was "much beautified" in the early times by myriads of swans, that principally belonged to the city companies; and it was the custom to go up the river annually, and mark these swans on the beak with the peculiar sign used by the company who claimed them. This ceremony was called swan-upping, because it was the duty of the official visitors to take *up*, and mark the birds upon the beak, whence comes the modern name of swan-hopping given to the voyage as still performed. The Vintners' and Dyers' companies are now the chief proprietors of the Thames swans, next to her Majesty. In Yarrell's *History of British Birds* are engraved the ancient swan-marks of these companies during the reign of Elizabeth (from Kempe's *Lofely Manuscripts*), and the modern marks as still used, along with many others; with some curious information on this head. Hone, in his *Every-day Book* (vol. ii. p. 958) has printed entire the *Order for Swannes*, a rare tract of 1570, which shows how highly they were then estimated, and how carefully they were protected. Leland, the antiquary, in one of his rarest works, *Cygnæ Cantia, a Swan's Song*, imagines a Thames swan sailing down the river from Oxford to Greenwich, describing, as she passes along, all the towns, castles, and other places of note within her view.

## PAGE 248.

*Ryot ana Calumny in the shapes of Gyants.*

From this passage it appears that other gigantic figures than those of Gogmagog and Corineus appeared in the shows occasionally. The giants exhibited this year were not merely constructed for imposing effect, but were emblematic characters forming an important portion of the poet's invention.

## PAGE 249.

*Barathrum.*

*i. e.*, abyss, hell, bottomless gulf. See also page 351, "rarest diuell that euer hould in *Barathrum*."

## PAGE 251.

*thy margent quote.*

An allusion to the general custom, at this time, of printing in the margins of books a brief note, guiding the reader to the fact written of in the body of the work, or else to the author quoted as an authority. The works of Prynn are remarkable specimens of this custom, and give much point to Milton's saying, "that he had ever his wits befide him in the margin, to be befide his wits in the text."

## PAGE 255.

*Stop, Stony &c.*

Probably a misprint for "stay," which is the word given in the speech at p. 249, of which this is a repetition. "Stony" certainly mars the metre, if not the sense; though as regards the latter, it might be an abbreviated form of *astonish* (startle).

## PAGE 354.

*Is there a King to be murtherd, whilest he does stand  
Coloffus-like, supporting a whole land,  
And when by his fall that Land most feares a wracke,  
Send forth this diuell; his name is Rauillac.*

The assassination of King Henry IV. of France by Rauillac took place on the 14th May, 1610, the day of the queen's coronation. It was an event therefore quite fresh in the memory of those who witnessed the performance of this play.

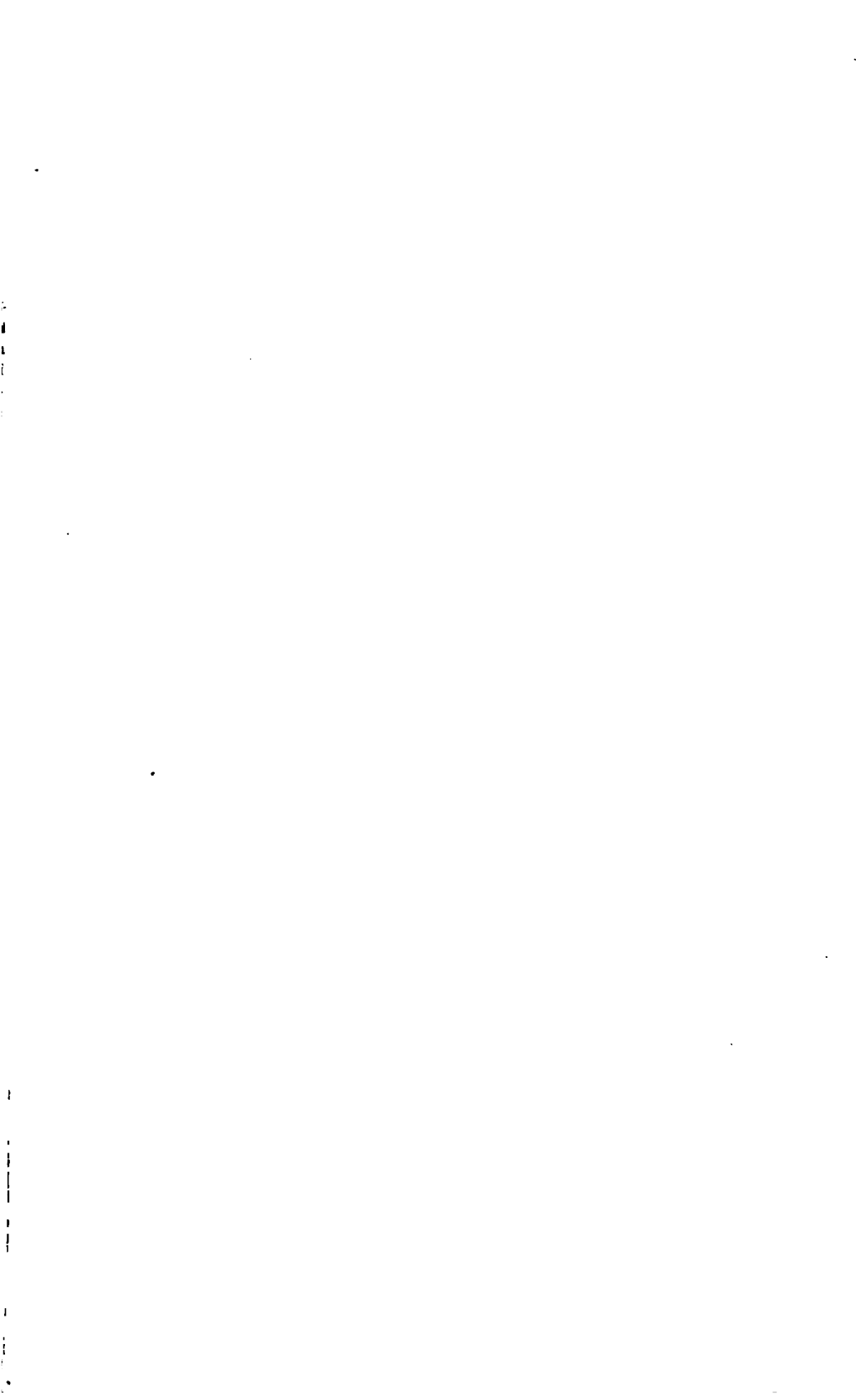


Ravaillac is described by Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, in his *History of France* (III. 378, 379) as "a half crazy schoolmaster of Angoulême, who left his home at one time with the wild idea of persuading the king to abandon his purposes of war and tolerance of the Protestants. Driven back by hunger and destitution, the idea of regicide took firm hold of him, and he again left Angoulême at Easter, 1610, with the determination to slay the king if he could not speak with him. The *farva*, as the coronation was called, took place with all due magnificence early in the day. Henry sought some repose on his couch after it, but was uneasy, and could not sleep, tormented by astrologic predictions of ill, and by his own mind giving unusual weight to such presentiments. To relieve the dulness of the hour he resolved to pay a visit to Sully at the arsenal. Even in this he hesitated; but at length set forth in his coach. It was a vehicle without doors or panels, the roof supported on pillars, the intervals filled by curtains, which for the moment had been tied up or removed. The Rue de la Ferronnerie being obstructed by carts, the foot attendants left the carriage, to make their way round by the market; and the guards did anything but guard it. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent Ravaillac mounting on the wheel and striking his knife into the king's breast. Henry had scarcely time to exclaim, "I am wounded," when the assassin struck another blow, which penetrated the heart. Henry the Fourth breathed his last."

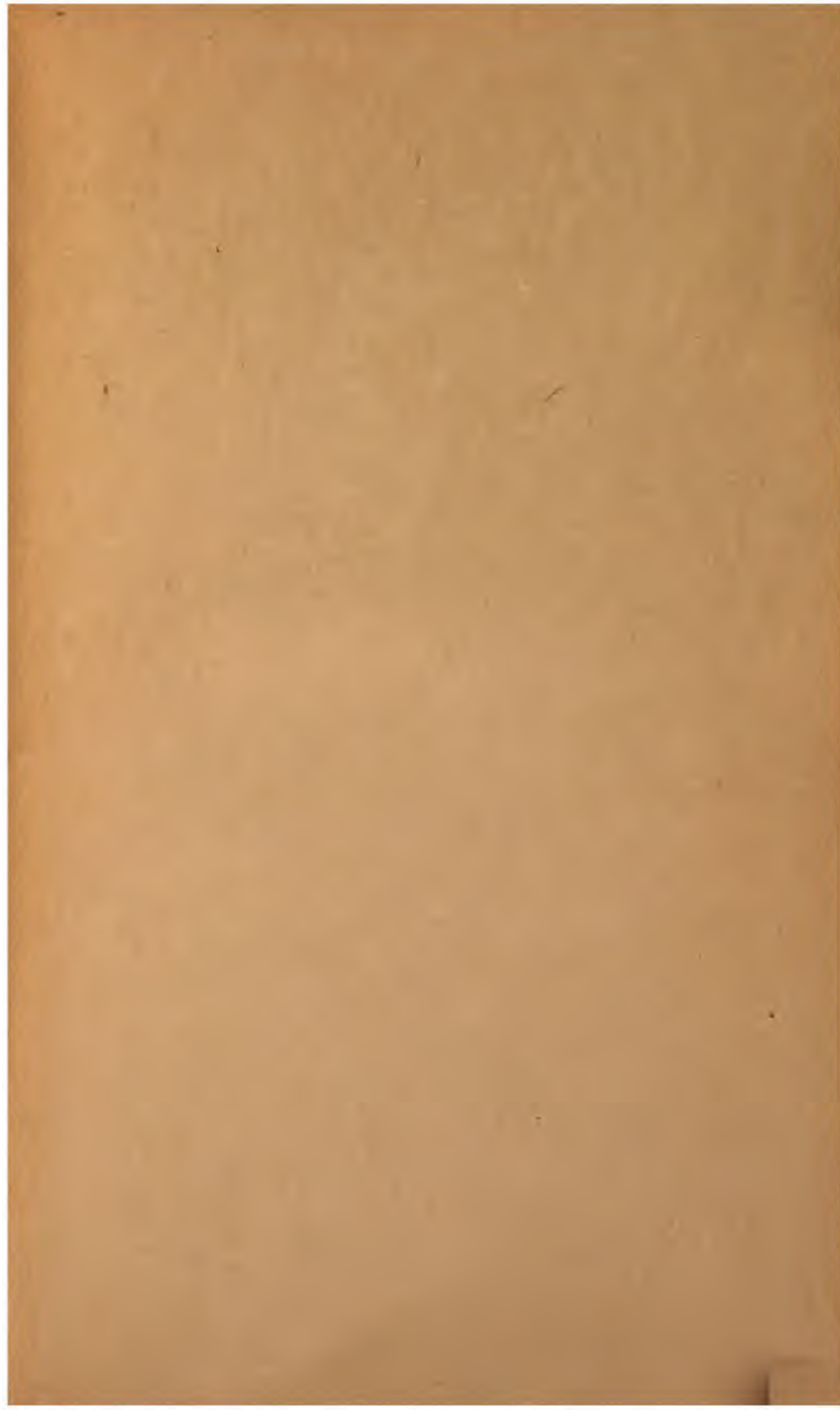
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*Guy Fawkes.*

The conspiracy of Guy Fawkes was detected, and Fawkes taken in the vaults, Nov. 5, 1605. Guy Fawkes and seven others executed, Jan. 30, 1606.







1844

1845

1846

1847

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